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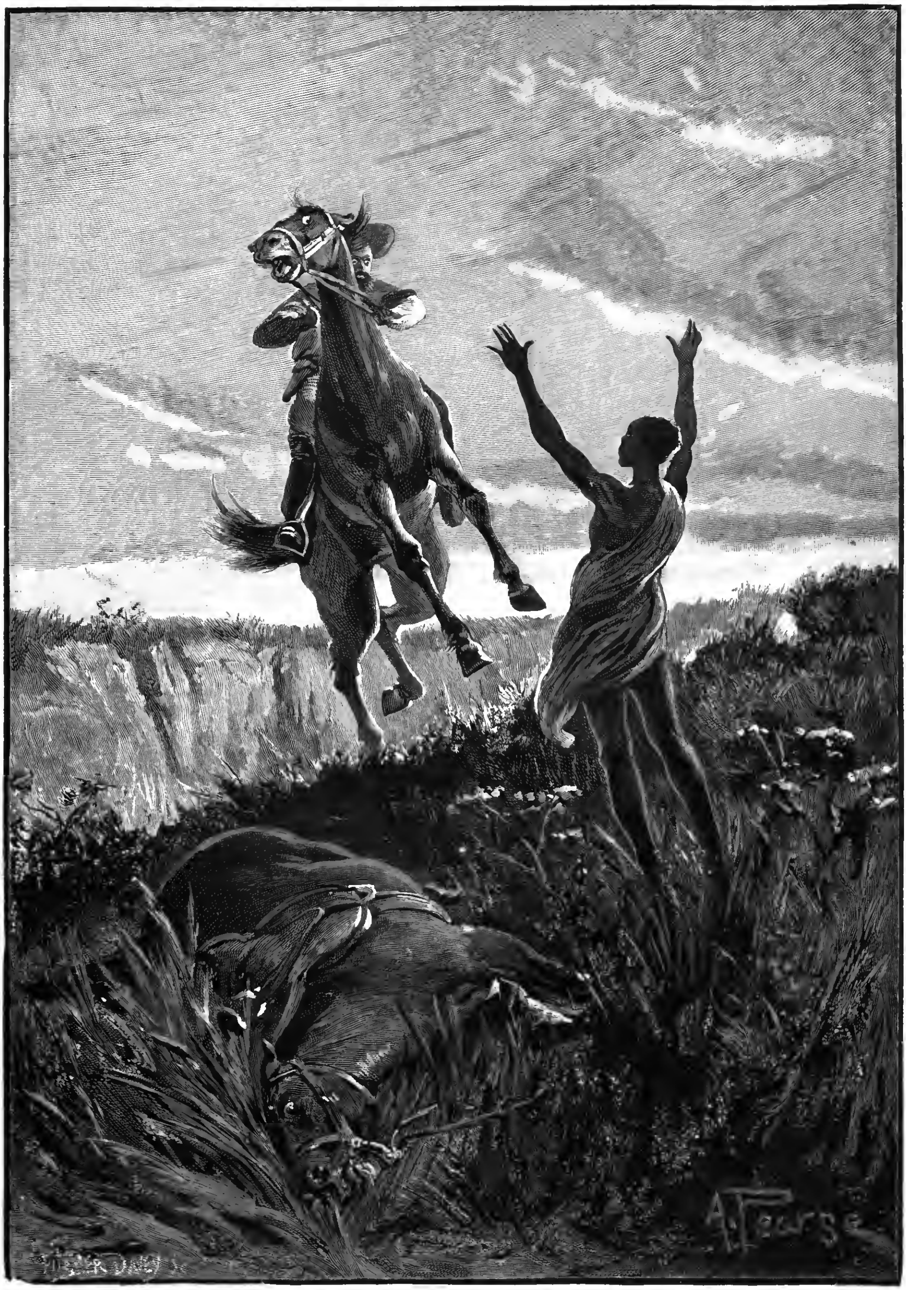


"HE SPRANG UP WITH A GREAT CRY."

(*See page* 485.)

Gleams from the Dark Continent.

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD.

V.—THE LOST FETISH OF WALAI.

I.

"THE natives of Bornou evidently expect something disastrous will happen to us," I remarked to Denviers as we sat round the watch-fire one still night, a few months after our last adventure as recorded with the Dervishes. "Yet, so far, nothing unusual has occurred."

"It is strange how superstitious all these African tribes are," he answered, reflectively; "the natives who dwell round here have only to enter this tract of land to obtain everything they require; the country is well wooded and game is plentiful enough—yet for some unaccountable reason they prefer to live on its borders in a state of semi-starvation. The whole matter is a complete riddle to me."

"The sahibs should not have ventured here; the natives are wise to avoid the place," interposed our Arab guide, as he glanced at us reprovingly from across the blazing embers.

"Of course you have found it all out, no doubt, Hassan," retorted Denviers, "and now you are eager to give us some explanation as fanciful as most of your yarns are. Well, what do the natives say concerning the place?"

The Arab shrugged his shoulders, then replied, shortly: "The sahib is incredulous—his slave wishes, therefore, to say nothing further."

I glanced at Hassan in surprise. "You don't surely mean to lose an opportunity of telling a story," I commented. "Never mind what has been said by Denviers; let me, at all events, hear what the natives say."

"Knowing what is said about this tract of land, I tried to persuade the Englishmen from coming here, but in vain," Hassan answered. "For a week the camp has been made here that the sahibs' rifles may slay everything they see. Perhaps, when the pile of skins is sufficiently high the expedition will be resumed. Why should the dust of the sahibs' feet trouble them with what is declared to be an idle tale even before it is heard?"

"To-morrow we cross the sandy waste, yonder," said Kass, our chief Wadigo. "Tell the story, then, to-night, unless you fear to do so because of the part an Arab trader is said to have played in it."

It was no uncommon circumstance for Kass and Hassan to have a serious difference on some trivial matter, for the Arab usually treated our native followers with scant ceremony, while they, in turn, were naturally disposed to consider our grave guide as one of the oppressors of their race. To prevent any further discussion between them Denviers commanded Kass to be silent, and then, ignoring Hassan's protests, curtly bade the latter to commence his narrative. Complying with an air of reluctance, which was far from being real, the Arab began:—

"When Walai, the Kaffir, found the great, glittering fetish stone, the wet diggings of the south were only just becoming known, sahibs. He was the Kaffir boy, or servant, of two Boers who outspanned down by Spruit Drift. By some means he chanced to hear, long before the Boers did, of the treasures which were to be had for the seeking. Keeping the secret to himself, the Kaffir watched his opportunity, and one favourable night crept stealthily down to the water's edge. The only tool he had with which to dig was a knife, wide of haft and blade. Clearing away a portion of the soft soil above with his hands, the Kaffir worked steadily for several hours at his self-imposed task. Not that night, nor on the next, was his toil rewarded; pebbles of almost every hue he found—the dull grey one he sought after he could not find. Then came a time when no moon shone; and Walai, as several dark nights succeeded each other, wrapped himself in his kaross and dreamt of success. When again the moonlight flooded the veldt the Kaffir crawled out from the Boers' shanty, making once more for the spot he had chosen to test. Now, sahibs, hear what befell him.

"Knee-deep in the swiftly flowing river Walai stood, a blanket about his loins, his great form flung in a giant shadow upon the stretch of shore over which he bent as he worked. From the excavated spot the Kaffir drew forth a double handful of stones, and washed them in the running waters as carefully as he could. Then Walai stood erect, holding the pebbles so that the moonlight fell clear and full upon them. Sharp

"THE KAFFIR WORKED STEADILY FOR SEVERAL HOURS."

and discerning was the glance from the Kaffir's eyes as he looked the pebbles over. Tourmalines he saw, whose prisms, wet and glittering, shivered the moon's rays, lighting them up and flashing them back in hues brilliant and matchless; garnets indescribable were there; great yellow chrysolites and agates such as Africa alone produces, sahibs. One by one Walai dropped the pebbles into the stream again; one by one till all were cast away, save a single common-looking stone, over which his fingers closed tightly as he held it there—for the Kaffir had found a great uncut diamond! Forgetting everything but his good fortune, Walai gave forth a wild cry that reached far across the veldt. Checking himself he glanced fearfully round, thinking that in the moment of success he had betrayed his secret. Nothing was stirring, save the willows overhanging the river's brink, through which the night breeze sighed as it swept from across the great patches of grey and tawny veldt, rippled the river, and then was gone.

"The sahibs would think much of the diamond because of its value—to Walai, the Kaffir, from whom no one could buy such a treasure, it was more than a mere pebble; it was a fetish which would turn everything he attempted in his favour. No one could harm him; nothing could cross his path, not even the shapeless forms which every Kaffir thinks he sees at times in the gloomy kloofs; such power indeed was claimed for the mysterious, protecting fetish — and Walai doubted nothing! Day after day he spent all his available hours in roughly polishing the gem with a hard stone, such as those of his tribe have long used for the purpose. Then, one afternoon, something happened all unexpected.

"The two Boers, sahibs, suspecting something was amiss with their Kaffir boy, had watched him closely, but discovered nothing until, by chance, Walai was hurriedly bidden to saddle their steeds. The gem was in the Kaffir's hand, and, without venturing to thrust it in a clump of acacia beneath which it usually lay concealed, he quickly did the Boer's bidding. The first of them had mounted, and the Kaffir was holding the mane of the other's horse when the latter reared violently, and by some means the fetish was jerked from Walai's remaining hand upon the veldt. Forgetting everything but his loss, Walai snatched up the glittering gem—to find the unmounted Boer facing him with hand outstretched for the treasure.

"'Hand over whatever it is you have stolen,' the latter said shortly.

"'The fetish is Walai's, he found it beside the river,' protested the Kaffir.

"'So!' cried the Boer, who knew of the Kaffir superstition: 'You have a diamond there! Let me see it.'

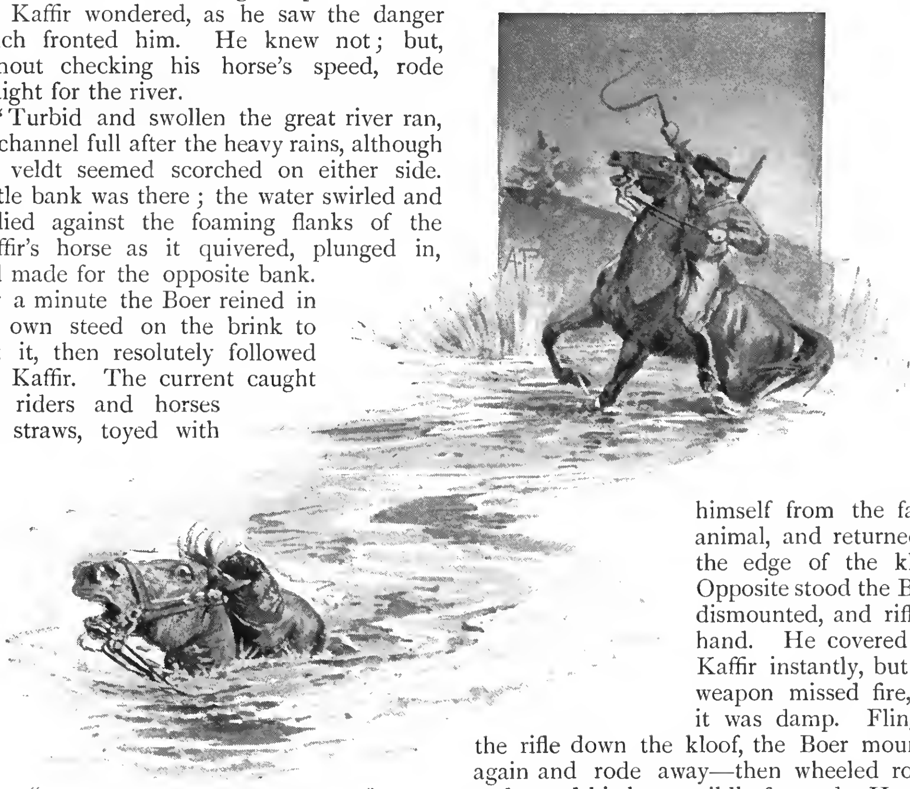
"Walai attempted to resist, but the Boer caught the wrist of the closed hand and raised his riding-whip:—

"'Come!' he exclaimed, impatiently; 'the diamond! You are our Kaffir boy; whatever you have found is ours.'

"Walai's hand tightened over his treasure as the Boer, vexed at the Kaffir's obstinacy, brought down the heavy riding-whip upon the delinquent's naked shoulders. Quickly Walai shook the Boer off, caught the whip with his disengaged hand, and dealt the astonished Boer a heavy blow with the butt. Before the second Boer could interfere, the Kaffir deftly swung himself into the empty saddle, headed the horse for the fronting veldt, and dashed off, the mounted Boer in full pursuit. On, on the Kaffir urged his steed as he heard the thud of the following horse's hoofs close behind. Mile after mile the flight and chase

were continued, till the grey veldt gave way to a dreary waste of red sand, relieved at times by patches of prickly acacia. Without lessening his horse's pace, the Kaffir managed to glance backward at his pursuer, and saw that the distance between them was if anything decreased. He answered the Boer's hoarse shout to stop with a sharp cry of defiance, and, securing his diamond in a fold of his kaross, clasped the horse's neck with both arms and urged the foam-bespattered beast onward. Again a shout rose from the Boer's lips, and Walai, raising his head slightly, saw where the veldt before him was cleft by the river. Would the Boer give up the chase? the Kaffir wondered, as he saw the danger which fronted him. He knew not; but, without checking his horse's speed, rode straight for the river.

"Turbid and swollen the great river ran, its channel full after the heavy rains, although the veldt seemed scorched on either side. Little bank was there; the water swirled and eddied against the foaming flanks of the Kaffir's horse as it quivered, plunged in, and made for the opposite bank. For a minute the Boer reined in his own steed on the brink to rest it, then resolutely followed the Kaffir. The current caught up riders and horses like straws, toyed with them, whirled them down mid-stream, till a great bend was reached; there the waters flung them on the bank they wished to reach, the Boer less than ten yards behind the pursued Walai. Not even then did the Kaffir give way, but still urged on his almost exhausted mount, the Boer's threats ringing idly in his ears. Away before them was a kloof; if Walai's steed could leap it the Kaffir knew pursuit would fail. He made for it over the intervening veldt.



"HE RESOLUTELY FOLLOWED THE KAFFIR."

"The sides of the kloof were almost perpendicular; far beneath scattered boulders of rock lay, half hidden by ragged herbage; on either sheer wall of stone nothing grew, not even a dwarfed bush of heath. Walai knew to the full the risk he ran, and that he would not be the first who had tried the leap and failed. After him, still resolutely pursuing, the Boer came as the Kaffir rode his beast at the kloof. The animal quivered with fear as it rose in the air above the yawning abyss—a second after both rider and steed were on the opposite side. For a few yards Walai's horse staggered on, then sank lifeless on the veldt. The Kaffir extricated himself from the fallen animal, and returned to the edge of the kloof. Opposite stood the Boer, dismounted, and rifle in hand. He covered the Kaffir instantly, but the weapon missed fire, for it was damp. Flinging the rifle down the kloof, the Boer mounted again and rode away—then wheeled round and urged his horse wildly forward. He, too, meant to leap the kloof. Walai sank down upon the veldt, then as he saw the horse bound forward he sprang up with a great cry, the weirdness and suddenness of which startled rider and steed. The horse's forelegs missed the rock beyond by the breadth of a hand; Walai caught one brief glimpse of the Boer's horrified face, then ran from the spot as he heard the dull thud that came from below—the pursuit was over, and the Kaffir's fetish was safe."

"But about the Arab trader, Hassan," Denviers interposed; "Kass mentioned one

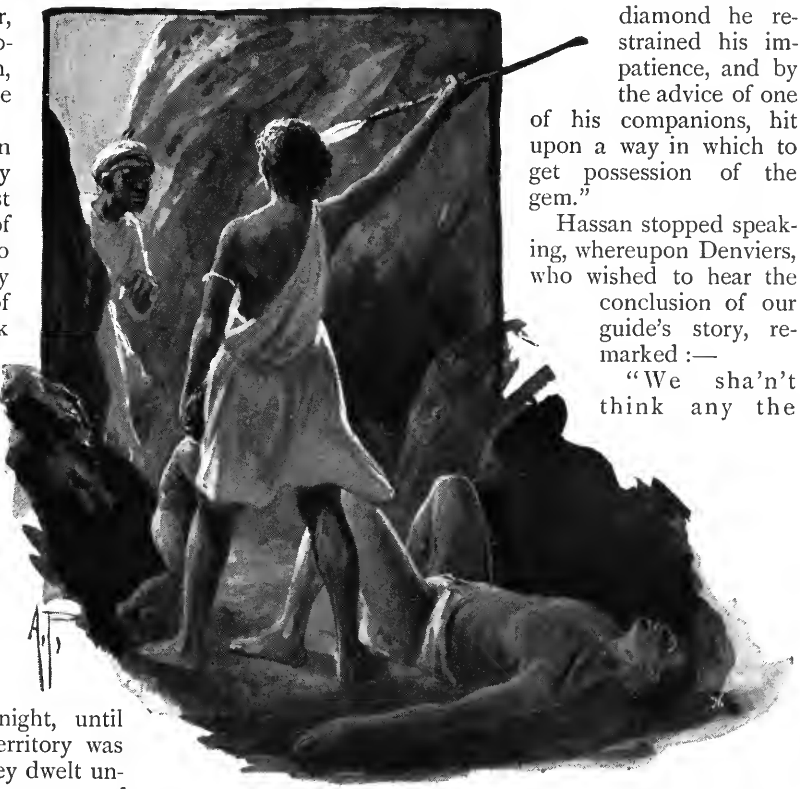
— what had he to do with Walai's fetish?"

"Patience, sahib, and you shall hear. Walai pushed on for several hours, then made his way into a cave, where he rested. Afterwards he rose and struck across the veldt once more, wandering on for several days, till at last he entered the land where those of his tribe dwelt. To the kraal of the chief he went, showed the fetish, and, declaring that he had returned to live among his people, demanded one of the chief's daughters in marriage. The chief offered to exchange his daughter for the fetish, since Walai was unable to pay the number of head of cattle required, but the Kaffir refused. Once before he had made the request and been denied—whence he had hired himself to the Boers, who, however, managed to evade paying what they promised to Walai in return for his services. The Kaffir, relying on the protection of the fetish, determined to have his way.

"One night, when the chief was away hunting with most of the braves of the kraal, the two lovers stole away from the rest of the tribe and struck into the wooded land beyond, where for days they hid, while the chief's headmen hunted for them in vain. When the search was over the two made a canoe of bark and passed down the river, hiding by day and continuing their journey by night, until an uninhabited territory was reached, where they dwelt undiscovered for a space of four years. All that time, by snares and his spear, Walai found food for the companion of his solitude. Then came a great year of drought, and the Kaffir was forced to follow far northward the birds and animals which furnished sustenance. Unhappily for Walai, he was injured in attacking some wild beast, so that for weeks he lay unable to move. Then it was that the Arab trader heard of him. A party in search of ivory was crossing that part of the continent when one of their number saw a native woman carrying a child. Pursuing her as she fled from him, the Arab trader, who had fitted out the expedition, saw the woman disappear behind some brushwood. With two of his companions, whom he hastily summoned to his assistance, the Arab broke through the intervening brushwood, and found facing him a cleft in the rising ground. Passing through this they entered a great cave, to find Walai lying helpless and the woman standing before him, the Kaffir's spear held threateningly in her hand. Finding no harm was intended, the spear was lowered, and the Arab, by much questioning, learnt the story of the fetish and the Kaffir's wanderings. Much as the Arab wished to see the diamond he restrained his impatience, and by the advice of one of his companions, hit upon a way in which to get possession of the gem."

Hassan stopped speaking, whereupon Denviers, who wished to hear the conclusion of our guide's story, remarked:—

"We sha'n't think any the worse of you because of what some Arab trader did, Hassan; you need not hesitate to tell us the rest."



"THE KAFFIR'S SPEAR HELD THREATENINGLY IN HER HAND."

"The sahib is lenient, the dust of his feet hastens to obey," Hassan replied. "Hear, then, what happened to Walai. The Arab

explained how unwise it was for the Kaffirs to dwell as they did in a territory which was annually scoured for slaves. He offered them an opportunity to join his expedition, to which they eventually agreed. Soon Walai recovered and proved himself of great service to the Arab, so that he became much thought of by the natives who had been engaged in the prolonged expedition. Many times did Walai tell the story of the discovery of the fetish and his escape from the Boers; once he showed the great, glittering stone to those about him, the Arab looking on astonished at the size and beauty of the gem. Next day he importuned Walai to barter the fetish for some cattle, with several tusks of ivory added, but the Kaffir would not. Where the diamond was concealed, usually, no one knew; certain it was that Walai had it not upon his person, as the trader found out when too late. Somehow the Kaffir suspected he was to be deprived of the fetish, and once more he and the woman prepared for flight. Their plan was discovered, and the Arab, glad of an excuse to get the diamond, ordered the Kaffir to be seized and brought before him. Great of limb and stout of heart was Walai, a Kaffir, sahibs, who had the courage of a white man. With his heavy spear he fought those who overtook the fugitives before they had passed an arrow's flight from the camp. The Arab, waiting for the Kaffir to be brought back, saw only the woman and child—for Walai lay speared where the subservient natives had surrounded him. Not alone he fell, four others lay about him slain before the Kaffir's spear shivered on the shield of a fifth. Upon him the fetish could not be found; they searched the woman, but without success; then, by the Arab's order, she was left behind when the journey was continued, and for all the trader knew, Walai's fetish was lost."

"What, then, became of it, Hassan?" I asked. "Had the Kaffirs concealed it in the ground?"

"Not so," he replied, "the woman possessed it, as you shall hear. Now, sahibs, comes the strangest part of the story."

II.

"LEFT to die in that great lone land, the Kaffir woman wandered aimlessly about trying to track out a path, and returning quite unintentionally to the same place time after time. At length she grew weary of making what was plainly a useless attempt, and, staying near the spot where Walai had been slain, she managed to live, it seems, for several months. One day she narrowly escaped being seen by a party of slavers, who encamped where the Arab had done. For two days the woman hid, but at last was forced to leave her place of concealment to search for food. From her luxuriant hair she first drew forth the diamond and fastened it about the neck of the child. Carefully as the Kaffir woman moved she was discovered, however, seized, and added to the gang of slaves already captured. Of the child she spoke not, nor saw it again; to enslave it with herself she never once thought of doing.

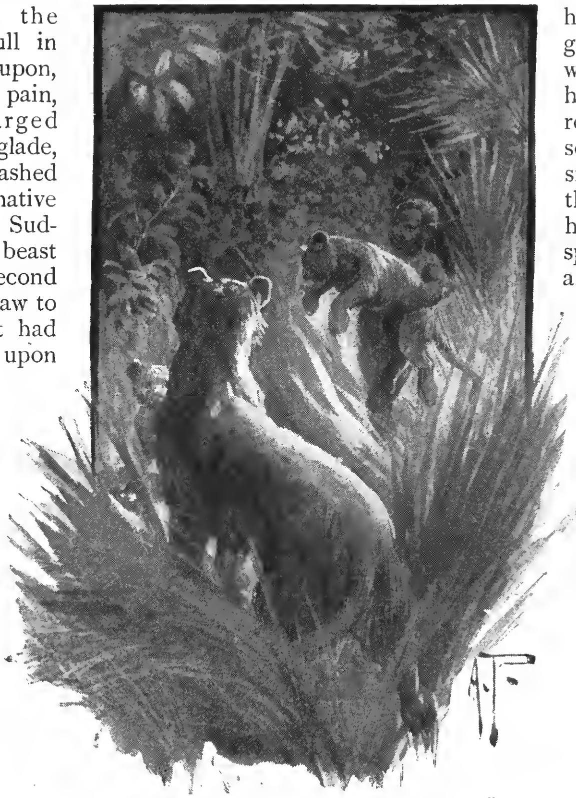
"The natives say, sahibs, that at night the child woke, and, having gone out of the cave where the woman had hidden her offspring, wandered into the forest. There she saw two tawny whelps playing together in the moonlight. No fear the child knew of ought that lived; quickly she ran forward and caught the nearer one, which seemed to her only a great playful thing, as it toyed with her in turn with its soft velvety paws as the child's arms clasped it about. Together all three sported until the silence of the night was broken by the roar of a lioness, at whose cry the whelps ceased to play as they ran towards her — the child, unconscious of danger, following. The great beast glared at the new-comer as it clasped one of the whelps once more and again played with it, then, disconcerted, slowly went up the glade, striking down the matted tangle of undergrowth, and leaving a trail, along which the child and the whelps went together."

"So you really think, Hassan," began Denviers, at the conclusion of a prolonged, incredulous whistle——

"The sahibs wished to hear what the natives declare concerning the place where we now are, and their slave is telling them," the Arab replied; then continuing, he added: "Nothing more was heard of the lost child or the fetish until a few years ago, when one of the natives chanced to come here hunting, even as the Englishmen are now doing. An intrepid hunter was he, to whom danger was pastime, death a thing to scorn; great was his spear and straight his cast of it; second only to the chief of his tribe was he held as a brave. As I said, sahibs," Hassan went on, "the native came here to hunt. All one day he had followed the spoor of an elephant, whose tusks he coveted, but had not come upon. Towards afternoon his quick ears caught the sound of branches snapping somewhere ahead of him; then, suddenly, the animal he was tracking

emerged into the open. Behind a tree the native stood, backward he drew his spear, then with a whirr it was cast forward with all his force. The weapon caught the moving elephant full in the chest, whereupon, with a scream of pain, the animal charged blindly down the glade, then turning aside dashed into cover, the native closely pursuing. Suddenly the wounded beast gave vent to a second cry, and the man saw to his surprise that it had apparently trodden upon a lioness, which had fastened its claws and teeth in its fleshy neck. The elephant tried every expedient to shake its opponent off, which it at last succeeded in doing. Avoiding the infuriated animal's trunk and its varied attempts to kneel upon the lioness, the latter slipped agilely aside, then quickly renewed the attack. At last the greater beast appeared to acknowledge its defeat, for, getting free from its foe, it dashed away once more. The native, who expected an easy task now that the elephant was wounded and almost exhausted, cautiously followed. Not far had he gone when, turning round as he heard a crash in the dead-wood, he saw that the lioness was pursuing him, and stranger than all, from near where he stood irresolute, there emerged a woman whom the lioness made no attempt to touch.

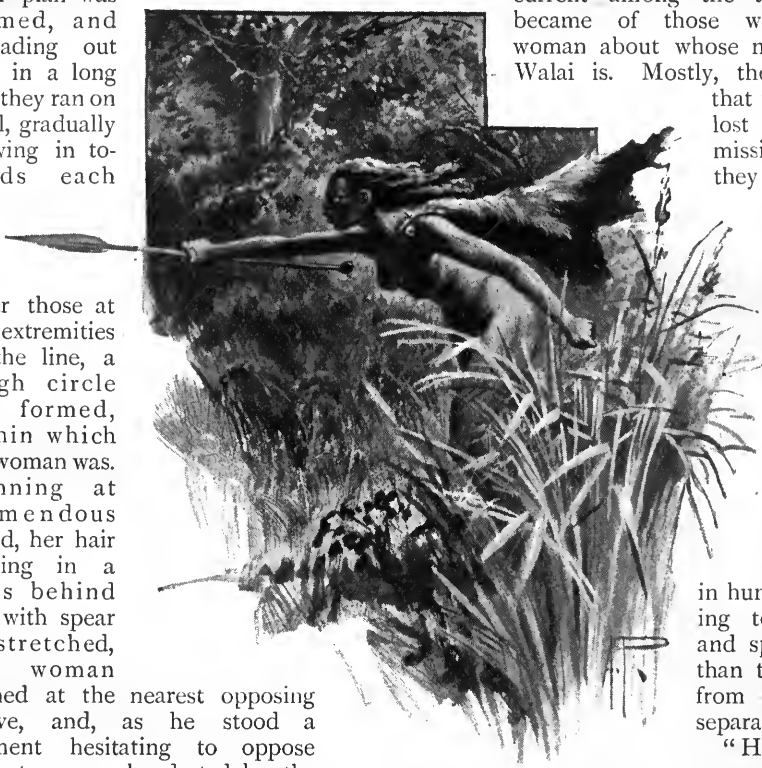
"Down to the woman's waist fell her dishevelled hair, framing features dark and striking, but quite unlike the women of the native's tribe; supported from her left shoulder there hung about her a garb of antelope skins; in her right hand she carried a short spear, while before his astonished eyes their gleamed a wondrous stone hanging about the woman's dusky throat. A cry of surprise came from his lips as she pointed her spear at him. Even as the sound was uttered the lioness sprang forward, and the native needed all his skill as he slipped quickly aside. Little more did he tell to those of his tribe on his return of the grim combat in which that day he had engaged — the rends and rips which scarred his limbs told silently the rest of the man's story as he sank down, nor spoke again; when another day came the man was dead. Long the chief discussed the strange account the tribe had heard from him who would speak no more; then the determination they arrived at was to scour the whole district and destroy all the beasts of prey there; the woman they decided to hunt down, so as to get from her the strange fetish stone of which their tribesman had spoken. Accordingly, they set out, but in spite of the most careful search, nothing was speared or snared of importance, although the tracks of the beasts of prey in search of which they went were everywhere discernible. One of the natives, however, declared that he had caught sight of the woman, and despairing of overtaking her, he had hurled a spear at her, which missed its mark.


"THE GREAT BEAST GLARED AT THE NEW-COMER."

"After several days had been spent in their useless task, the natives returned discomfited to their tribe, thinking that the adventure was at an end. This was not so, sahibs, for, as often happens in the native settlements, the inclosure of the village one night was found broken in several places, and many of the cattle had disappeared. Men of the tribe were set to watch during the next night while the rest slept. At dawn the alarmed cries of men were heard, and those who ventured forth to see what had occurred, found the watchers beating off, as

best they could, several lions which had entered the inclosure.

"Low burned the watch-fires, for, in the east, the dawn was stealing up grey and chill; shrouded in mist the forest was, the giant trees upon its borders looming hazily out of the enwrapping cerements which left them dripping and sparkling as the sun lifted itself above the horizon. The shouts of the natives, and the din which they raised as they beat their spears upon their shields, drove the beasts away, and as the braves pursued them to the edge of the forest and into it, they saw the woman darting from tree to tree—even her of whom the native who was mortally wounded had spoken. Time after time they could have brought her down with the cast of a spear, but the chief wished it not, but rather that she should be captured unharmed. Quickly their plan was formed, and spreading out first in a long line they ran on until, gradually drawing in towards each other those at the extremities of the line, a rough circle was formed, within which the woman was. Running at tremendous speed, her hair floating in a mass behind her, with spear outstretched, the woman dashed at the nearest opposing native, and, as he stood a moment hesitating to oppose spear to spear, she darted by, the tribesmen following hard behind her. Through the forest they went, nor caught her up until they saw her disappear in the cleft of a rock which rose up before their eyes. Heeding nothing of possible danger, the natives followed, save two who chanced to be injured in that mad chase through the forest. When they came to the rock they searched for the cleft through which the woman and their companions had appeared to go, but found it not! From that day all those who had joined in the pursuit were lost to the rest of the tribe save these two alone. Returning, the men told their story, a fear coming upon those who were still left in the native village as they heard it. When night came again they raised huge fires of brushwood, which the women kept replenished as fast as the flames grew low, while the men, with their shields and spears held ready, stood in groups anxiously scanning the marge of the forest. All that night, and during many others, they watched, but nothing transpired. Never again was the village attacked as it had been that once; stranger than all else, neither the chief nor the braves who went with him ever returned. Many are the rumours current among the tribe as to what became of those who followed the woman about whose neck the fetish of Walai is. Mostly, the natives declare that those so strangely lost have become submissive to the one they pursued. It is even considered that under her guidance they invaded the land of another tribe, carrying back many slaves, from among whom they chose wives, and, making the rest do all the labour necessary, they pass their time in hunting and in learning to use the shield and spear more deftly than those of the tribe from which they were separated."



"THE WOMAN DASHED AT THE NEAREST MAN."

"How do the natives account for the knowledge they pretend to have of the doings of this strange tribe?" Denviers asked Hassan.

The Arab, who had a reply ready whenever the veracity of one of his yarns was questioned, replied, gravely:—

"Does the sahib suppose that none of the braves who were left of the original tribe had

the curiosity or the courage to seek for some further information of the lost ones? If he thinks so, then is he in error, for various young chiefs, anxious to distinguish themselves among their tribesmen, have set out to discover, if possible, the entry through the rock such as is said to exist. Such of those who have gone on the quest by day have returned without discovering anything, but not so those who seek the place at night, for then the natives declare the way lies open. More than one chief has ventured to pass through it, and has told to the tribe the result of his search, disappointing enough, sahibs, and yet proving much, for on advancing a little way each has been driven back by the spear. Long has the present chief of the tribe, from whom the story has been learnt, endeavoured to rouse his braves to force a way into the land and abodes of the strange tribe, but in vain. The natives believe it is fated that they should not enter against the will of the one who rules by means of Walai's lost fetish, and in that the sahib's slave is in accord with them, for do not all those who are the faithful followers of the Great Prophet believe in fate, and are not the Arabs even wiser than such African tribes? This is the reason why I have besought the sahibs not to stay here lest they, too, might see the wearer of the fetish, and, following her, become captives of her tribe, or even be slain. Since the hour when, against my wish, the Englishmen have encamped here, the latchet of their shoes has been in dread that some evil will surely befall them. To-morrow, ye say, we are to advance on our way; Hassan, their slave, will then indeed be glad."

"Do you happen to know where the rock is in which you say is the cleft that exists at times?" Denviers asked the Arab, ignoring the reference which the latter had made to his belief in fate, or Kismet, as he termed it.

"Why, sahib?" Hassan responded, answering one question with another.

"Because we should like to see it, that's all," Denviers returned, as he idly tossed a half-charred ember into the watch-fire. "So as to learn what became of the lost men of the tribe."

"You would never return alive; surely it would be madness to venture there," the Arab replied, as he raised his hands in expostulation.

"That remains to be seen. Where is the rock, Hassan?"

"Not one of the natives will show the way; Kass will not, and even I dare not."

"Then we will go alone—that shall not prevent us," my companion persisted. "You can await us here; all we require is the position of the place."

"I would not lead the sahibs into such danger by showing them, or even by speaking of the way."

"Very well, Hassan," Denviers responded. "I daresay Kass can direct us," and addressing himself to the Wadigo, he repeated the question. Kass rose from the place where he had been resting before the watch-fire, and gathering a little heap of soil, he flattened it down, after which he traced out upon it, after the manner of his tribe, a rough plan of the forest about us. We stooped over him as his spear-head marked out the direction necessary for us to take, then, when we considered his explanation sufficient for the discovery of the rock, we determined to await the morning before setting out to investigate the truth of what Hassan had learnt from the natives.

Little by little the hum of the voices of those talking over the watch-fires grew fainter and fainter; glancing at Denviers I saw he was asleep, and wrapping myself in one of the rugs which Hassan brought me from the tent, I followed his example. We were destined, however, to have a strange awakening.

III.

SOMEONE shook me roughly by the arm, and, glancing up sleepily, I saw the Arab bending over me, a look of fear marked plainly enough upon his usually immobile countenance.

"Wake, sahib, wake!" he cried, and, before I could recollect myself sufficiently to ask the reason why I had been disturbed, I felt the cold barrel of my rifle touch my hand, as Hassan exclaimed:—

"Look, we are attacked, and the natives have fled!"

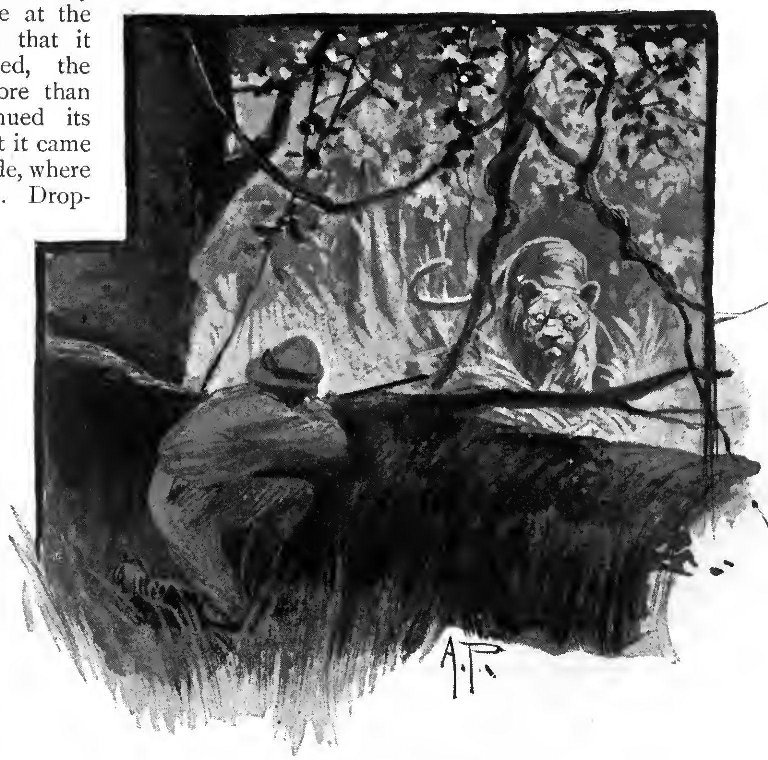
I started from the ground and ran forward a few yards, where I saw, to my consternation, Kass the Wadigo lying motionless, face downwards, and with his arms flung wide apart. Over him crouched a lioness, the moonlight, which was breaking through a wide sweep of clouds, showing up the glare of the beast's eyes as Denviers knelt scarcely a dozen feet away, with his rifle levelled at the brute. For a moment I stood almost spellbound; then, as the light of the moon was obscured, I heard the sharp ping of a bullet, followed by a roar which mingled with a cry from Denviers's lips. Forgetting all else but the danger of the two men, I hastily

covered the intervening space, where I stumbled suddenly over the body of Denviers in the shifting light, and correctly surmised that he had missed his aim and been struck down by the infuriated beast. No sound came from his lips as I bent over him, wondering vaguely for the moment what had become of the lioness. Hassan was almost immediately at my side, and finding that Denviers was giving some signs of returning consciousness, I endeavoured to make out where the animal was which had struck him down.

Glancing behind where the watch-fire was still burning, I saw the lioness stealthily making its way past the spot, and with a cry to Hassan to see to Denviers and Kass, I dashed after the brute, determined to end its career. With a few easy bounds it vanished into the forest, where I pursued it. As the clouds drifted eastward I caught a glimpse of the lioness again, but did not think it advisable to try a shot in the uncertain light. After it I went, until, in the excitement of what had occurred, I found that I had got considerably away from the camp. Feeling tolerably sure that the natives who had been so easily scared away would return and assist Hassan with the injured men, I determined to go on, watching carefully for a chance to fire at the beast. Conscious that it was being followed, the lioness stopped more than once, then continued its retreat, until at last it came to a stand in a glade, where it was well exposed. Dropping down behind the trunk of a tree, which had been uprooted apparently in a storm, I rested my barrel upon it, and taking steady aim, fired. Careful as I thought I had been, the shot missed the lioness, which instantly bounded towards me. One leap it took, and then a second. Before me, in mid-air, the animal rose, and, with a final effort to bring it down, I emptied the contents of the second barrel into the brute's body as it loomed close before me. Down with a thud it fell; for a moment it made one desperate effort to rise, then lay still. I advanced, and having noticed carefully the place where the animal lay, returned to my companion. Denviers was less injured than Kass, and even insisted on going with me to the spot where the cause of our night alarm lay dead; Hassan having tightly swathed a linen band about a rather bad gash in my companion's forehead. We had nearly reached the spot when a low cry broke upon our ears, and, as we glanced towards where it seemed to have come from, we saw, bending over the dead lioness, a native woman!

Denviers whispered to me to stand still, and together we watched the woman before us. Again we heard her cry, plaintive and scarcely human as it seemed to us, then slowly she rose and left the spot as we cautiously followed her. A few yards away she stopped and glanced back irresolutely at the body of the lioness. As she turned about, her quick ear caught the sound of the dead-wood snapping beneath our feet, and, before we could hide from her view, our presence was discovered!

Away the woman sped down the open



"TAKING STEADY AIM, I FIRED."

glade, and, as the recollection of what the natives declared concerning her dawned upon me, I cried out to Denviers :—

"Come on, it almost seems as if Hassan's story were true!"

"We shall see," he answered, and without further attempts to converse we resolutely pursued the woman until we saw that we had reached the edge of the forest, and then, sheer and unscalable, there rose up before us a great wall of rock, towards which the one we were following ran at headlong speed. Clinging with her hands to tufts of verdure growing in the crevices of the rock, she drew herself up and disappeared in a cleft above us, which we could just discern. We slung our rifles upon our shoulders, and, after repeated failure to reach the spot we were making for, eventually succeeded. Behind a straggling, stunted tree, which had taken root there, we saw a gap, less than three feet high, through which we crawled for some distance, then entered what was apparently a great hollow in the rock. We could see nothing as we groped with our hands, striving to make out the shape of the cave in which we supposed we were. After lacerating our hands badly we got back to the part where the entrance of the cave was, and there we determined to await daylight. We sat talking together, for we were too excited to sleep, and as the darkness about us was at last dispelled, we saw how narrowly we had escaped death in entering that strange place.

Some dry material we found, and this we succeeded in firing. As the tongues of flame rose up we saw that we were within a cave of considerable proportions, the roof and sides a mass of glittering stalactites. The forms which the latter had assumed were as varied as they were grotesque—to us it seemed as if only the hand of a sculptor could have fashioned the shapes we saw about us on every side. Great pillars rose, a mass of delicate tracery, till they touched the lofty roof. Arch upon arch, along the sides, we saw filled with the grotesque, unfinished forms of gigantic men and beasts. Across the central part there hung down what seemed to be a transparent curtain, its folds broken as though rent and decayed with age. Beyond it we passed, holding up some improvised torches, and saw before us the most curious shape of all which the stalactites had formed. With distorted limbs twisted about each other, two mighty figures of men seemed engaged in a struggle for life or death upon the edge of the rocky floor, for behind them the latter broke sheer away, leaving a great void. Glancing down we saw something more, and, stretching ourselves flat upon the rock, we peered over.

"If we had pursued the woman much further who led us here, that, too, would have been our fate," Denviers said to me as he pointed downward. "Fortunately, we waited till daylight reached the part of the cave we are in and helped us to find the material for the fire we have made."

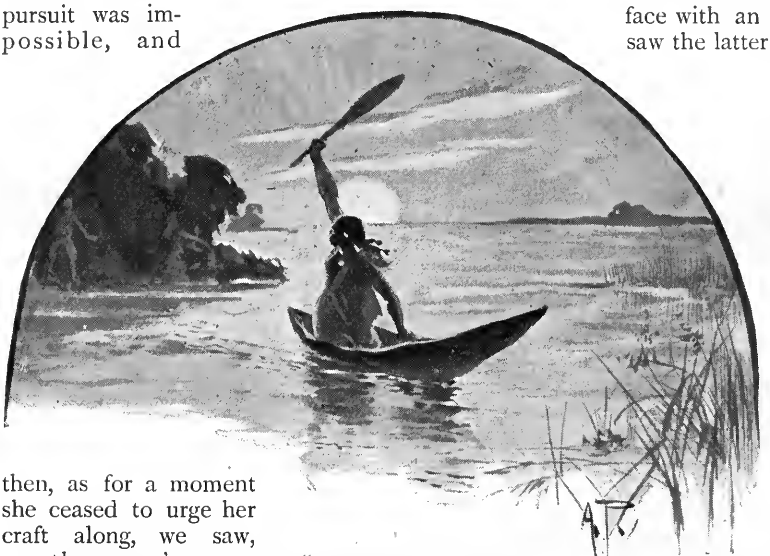
"I can make nothing out below," I replied, straining my eyes to the utmost. My companion rose, and together we walked along the edge of the rock until we chanced to find a narrow ledge which led downward. Along this we went, using the utmost care, for sometimes it was scarcely a foot in width, and we had to press our bodies close to the wall of rock to steady ourselves. Without accident, however, we reached the spot we were making for, and there I saw, clearly enough, the reason of Denviers' remark. Into the cave, through which we had passed, she who wore the lost fetish of Walai had lured the natives who had determined to despoil her of it. Across the rough floor they had hurried on and on, till suddenly, without any suspicion of what fate awaited them, they had reached the edge of the chasm, and, unable to check their speed in time, they had fallen headlong into the abyss.

There lay the remains of the lost braves in every conceivable position, some still clutching their shields, not a few grasping in a skeleton hand the fragment of a broken spear! Over them we curiously bent, and, searching idly among the forms we saw, we recognised by the abundance of his tarnished adornments he who had been the chief Hassan described, the fanciful conclusion of the Arab's story being strangely marred by the grim reality which confronted us.

"Nothing but ill-luck seems to follow those who have attempted to get possession of the fetish," I remarked, as we entered into conversation again. My companion did not answer, for even as I spoke, from out the darkness which wrapped about the far part of the great hollow in which we were, a spear was deftly flung, which narrowly missed his head as it whizzed past.

"Look out, Harold!" he cried. "I'm afraid we haven't seen the end of this adventure." Scarcely were the words uttered when a second spear was cast at us, and, determined to get at nearer quarters with whoever was attacking us, we dashed forward into the gloom, and as we did so, out before

us sprang the woman into whose strange haunt we had come. We tried to stop her, but evading our grasp she ran past us, reached the bottom of the narrow path down which we had passed, and quickly ran on, making for the upper part of the cave. Try as we did we could not come up with the barefooted, fleeing woman, who easily outdistanced us. We saw her stop at last, glancing back at us, half fearful and half curious, as we continued the pursuit. A minute after she disappeared. Following quickly down the long, rocky way, we found ourselves at last beside the waters of an arm of a lake which, studded with wooded islands, stretched placidly in front of us. Yet once more we were doomed to disappointment, for when we reached the shelving bank the woman was already upon the lake, thrusting forward a little boat made of bark, with a speed which showed practised hands. She raised an answering, mocking cry to that which rose from our lips when we found further pursuit was impossible, and then, as for a moment she ceased to urge her craft along, we saw, as the sun's rays caught it, flashing white against her dusky skin, the glittering fetish of Walai!



"SHE RAISED AN ANSWERING, MOCKING CRY."

"Well," I said to Denviers, when we had reluctantly retraced our footsteps, and, after passing through the cave, had climbed down the rock which fronted the forest, "if that really is a diamond which the savage woman has about her throat, it seems a great pity such a gem should be lost to civilization."

"I am not so sure about that," he replied, "but here comes Hassan, whose anxiety concerning us has brought him here. We can contradict him on one point at all events, which is, as to the end of the natives whom this strange woman is reputed to still rule."

"Allah and Mahomet have preserved the sahibs," our grave guide remarked, after salaaming in his usual obsequious manner: "Did the Englishmen find the rock in which is the hidden cleft?"

Denviers answered in the affirmative, and stated that we had, moreover, seen the woman, whereupon the Arab quickly responded:—

"So the natives' story is true! Even the sahibs attest to it, although at first they were incredulous. Doubtless they succeeded in getting possession of the wonderful fetish; shall their slave take care of it for them?"

Denviers looked into the Arab's face with an amused smile as he saw the latter holding out his hand expectantly for the fetish.

"Walai's treasure is still lost," he replied; "or, rather, the native woman has it still."

"For the sahibs not to secure the gem, even if it were necessary to slay the woman to get it, seems strange to their slave—what is a life, more or less, that Englishmen should hesitate?" Then convinced that to argue the matter further was futile, he added, philosophically: "Yet Allah's will is Allah's will, and the sahibs' slave is theirs always!"

All the same, however, our guide did not cease for several days to lament the lost diamond; but, eventually, he consoled himself by weaving a fanciful story of the future history of the gem, stranger than the one we knew concerning it.

Great Names at Eton and Harrow.

THE passion for cutting one's name upon the surroundings in general occupies a corner, more or less remote, in every human breast. When tourists carve their names in staggering letters all over some relic or monument of world-wide interest, it is the fashion—and rightly—to heap obloquy upon Samuel Jones or Thomas Wilkinson for ever and ever, that his name, cut in the most conspicuous place possible, may go down to succeeding generations as that of an inconsiderable ass. But let us make all allowances for Samuel Jones or Thomas Wilkinson. The rage for carving one's name is at its wildest during schooldays, and if it then be checked, frustrated, and pent up, it will burst forth in manhood, and produce a surrounding eruption of dates and initials far into responsible middle age. Wherefore we will be charitable, and suppose that the pocket-knives of Samuel and Thomas were restrained, or even taken away from them at school—or, perhaps, that Samuel and Thomas never went to school at all.

A boy who has not cut his name somewhere probably does not exist—most have done it somewhere about school. But when the school is a very old one indeed—hundreds of years old—there is apt to remain no single inch upon which to make the required digs and scrapes. Eton and Harrow are schools of this sort, and the boys of old time—very like the boys of this time in disposition—did so manfully dig, scrape, and carve in certain favourite spots on the walls of these schools, that in the earlier parts of the present century it became necessary to prohibit the practice; indeed, the practice had spread over a sufficient superficies to prohibit itself. Therefore it was enacted — and the enactment still holds good—that any boy, upon leaving, might commission an approved workman to cut his name upon some new piece of wainscoting or upon some wall-lining inaccessible to a boy of ordinary length with no ladder. Half a sovereign is the price of this particular slice of immortality at Eton.

Among all these thousands of names it would be extraordinary if none were to be found of boys who grew into famous men. There are many. No more interest, however, attaches to those cut by deputy than to the name inscribed in the ordinary school register. With these, indisputably cut by the boy himself, it is different.

Eton is the older of the two schools under notice; let us therefore begin with Eton. Founded by the mild scholar-King, Henry VI., in 1440, and intended as a sort of "feeder" to King's College, Cambridge, it has turned out many brilliant statesmen, among them Pitt, Earl of Chatham, and Fox, his son's great rival. The Upper Schoolroom is the place where one must look for the thickest crop of names, although more unknown names, of much earlier dates, are to be found on the window-shutters of the picturesque old Lower School—the earliest date being 1528, I believe. Here, then, in the Upper School, we look and soon find on the right-hand wall, and almost underneath the bust since erected in his memory, the name "C. J. Fox." It is boldly cut on the wainscot frame between two panels, and is, without doubt, the autograph of the boy who was to become a Lord of the Admiralty at twenty-one, and live the life-long oppo-

THE UPPER SCHOOLROOM—ETON.

C. J. FOX.

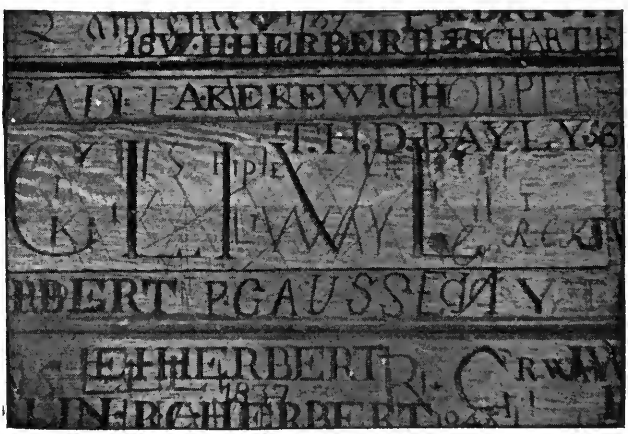
nent of William Pitt—the boy of whom, I regret to say, it is recorded that his father's "extravagant and vulgar indulgence" had a bad effect upon the tone of the whole school at the time. He did well, however, both at Eton and Oxford, in spite of his quaint vanities and his gambling habits. The portion of the wainscoting which has been photographed, containing his name, will give some idea of the closeness with which the entire wall is covered with similar inscriptions—indeed, there are many places where the names crowd even thicker. Many of the more regular names, however, are those executed by the paid carver.

Some distance farther along, on the same side, the name "Clive" stands in very large letters. This is not, as more than one visitor has supposed, the signature of the founder of our Indian Empire (who was a Merchant Taylors' boy), but that of his son Edward, who became the first Earl of Powis. He lived a very able and useful life as governor of Madras, but his father's great Indian fame so overtopped his own that he stands less conspicuously in our memory than he otherwise might. He was a man of remarkable physical strength, and was in the habit of digging in his garden at six in the morning, in shirt-sleeves, when eighty years of age.

Out of doors, in the quadrangle, at the foot of the clock-tower, a name and date may be distinguished cut in the weather-beaten stone and partly overhung by the leaves of a

S. CANNING.

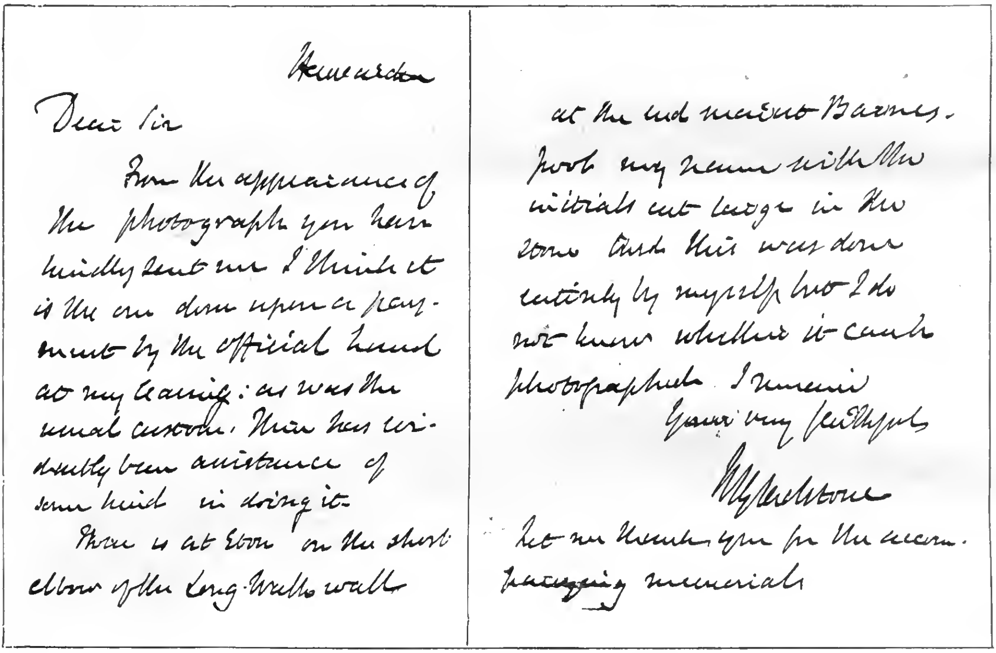
creeping plant. The name—"S. Canning"—is that of the boy who became Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, after he had established the influence of this country in the East in the manner which has enabled so strong a check to be placed upon the designs of Russia. This was the man so often described as the eternal foe of Nicholas, the Czar whose power and spirit were broken in the Crimea. Stratford Canning was a great favourite at Eton, and became captain of the school. The Eton scholars were at that time always welcome at Windsor Castle, and it was about the Castle that George III. met Canning, and asked him which form he was in. Canning told the King the sixth. "Then you are a much greater man than I can ever make you," replied good "Farmer George," with an apt knowledge of the



LORD CLIVE.

sentiments of schoolboys toward their leaders. At Windsor, Canning met Addington and Pitt, and they took him to hear debates in the House of Commons—so that the young diplomatist began his political education full early, and in good hands.

walls, and, if so, whether this particular inscription were his own. To that end he wrote, sending a copy of the photograph, together with those of the other interesting names, and here is a facsimile of Mr. Gladstone's reply:—



Hawarden

Dear Sir

From the appearance of the photograph you have kindly sent me I think it is the one done upon a payment by the official hand at my leaving: as was the usual custom. There has undoubtedly been assistance of some kind in doing it.

There is at Eton on the short elbow of the Long Walk wall at the end nearest Barnes Pool my name with the initials cut large in the stone and this was done entirely by myself but I do not know whether it can be photographed. I remain

Yours very faithfully

W E Gladstone

Let me thank you for the accompanying memorials

FACSIMILE OF LETTER FROM MR. GLADSTONE.

One among famous Etonians is William Ewart Gladstone, and in search of his name we were directed to the door of the Upper School—close to where stands the historic swishing-block. There, sure enough, was the name, just as the photograph given on this page shows, carved upon the door near the edge, and not far from it the names of other members of the Gladstone family. But the letters and all those thereabout bore unmistakable signs of having been cut by the same hand. Wherefore it occurred to the writer that it would settle a matter of some general interest if Mr. Gladstone would say himself whether or not he cut his own name in the Eton

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Thereupon it became necessary again to visit Eton, and there, upon the coping of the low wall before the old "Long Walk," near the end, and not far from where the "bounds" lay in Mr. Gladstone's time, the name "Gladstone" in bold, though worn, letters

was plainly visible. Mr. Gladstone speaks of initials in his letter, but beyond the "G" no initial letters are now visible. The flat stone, exposed as it has been for something between sixty and seventy years to wear and weather, nevertheless keeps the letters of the surname fairly clear. It certainly was not an easy thing to photograph—partly from its horizontal position, partly from the wear and even colour of the stone in flat and incision alike—but photographed it was, and below is a copy.

GLADSTONE.

Mr. Gladstone was at Eton from 1821 to 1827. This was in the time of the celebrated Dr. Keate, whose floggings are as famous as, or more so than, those of Dr. Busby, of Westminster, Dryden's master. Dr. Keate, who has been described by Kinglake (one of his scholars) as barely five feet high, stout, and so dressed as partly to resemble Napoleon Buonaparte and partly a widow-woman, never spoilt a boy through sparing the rod. Rather, indeed, like Hood's Irish schoolmaster, he spoilt the rod and never spared the boy. Many are the anecdotes told of the worthy doctor—and his constant threat: "I'll flog you"—notably of his way of enforcing the lessons of the Sermon on the Mount. "Blessed are the pure in heart," said Dr. Keate. "Mind that; it's your duty to be pure in heart. If you're not pure in heart I'll flog you!" The story, too, of the candidates for confirmation is good. The list of these boys' names had been written out on just such a piece of paper as was used for the "bill" of culprits destined for the swishing-block, and the doctor, in fact, took the document to be such a "bill." Swished, accordingly, each catechumen was, in regular order; catching it all the more heavily for his attempted explanation that he was to be confirmed instead of swished; the doctor considering it an absurd and irreverent attempt at evasion of merited punishment.

At Harrow the historic room is that known as the "Fourth Form Room," which, indeed, was the original schoolroom provided by the founder, good John Lyon—"Lyon of Preston, yeoman, John," as the song has it. School songs, by the way, are a chief feature of Harrow life. Dr. Montagu Butler gave singing the prominent place in school routine which it now occupies, and many and good are the songs written by masters and old Harrovians specially for the school. School and "socker," fives and "footer," all have their appropriate songs, and these songs do much to make the school a happy one and foster the good school spirit that Harrow may justly be proud of. Indeed, scarcely a single song but has some reference to fun and sport out of school walls. Thus, good Queen Bess is sung of as giving her charter to the school in this way:—

And this is my charter, firm and free,
This is my royal, great decree:
Hits to the rail shall count for three,
And six when fairly over!

FOURTH FORM ROOM—HARROW.

LORD BYRON.

state. He cut it large and broad, and deep too, as the photograph will show. From end to end the name occupies exactly 14in.—no small space for five tall letters. Indeed, perhaps the only boy who has written his name larger than Peel on the fourth form walls is one Warde, whose name sprawls across the panel on the other side of the rostrum in letters about a foot high. Truly some of these boys employed characters compared to which Mr. Bob Sawyer's "corpulent letters of four inches long" were but tiny.

To the Fourth Form Room, however. A charming old room this, with its dark oak lining, cut, every inch of it, thick with names. The name which every visitor makes for at once is over in the darkest corner, to the right of the large fireplace. It is Byron's, cut by himself, in 1805, before leaving. Of Byron's life at Harrow and of his friendship with young Robert Peel much has been said. Much, too, of how Byron lay meditating his verses on the Peachey tomb in Harrow churchyard, summer afternoon after summer afternoon. It is of Byron's friendship with Peel that an anecdote has been often told, which, however, will always bear repeating as an illustration of the noble character of Byron as a boy. A big boy had claimed the right to fag Peel, which claim Peel resisted. The big boy expressed his pretensions by twisting little Peel's arm almost to dislocation point, what time he inflicted bastinado-cuts on the inner fleshy part of the limb. Byron, himself too small to fight the tyrant, saw the torture with tears of indignation, and asked the big boy how many strokes he intended to inflict. "What's that to you, you little rascal?" was the retort. "Because, if you please," Byron responded, offering his arm, "I would take half."

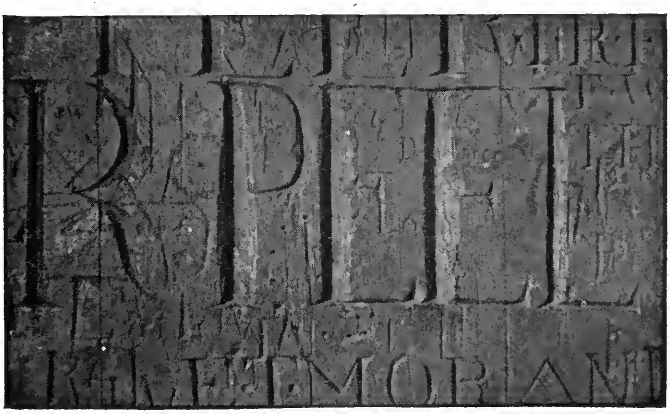
Peel cut his own name in the end wall of the room on the right-hand side of the spectator who stands facing the master's seat of state.

There is a school-song which tells of the different characters of Byron and Peel, and in which this carved name is referred to. Here are two verses:—

Byron lay, lazily lay,
Hid from lesson and game away;
Dreaming poetry all alone,
Up-a-top of the Peachey stone.
All in a fury enters Drury,
Sets him grammar and Virgil due.
Poets shouldn't have, shouldn't have, shouldn't have,
Poets shouldn't have work to do.

Peel stood, steadily stood,
Just by the name in the carven wood,
Reading rapidly, all at ease,
Pages out of Demosthenes.
"Where has he got to? Tell him not to!"
All the scholars who hear him cry;
"That's the lesson for, lesson for, lesson for,
That's the lesson for next July!"

Dr. Drury was head-master in Byron's



SIR ROBERT PEEL.

time, and the two verses well indicate the opposite reputations of Byron and Peel with the masters in the matter of industry.

On the opposite wall to that carrying the fireplace, on the left of the door as one enters, is a panel full of names, which is here reproduced — some of the names being famous ones. Almost the first name that catches the eye is the not uncommon one of "W. Jones," framed round with a plain border. That was cut by Sir William Jones, the illustrious Oriental scholar, linguist, and lawyer of the last century, who, although he died at Calcutta when only forty-eight, left a name which will live while language is spoken. Away toward the left of this is seen the name "S. Perceval," cut by the ill-fated Spencer Perceval, who, in 1812, when Premier, was shot dead in the lobby of the House of Commons by Bellingham. The date, 1801, which seems to belong to this name, and to be an anachronism, in reality belongs to the name "W. Ricketts" just above.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Down lower, just below the big-lettered "Mirehouse," appears the name "Haddo." This is the autograph of the subsequent Earl of Aberdeen, who was Prime Minister during the Crimean War.

Exactly opposite Peel's name, at the other end of the room, near the great window, appears a whole column of names regularly and cleanly cut in a neat and workmanlike manner. All being so well cut and so precisely in the same style, one is apt to suppose that these are examples of the official handiwork, and not autographs. On inquiry, however, it will be found that this column of names was cut by two of the boys who had skill in wood-carving, for themselves and friends. One of these skilful carvers of wood was the late Cardinal Manning — his youthful wood-carving, it will be remembered, he referred to very fully during the interview with him reported some time ago in THE STRAND MAGAZINE. Here is the name "H. E. Manning, 1824," half-way down the column. Readers will also find, in the number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE referred to, many of the Cardinal's remembrances of his school life.

The name of Lord Palmerston ("H. J. Temple") cut at Harrow is often mentioned as an autograph. It was, however, cut for him by a schoolfellow—subsequently Bishop Wordsworth.

None of the names of Etonians and Harrovians now in their schooldays will go down to future generations of schoolboys as autograph carvings, wherefore the signatures of famous old boys have, if anything, added interest, and should be regarded as precious relics.

CARDINAL MANNING.

48

By H. Herman Chilton.

I.

ON Friday, 17th March, 1848, the city of Milan rose against its Austrian tyrants. The spirit of revolution, which had expelled the Bourbon from Paris and made the Emperor a fugitive from Vienna, sprang to life in the capital of Lombardy like the fabled phœnix from her ashes.

A crowd clamouring for liberty had surrounded the public buildings, and to overawe it the soldiers had been ordered to fire blank cartridge on the people. But the causes of the crisis lay too deep to disappear at a semblance of hostility. A pistol suddenly went off in earnest, probably a preconcerted signal, and the populace uprose in its might. "Viva l'Italia!" rang out on every side. The guards were overpowered, the vice-governor made prisoner. That night the tricolour floated above the palace and from the Duomo's highest pinnacle.

Next morning it was observed that, in all directions, the rudiments of barricades had sprung up in the streets. All day thousands of willing hands toiled without ceasing, and when Sunday dawned, the defences, such as they were, had been perfected. The tocsin pealed from every steeple in the city. And to the strains of martial music, men, women, even children, marched to battle. "Viva l'Italia! Abbass i Croatt!"

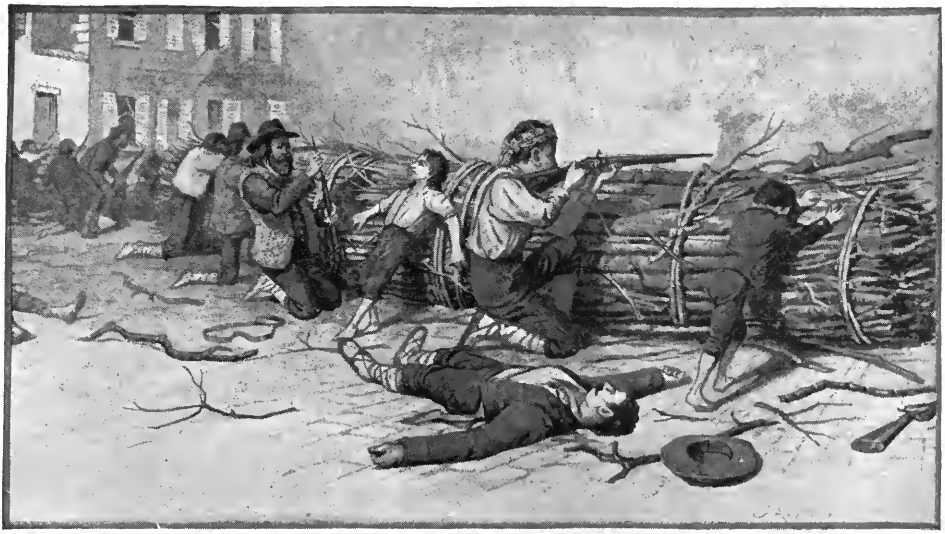
On the Austrians, retreating step by step along the corsi to the gates, rained tiles from the roofs, stones, bottles, any and every missile from the windows. Fire and lead the white-coated Croat had faced on many a field, and would face again, savagely intrepid, but such a hail as this outraged his conceptions of war. He did not slacken his retreat until the sheltering gates were reached. There, the rear was open and tiles scarce. He planted his cannon in position to sweep the approaches, and awaited reinforcements.

The corso Porta Toza (now Porta Vittoria in honour of that fray) is a straight wide road from the Porta Toza to the naviglio, a fine canal running right round Milan, inside the walls and parallel to them. The road strikes the canal at right angles.

At the Porta Toza the Austrians had mounted three cannon. It was an ideal position. The straightness of the road robbed an advancing force of any shelter, in such sort that, howsoever determined and numerous, a hostile body could be mown down by hundreds. The populace had no artillery save a few toy guns ingeniously contrived of wood and iron hoops, like casks, that burst at every other discharge. The besiegers felt secure.

But the Evil One (according to the Austrians) or Heaven (according to the Milanese) put it in the heart of some child of the revolution to devise a means of resisting the irresistible and storming the impregnable. Fascines built of sticks and branches bound tightly together with cords, and well cemented with mud, were prepared. When complete these engines seemed columns of great girth laid flat upon the ground. They were capable of being rolled along, and four of them, end to end, reached from pavement to pavement of the corso. Picked marksmen crouched behind them taking pot-shots at the cannoneers, and the street urchins, foremost when mischief is afoot, trundled the unwieldy masses forward.

Of course there were delays. Notwithstanding all the vigilance of the marksmen, the cannon at the gates thundered steadily, and then the round shot would hum along the streets, scattering fascines and defenders like a nest of hornets. Gaps, both in the moving breastworks and in the ranks, had to be made good. Wounded and dead had to be borne tenderly into the adjacent houses, that the work might go on unimpeded. But ever above the din of battle, the plunge of cannon balls, the crack of musket, rose the indomitable chorus, "Viva l'Italia! Abbass i Croatt!" Many a mangled citizen voiced it with his last breath. Many a mother's



"PICKED MARKSMEN CROUCHED BEHIND THEM."

darling, instinct with life, had it battered from his beardless lips in the utterance.

Along the naviglio runs a granite balustrade, and on this, some distance from the fighting, the din of which is here but a muffled roar, a young girl is seated. A daughter of the people, beyond doubt. Her bare, brown legs hang down swinging, and the soles of her feet, when they show, reveal a close acquaintance with the white street dust. Her dress is poor, though rather gaudy. But her swarthy southern face, crowned by a mop of coarse, black hair, has beauty of flashing eyes and pearly teeth to redeem it. Accordingly, she is already a woman in her delight for admiration and the power it gives, even in her small world, of conferring pleasure and dealing pain. Pleasure by fits and starts, when the perverse mood needs change. Pain for choice.

For the moment she must perforce be content with the devotion of Giacomo Berti, who supports himself upon his crutch a yard away, for her knight-in-ordinary is at the fascines. The sickly-looking cripple, whom they call "El Nanin" in allusion to his affliction, looks at her in wistful despair. She is humouring him to keep her hand in, and he knows it. But he loves the little tyrant so, from the not too clean sole of her foot to the spoilt pout of her lip and the shock of capricious hair! What can he do? Carlo Sacchi is away at the fascines. He must worship at the shrine while opportunity offers. Carlo may return at any time, and then—good-bye, Teresina.

Meanwhile Teresina swung her bare, brown legs, and he gazed up at her, entranced.

"Carlo," she said at last, "is at the fascines shouting 'Viva l'Italia!' Why not go, too? You have no courage."

From the corner of her eye she watched the flush her words called to his sallow cheek.

"You know, Teresina, why I do not go."

"Yes, I know why you do not go, but stick in safety to a woman's skirt," retorted the girl, grandly. "You are afraid."

The colour deepened on his face, but he answered her, quietly:—

"You only say that to tease me, Teresina. You know that I would die, as so many are dying at the barricades, to see the last Croat driven from the dazio. But of what use am I?"

"Die?" sniffed the other, contemptuously, tossing her mane. "It is easy to talk, Nanin; but Carlo is at the fascines."

The boy stumped up to her. His face was blanched with passion, his eyes shone with suppressed emotion and desperate resolve.

"I dare do what Carlo dare not, for all you think him so strong. Speak the word, and I will throw myself into the naviglio."

His earnestness startled her a trifle. But looking up, she saw Carlo Sacchi coming towards them. In an instant she sprang upright on the granite balustrade and ran at topmost speed in his direction. "El Nanin" followed painfully upon his crutch.

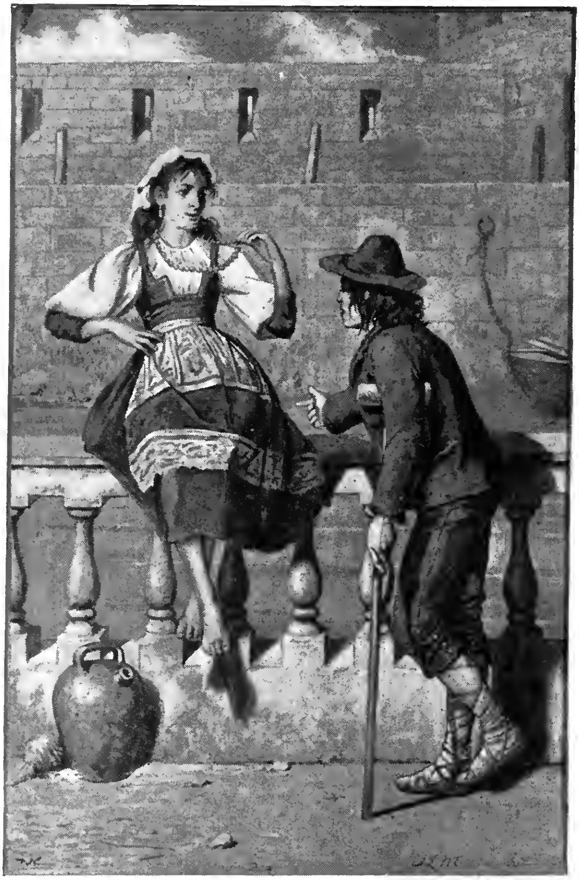
Opposite her lover the girl sat down again upon the smooth granite and fell anew to swinging her legs. "Look you, Carlett," she screamed, "El Nanin has been saying you are a coward."

The cripple hurried up.

"No, I did not say that. But I said that I would do what Carlo dare not."

"Ho, Carlett," tittered the girl, "he says that he is braver than you."

"Then," said Carlett, in a fury, "I will break his crutch over his shoulders."



"I WOULD DO WHAT CARLO DARE NOT."

"There's bravery!" sneered the other, roused at last. "No, I said that I would do what you dare not, and I will."

"What will you do?"

"Look you, we two love Teresina. Mount with me upon the balustrade, and when she gives the signal jump into the water. Come, or I say you are a coward."

He swarmed up and stood erect beside his mistress, beckoning to his rival. But the warrior hung back.

"A fine fool's trick that would be!" he said. "No, I will run you, or I will fight you, or I will load muskets behind the fascines."

"Then," said "El Nanin," simply, "you are a coward," and sadly stumped away.

Carlo Sacchi would have followed to carry out his threat, but a nod from Teresina restrained him. After all, she had had fun enough out of the cripple for one afternoon.

II.

STUMPING away by himself, the lad felt his heart swell as if it would burst. What had he done, he, that the good saints had afflicted him? No one cared for him—his parents were ashamed of him; his brothers beat him; his sisters mocked him; Carlo Sacchi, whom he hated, was the favourite of Teresina; and Teresina, whom he loved, taunted him because he could not go to the fascines, and preferred that bully, Carlo Sacchi. What was the good of living under such miseries? Better end it all in the naviglio. One plunge in its sluggish waters would silence all these callous voices for ever. And then, perhaps, Teresina would think kindly of him and be sorry for her cruelty.

An idea struck him. Was it so very brave, after all, to challenge Carlo Sacchi to follow him into the naviglio? Carlo Sacchi was beloved already, had everything to lose, nothing to gain, while he, Giacomo Berti, would sacrifice nothing for which he really cared. Looked at in that light, his heroism, for he had felt heroic, shrank into a fool's trick, as Carlett had called it. Was there, then, nothing that a poor cripple could do in this world? To be a man, to work such deeds as live in human memory, must one be strong as well as brave, agile as well as devoted? He had heard somewhere the history of Pietro Micca, who at Turin had fired a powder store beneath the walls, when the French surprised the town, and so had overwhelmed them in ruins, knowing that he himself must be the first victim. The people of Turin had raised a statue to his memory. Now he, Giacomo Berti, could have done that. It meant lighting a fuse, and listening for the tramp of many feet. Then, when the enemy burst into the vaults, just a touch upon scattered powder——.

By-and-by he passed the corso Porta Toza. The firing had ceased for a space, but the fascines had not advanced far. The lad

ventured fifty paces towards them, but was arrested by a groan beneath a portico. Going nearer, he heard a wounded man talking to a friend who bound his hurt.

"The deuce fly away with their cannon! Who can stand against them in this accursed street? It is like firing down a gallery!"

The boy passed on and came to the fascines themselves. Men were busy in all directions making good the damage, and he was unnoticed. Just to convince himself he had no fear, he stole onward still, beyond shelter, and sat down in a portico. Far away under the dazio he could see the grim muzzles of the Austrian cannon, on which the sunlight played till they shone like rings of burnished gold. He could see the cannoneers bringing out fresh ammunition, and piling up fresh pyramids of shot. His thoughts reverted to the wounded man.

"Deuce take their cannon!"

Oh, if he could but silence those brazen throats. If he could but overwhelm the dazio in some explosion, as Pietro Micca had done, that would be a deed! His parents would never blush for him more, nor Carlo Sacchi threaten, and perhaps Teresina would regret him. But it was impossible.

He wandered through the open door in front of him and over all that deserted house, revolving such ideas. In one room he came upon a carpenter's box full of long nails, with a hammer. A sudden inspiration flooded his brain, and made him tremble with excitement. He took the hammer and filled his pocket with nails.

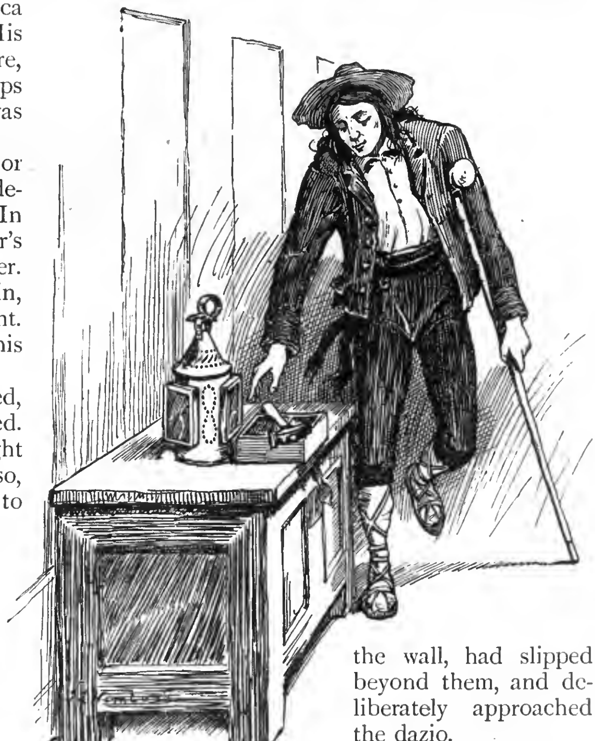
He had heard of cannon being spiked, had heard the operation described. What hindered that, when the night came, he should steal along the corso, in the shadow of the houses, creep to where the silent cannon stood, and spike them all? True, sentries would be stationed; but, if the night were dark, might not the sentries be evaded?

Oh, how impatiently he waited for night. The cannonade began again and the fascines replied. From the roof he watched the round shot plough along the street, scattering the barricades, and heard the screaming fusillade. The fascines appeared to be making little or no progress, though every now and then a Croat would topple in the act of applying the fuse.

All through the waning afternoon he watched the fray. At dark there was another pause. He prepared for his undertaking.

Between ten and eleven the street was so black that one could scarcely see a yard in advance. Nerving himself now, the lad sallied out. He had found a lantern in the house, and it had given him a fresh notion. He lit it and hung it from the window in such a position as to attract the notice of the sentries, but be invisible to the insurgents. Then he softly made his way to the other side of the street, and keeping close against the wall hurried forward in the direction of the Austrians.

Three sentinels had been stationed well in front of the position, one on either pavement, and one between them. The light disturbed these men. The Croat on the side by which the lad advanced, and he in the middle, drew towards their comrade. But as the lantern did not move and was followed by no other signal, they by degrees resumed their posts. Meanwhile the cripple, hugging



"HE CAME UPON A CARPENTER'S BOX."

the wall, had slipped beyond them, and deliberately approached the dazio.

He laid his crutch down when he thought himself near enough, lest by dropping it accidentally, or striking it against some obstruction, he should draw attention to himself. Then, on hands and knees, he crawled towards the cannon, whose shadows he could

just discern. Presently he reached them in safety.

Underneath the muzzle of the first he paused to rest, and to get his tools handy. There was no sound, but as he struggled up the spokes of the first wheel the hoarse cathedral bell tolled forth the hour.

He dragged himself flat on his stomach along the cold length of the gun. He took a nail from one pocket and his hammer from a will. Horror! It missed the nail and crashed against the gun, that clanged like a bell. There was a rush of feet.

All prudence left him at that. The courage that had animated him, the thumping of his heart, the exultation of an accomplished object, burst from him in a hysterical shout as he straightened himself upon the ruined gun: "Viva l'Italia! Abbass i Croatt!"

"VIVA L'ITALIA."

the other, and with a finger felt for the touch-hole. Insinuating the iron point, he slowly drove it home without noise, having taken the precaution to wrap rag round the heads. When he could drive no farther he knew that one death-dealing engine would be mute upon the morrow.

By the opposite wheel he let himself upon the ground, and in a trice had mounted the second carriage. Here, too, his work was short and swift. Descending again, he reached the third. His excitement almost mastered him when he passed his finger over the touch-hole and fitted in the spike; but he gulped down the emotion and stuck to his work.

Tap, tap, tap, went the hammer, but only with a muffled noise. One blow more, and he could creep back as he came.

He raised the hammer high to strike with

The simultaneous crash of three rifles silenced him. He leaped into the air and fell, a mangled mass, upon the ground. When the confusion had subsided an old officer turned the body over with his foot.

"Spawn of the revolution!" he growled, "throw him in the ditch." Then, as he examined the cannon: "Donnerwetter! the rascal has spiked the guns!"

At midnight the attack was renewed. But the bronze mouths were quiet, and the round shot missed their share in the carnage. At dawn the dazio was taken, and great was the surprise among the Milanese that it had fallen so easily at last.

By the naviglio Teresina flirted and swung her bare, brown legs, while Carlo Sacchi boasted of his share in the triumph. In his ditch "El Nanin" slept soundly, unheeding praise or gibe.

Shopkeepers' Advertising Novelties.

BY JAMES SCOTT.

IT is a noteworthy fact that shopkeepers, as a general rule, are not so enterprising as is desirable in the matter of attractive display in their windows. The bulk of our shops, it must be confessed, exhibit a very meagre, untidy appearance to the eye, causing one to ask whether it would not serve as well if the windows were deprived of their exposure to the public. Some few of our tradesmen, comparatively speaking, do, however, possess a keen perception of the power of attraction inherent in novelties when exhibited to the general community. Of their systems of securing this desirable end, I have selected a few notable examples for illustration and explanation.

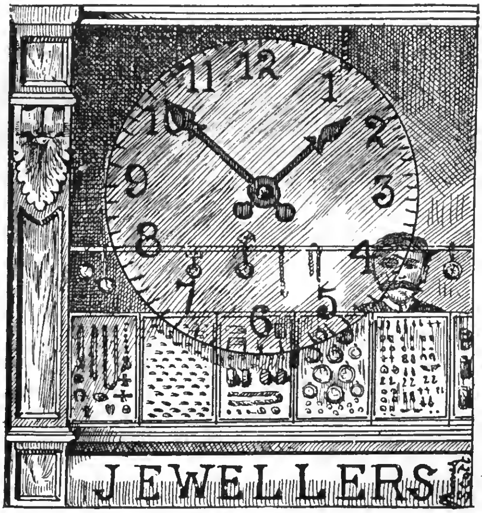


FIG. 1.—A MYSTERIOUS CLOCK.

The strange clock (Fig. 1) has been very popular, though its adoption has not recently been so extensive as was evident a few years ago. Its merits have been discussed by many people who were quite ignorant of the method followed to work it. It records time accurately, and effectively carries out the significance conveyed in its title.

A circular sheet of clear plate-glass is suspended in the window, and is adorned with gilt numerals and divisions in the proper form of a dial. Two enormous hands travel over this peculiar clock, and are calculated to arouse inquisitive and curious people to ask how it is done. Many surmises, relative to the motive force used to drive the hands, were current at the period of its introduction to the public; and these surmises still continue to be broached by people not acquainted with the comparatively simple mechanism of the clock. It was commonly supposed that electricity was the agent employed to manipulate the hands; but this assumption was wrong. Without being technical and entering into a detailed explanation, I will state that the wheels of an ordinary watch were the medium controlling it.

A well-known journal for workmen, to which I contribute, some months ago gave full details of its construction. The works of a watch are concealed within the central disc to be seen in the drawing, and are connected with the large and apparently heavy hands. The latter are, however, cleverly balanced by means of small compact weights, which are in continuous line with the respective hands, and are of a coincident weight with them.

A very effective display once made by a china and earthenware dealer (Fig. 2), and which served to create an inquisitive crowd,

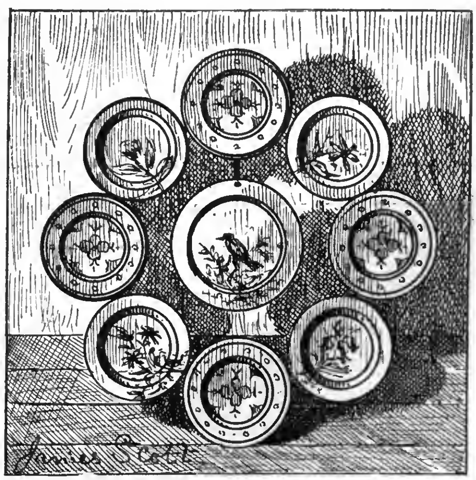


FIG. 2.—A CHINA-SHOP ADVERTISEMENT.

who, doubtless, remembered his shop when they afterwards required plates, cups, and saucers, consisted of several plates placed one above another, edge to edge, in the pattern of a circle, and had, furthermore, a suspended plate of larger diameter within their radius. To cement them properly in this position would be almost a matter of impossibility, so opinions were hazarded in regard to the connection which upheld them. There they stood, bolt upright, as if challenging, yet defying, detection. I subsequently discovered the method utilized by the ingenious tradesman, who thoroughly deserved the success which was greatly fostered by this uncommon show. Many thought that it was a peculiar instance of unaided equilibrium; but in this they were mistaken—and, indeed, one glance is sufficient to show the impossibility of such an occurrence. The attractiveness of the exhibition was enhanced by the occasional appearance of an assistant, who made matters more puzzling by lifting, simultaneously, the top plate and the larger one suspended from it, without the remainder altering their positions in any way.

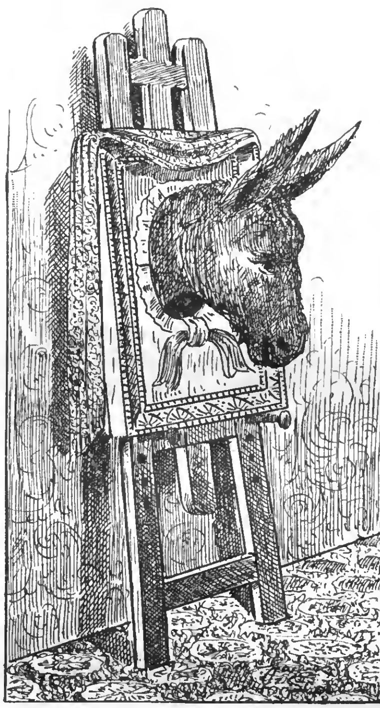


FIG. 4.—A LIVING PICTURE.

Here is the artful man's method: A very strong double wire passed up through the flooring of the shop-window, and travelled behind the plates, in contact with them. In order to prevent the plates from "wobbling" or slipping out of proper line, the wires were formed into loops, flat against the backs of the plates. There they were firmly held by means of staples driven into the plates. The top movable one had a short projection at each side, which fitted into small eyelet holes made in the top points of the wires upholding the remainder of the plates.

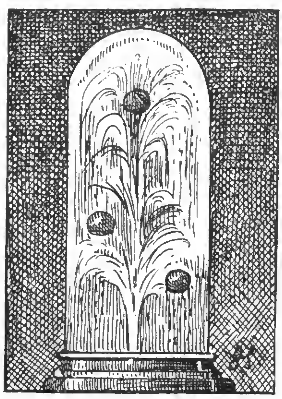


FIG. 3.—THE DANCING BALLS.

A novelty (Fig. 3) was once exhibited in the window belonging to a tradesman occupying a conspicuous shop at the east end of the Strand. A glass shade, with a wooden base, was enlivened by the splashing of a fountain playing into its interior from a source beneath the shelf supporting the article. Three or four coloured balls were inserted within the shade, and they occasioned much merriment among the spectators by their eccentric antics. The jet would carry them with a sudden jerk completely to the top of the shade, whence they would tumble back again for a short distance, only to be again hurled upwards. One might be dancing curiously on the crest of the jet; another racing wildly round and round the hole whence the water issued; a third bobbing about at furious speed, careering now and then against its fellows. Altogether, the bewildering confusion engendered within the shade was enough to "draw" a crowd, and leave the shopkeeper's name impressed upon the mind.

A picture (Fig. 4) caused endless fun among the persons residing in the vicinity of the picture-dealer, whose cute foresight enabled him to dispose, by thus attracting people, of a large quantity of framed Christmas-number productions of colour work. Feeling convinced, no doubt, that the proverbial obstinacy of a donkey to proceed in a forward direction was a matter of truth, he evidently harboured no anxiety concerning the possibility of the animal becoming impetuous, and dashing nimbly through his plate-glass window.

By a clever arrangement of drapery and goods for sale, the body of the patient, wondering donkey was concealed from the

grinning gaze of a jubilant crowd, who good-humouredly bantered the proprietor concerning "his excellent portrait" in the window. How the donkey was sufficiently coaxed to induce him to pass his head through the elastic "canvas" is a secret not yet revealed. Perhaps some of the carrots which were frequently provided for his enjoyment whilst undergoing the ordeal of publicity were an important factor towards success.

Whenever I passed, some few years ago, a certain shop-window in the West-end of London, I usually had an additional peep at a large card to which was attached a mummified cat grasping a mummified rat firmly in its jaws (Fig. 5). If I remember rightly,

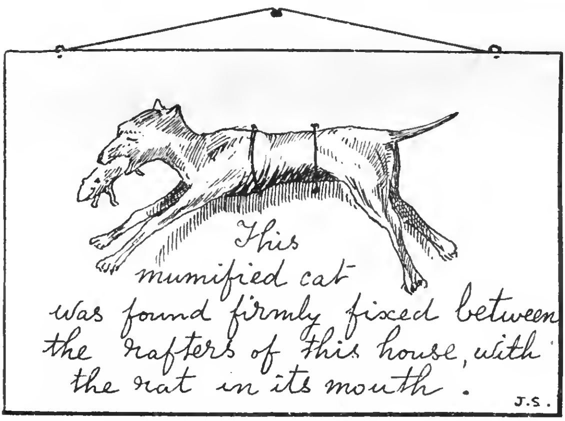


FIG. 5.—A MUMMY.

these animals were discovered, in a preserved, albeit shrunken and dusty, condition, imprisoned between some rafters in the house during repairs. Evidently the unfortunate cat got jammed in its peculiar position accidentally, and being averse to releasing its own prisoner, and thereby being better able to release itself, held it securely until suffocation to both ensued. It was a striking illustration of the powerfulness of determination exercised by even the smaller class of animals.

From inquiries I have made, I am convinced that these particular specimens are not the only ones extant; and I am afraid that many must be manufactured specially for the purpose of exhibition, though I do not insinuate such deceit in connection with the pair to which I have more specifically been referring.

Fig. 6 shows an article which must be ranked among the mystery-arousing section of inventions. A glass cask of whisky, ginger-beer, or tea was displayed in a conspicuous and handy situation, and customers were invited to help themselves upon making the necessary payment for the commodity required. Although it was easily ascertainable that the contents of the cask were really genuine, and passed through the tap into the glass held beneath it, the elevation of the top of the liquid never varied. Tested either by sight or by measurement, sufficient proof there was that, no matter what quantity was withdrawn, there still remained the original quantity within the cask. Being constructed of glass, a person could see completely through it. It stood at a distance of a few inches from the wall, and was altogether a most interesting and attractive piece of work.

Notwithstanding the apparently insolvable system followed in order to gain this result, the idea was founded upon a well-known law of Nature, viz.: that all liquid will, if allowed, find a common level. If you have two receptacles connected by a pipe, and pour water into one of them, it will run into the other reservoir until the level of the liquid contained in both receptacles is identical. Abstraction from one would mean an equal reduction in both.

In the drawing, A represents the glass cask, which is connected by means of a pipe with a tank placed in another apartment, and hidden from view by a wall. Both tanks are half-full, say, of whisky, which also fills the pipe E. If the cask were an isolated article, and a certain quantity of fluid were extracted from it, the level of the contents would sink to a certain extent. Were the tank B called into requisition, under similar circumstances, the liquid would naturally fall but half the before-mentioned depth in each, as that contained in B would help to replace the stuff withdrawn from A. So, in order to deceive the purchaser as effectively as

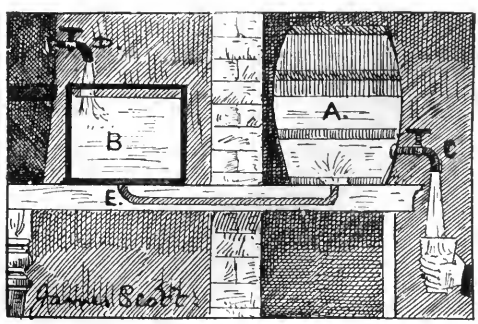


FIG. 6.—A WHISKY PUZZLE.

possible, a confederate kept close watch upon the customers, and as soon as he observed that the tap C was turned, he also turned on tap D. The rate of outpour being exactly coincident in both cases, the consequence was that as soon as both taps were simultaneously turned off, the amount withdrawn by the purchaser had been replaced at an exact rate corresponding with the abstraction, and therefore no deviation in the height of the fluid contained in A had been manifested.

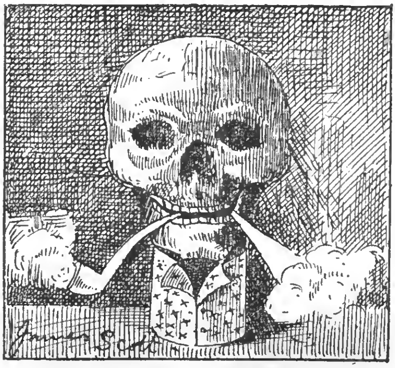


FIG. 7.—A GRIM DEVICE.

The mouth of the pipe entering the tank A was concealed by means of a false glass bottom, pierced with a sufficient number of minute holes to allow the proper quantity of liquor to pass from one receptacle to its companion.

A rather grim device was that shown by an enterprising tobacconist (Fig. 7). A skull—whether human or not I could not ascertain

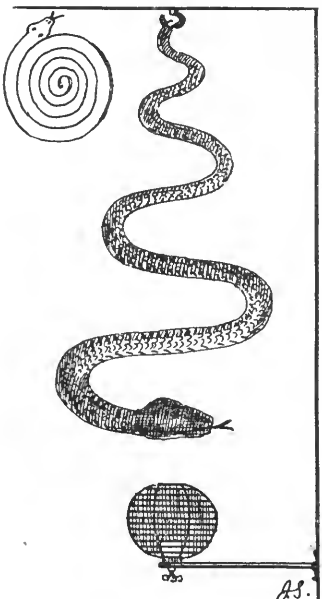


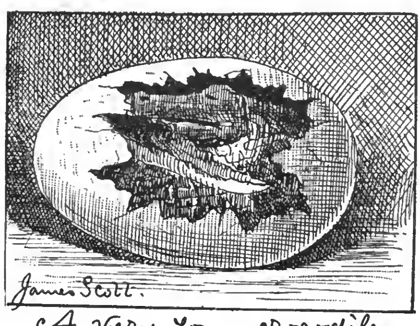
FIG. 8.—A REVOLVING SNAKE.

with absolute certainty—decked in a masher-collar, stood upon a shelf, and puffed at a lighted pipe with a hideously real appearance. The pipe was frequently replenished by a smiling, affable gentleman, who was the genuine cause of keeping the pipe alight. The mouthpiece of the latter was connected to an indiarubber tube, through which the artful fellow, concealed from view, smoked contentedly, anon puffing the fragrant fumes through another tube, the outlet of which was in contact with the teeth of the grinning exhibit.

Fig. 8 constituted a pretty and simple, yet attractive, medium for concentrating children around a confectioner's shop-window. It consisted of the blown-out and properly weighted and suspended skin of a snake, chemically prepared to resist any evil effect from a gas-jet below it. Its form was that of a coil, and the continuous result of the hot currents of air beneath it was to revolve it in a steady and almost fascinating manner. As the rays of light sparkled upon its brilliant surface, scintillating colours succeeded each other in a charming way, and gave prolonged delight to the group of mouth-watering juvenile spectators assembled to witness such a promising display.

Other tradesmen, in lieu of adopting so expensive a sight, have taken advantage of cut-out coloured sheets of cardboard. For the information of some enterprising shopkeeper who may wish to try the effect of the imitative method, I may say that, if a large sheet of cardboard be marked as shown by the small sketch accompanying my illustration of the suspended snake, and be then cut along that line, and the cut-out result be hung over a gas-jet or lamp by its tail, in a swivel, all that is needed to be done will have been accomplished.

Genuine and rare specimens of Nature are always capable of arousing public notice and



A very young crocodile.

FIG. 9.

comment, which are, when associated with the names of the persons who reveal such information, serviceable means of advertisement. The unhatched crocodile, contained in its broken shell of but a few inches length, is an object which excited the curiosity of the passer-by in a certain street in London a short time back (Fig. 9). To see this class of unwieldy and hideous reptiles in the Zoological Gardens, and to learn that they often attain an enormous size and length; and then to reflect that these self-same products of mysterious and wonderful Nature were hatched from shells smaller in dimensions than those of an ostrich egg, is a fact almost incredible.

The two-headed goose (Fig. 10), shown by a taxidermist, is an example of Nature when she has a disposition to be frivolous and surprising. Swans with two necks must have been plentiful at one period of our history, if we may judge from the large number of taverns called "The Swan with the Two Necks"; although it must be stated that some authorities aver that "necks" is a corruption of "nicks"—marks for certain purposes.

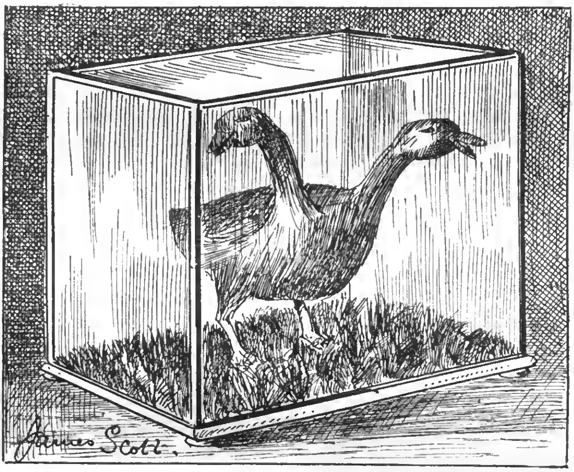


FIG. 10.—AN ATTRACTIVE FREAK.

A well-known caterer for the requirements of the stomach, who has many branches of his business about the town, is wont to attach a pair of convex mirrors (Fig. 11) outside some of his establishments, in order to lure people into his crowded, and sometimes very uncomfortable, shops. Your reflection, as seen in one mirror, is supposed to represent your very lean aspect *before* you have partaken of his very cheap meat puddings. Of course, you should rightly have a very dejected mouth, to accord with your thinness; but, despite this expectation, you are bound to smile. The companion looking-glass is intended to convey your appearance *after* having indulged in the prominently-flattered luxuries. Concerning in what manner such a transformation is to be so quickly developed, there is no evidence forthcoming which may be accepted as truthful. But if the mirrors *do* exaggerate the facts, they answer their main purpose, and as such may be regarded as serviceable companions to the other novelties described.

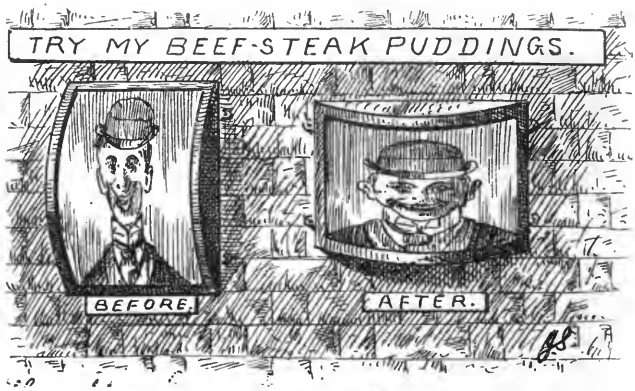
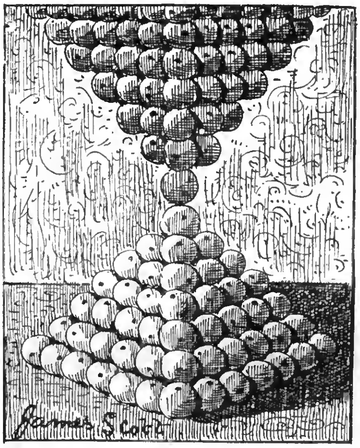


FIG. 11.—THE EFFECT OF MEAT PUDDING.

An ordinary pyramid of oranges in a fruiterer's window cannot be regarded in any way as a novelty; but a pile—or, rather, an apparent pile—such as that depicted in my illustration (Fig. 12) must be looked upon as somewhat of a curiosity, and has the merit of newness. It is a matter for surprise, when one considers the vast number of uses to which mirrors may be extended, where illusory effects are desired. Stage wonders are often obtained simply by the judicious arrangement of a number of silvered plates of glass.

The small sectional diagram annexed to the larger illustration under reference will be clear enough, I think, to convey sufficient enlightenment respecting this novelty. An ordinary pile of oranges is placed within a small box, and a mirror laid almost horizontally in direct contact with the apex of the pyramid. The front of the case is inclosed between the front edge of the mirror and its top; and the whole is then fixed in

the window at an altitude almost corresponding with the height of a pedestrian's eyes. To a passer-by, the contents of the box appear as shown in the larger drawing, as the reflection of the lower half of it conceals the fact that its upper portion is really an inclosed and empty space. By judiciously papering the lower interior of the receptacle with a neat pattern, the whole appears as a long box containing a pile of fruit supporting an inverted and equal quantity.



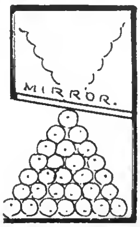


FIG. 12.—A DECEPTIVE PILE.

Chicken-hatching by artificial means has become so universal a process as to excite but little comment; yet when one philosophically considers that by the aid of a specially-prepared contrivance, and the application of gathered knowledge, exercised by skilful manipulation, we are able so successfully to supplant Nature as understood by the instinctive hen, we must rank artificial incubation as one of the wonders of the age.

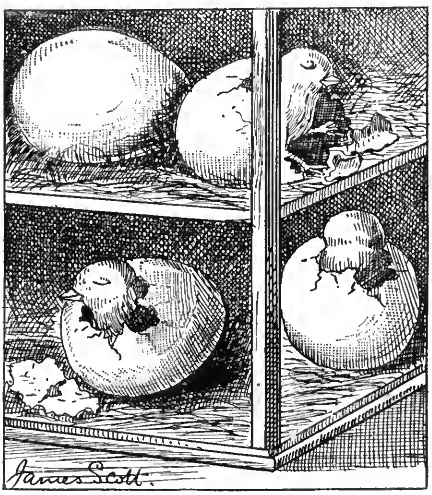


FIG. 13.—CHICKS HATCHING.

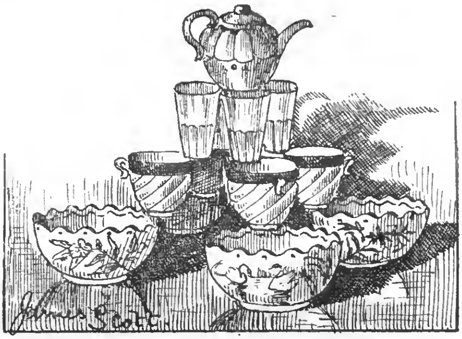
A certain West-end tradesman must be credited with possessing a keen perception of human curiosity, allied to a praiseworthy desire to satisfy that curiosity and advertise his wares simultaneously. He exposed in his window some incubators containing eggs which belched forth their lively contents before the eyes of the public (Fig. 13). Although I have not personally witnessed the actual birth of these tiny creatures, I have seen them when they were but a few minutes old, if the term "old" is permissible. Of course, it must be admitted that the unborn chicks would not have developed sufficient shyness to debar them from issuing into this world whilst the human gaze was fixed upon them; so it was quite possible to see the actual demolishment of the shells.

A living and apparently severed head (Fig. 14) rightly belongs to the domain of conjuring; but as at least one tradesman has availed himself of this bewildering optical illusion, I feel that it has a right to be noticed among other attractions. Certainly an enterprising shopkeeper could utilize his shop and cash to worse purposes, if he desired to supply himself with an effective advertisement. To an onlooker the spectacle appears as a severed head, possessing the full vigour of life, resting upon two brass bars fixed within a kind of cupboard. The head smiles and speaks, and proves conclusively to the wondering audience that it is devoid

FIG. 14.—A SEVERED HEAD.

of no essential possessed by a head attached to a body. This perplexity is produced by the aid of a few mirrors and fittings placed as hereafter described. First, two boards are placed in an upright position, and are surmounted by a third one, with an intervening space of convenient dimensions. A glance at the smaller sketch will assist my brief explanation. Within the space are fitted, at right angles to each other, two upright mirrors, their front edges being bevelled from the back, each being sloped at the top to permit a third mirror, having a large central hole, to rest upon them. The top glass is a thin one, and upon its top face are laid the two longitudinal halves of one brass rod, the reflections of which provide two apparently solid rails for the head to rest upon. A young lady occupies a seat behind the mirrors, and pops her head through the opening. Her neck is surrounded by a very wide lace collar, which conceals the opening referred to. By using a floor covering having a neat geometrical pattern upon it, the mirrors may be so fixed in relation to each other as to reflect the pattern, and thus convey the idea that between the head and the floor nothing but space exists. Judicious drapery completes the illusion.

A china and glass pyramid can claim to be no more than an illusion, as nothing but skilful manipulation and a steady, firm foundation are requisite for its construction. To the passer-by an array of this kind induces comments of suspicion concerning the probability of the articles being cemented and bound together ; but as a matter of fact, equilibrium alone is responsible for the formation of the pyramid. Four basins, weighted with sugar or liquid of some kind, are placed at the corners of an imaginary square (Fig. 15).



A china and glass pyramid.

FIG. 15.

Upon the rim of each basin a large cup is so balanced that its tendency is to fall into the basin. Each cup is then required to support a glass tumbler, whose tendency is to fall away from the cup. The arrangement is neatly formed in such a way that the four glasses contact with each other, and as each presses equally against its companion, nothing can possibly fall, providing proper balancing of the cups has been secured. If the whole of the articles have been properly fixed and weighted, they will sustain a teapot or similar article. Of course, cups may be replaced by glasses, or glasses by cups, as the case may be ; but in any case, more than one person must be employed upon the building of the pyramid, which should be relegated to the quieter streets, for the sufficient reason that the rattle of vehicles in a busy thoroughfare would soon destroy the fascinating equilibrium.

A universal consideration of the subject upon which I have been engaged would, perhaps, tend to bring about a more extensive application of attractive displays of novelties in some of our shop-lined streets, and cause a walk through them to be a more enjoyable occupation than can now be claimed in connection with it.

Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

SECOND SERIES.

By L. T. Meade and Clifford Halifax, M.D.

[These stories are written in collaboration with a medical man of large experience. Many are founded on fact, and all are within the region of practical medical science. Those stories which may convey an idea of the impossible are only a forecast of an early realization.]

XI.—THE SMALL HOUSE ON STEVEN'S HEATH.

AMONGST my numerous acquaintances was an old friend who lived on a somewhat remote part of a common situated between fourteen and sixteen miles out of London. For the purpose of this strange story I shall call it Steven's Heath, although its real name is another. The common stretches for many miles in several directions, and although within a very short distance of the Metropolis, is as lonely as if it belonged to one of the Yorkshire moors. My friend was a retired officer in the Army—he had a great fancy for lonely places, and chose the neighbourhood of Steven's Heath with a due regard to its solitude when he arranged to build a house upon its borders. He was an old man of between sixty and seventy—his children had long ago left him, and he and his wife lived a very happy Darby and Joan existence in their pretty new house and extensive grounds. The air was of the purest and freshest, and I always enjoyed paying my friend a visit. It so happened that an illness of a trifling character called me to Clover Lodge towards the end of a certain October. Colonel Mathison would never consult any medical man but myself, and I found him nervous and excited when I went to visit him. After a careful examination I was able to reassure him with regard to his physical condition. My verdict instantly put him into the highest spirits, and he insisted on my remaining to dine with him and his wife. Mrs. Mathison took me for a walk round the grounds just before dinner.

"Your verdict about Edward has made him very happy," she said.

"If he follows my advice he will be all right within a week from now," was my reply.

"Yes, yes," she answered; then she added, with a sigh, "You admire this place very much, don't you, Dr. Halifax?"

"You have the finest air in the county," I said; "no one would imagine that you are so close to London."

"Ah, that is just it," she answered; "but for my part, fine as the air is, I should much prefer wintering in town—the fact is, I am fond of seeing my fellow-creatures, and except one or two old cronies, the Colonel would rather spend his days in solitude. The fact of my being lonely is, however, a small reason, and it is not on that account that I am particularly anxious to go to a more civilized part of the country for the winter."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "I don't like the people I meet on this common."

"I daresay you do come across strange characters," I replied, "but surely they have nothing whatever to do with you?"

"Oh, I don't mean gipsies," she said. "I am not the least afraid of the ordinary gipsy; but of late, when out walking, I have met two or three very savage-looking men. It was only a fortnight ago that one of them, a man with dark eyes, a sweeping moustache, and very tawny complexion, suddenly started up in front of my path, and asked me, quite politely, what the hour was. Some sort of instinct told me not to take out my watch. I replied by guess-work, and the man did not say anything further. Now, his tone was quite gentlemanly, and his dress was that of a country squire—nevertheless, his manner, and the look on his face, terrified me so much that I returned to the Lodge trembling in every limb. The Colonel asked me what was the matter, and I told him. He naturally laughed at my fears, and, of course, I could not get him to see the affair at all in a serious light. In short, it needed to come face to face with that man to see anything serious in such a trivial incident—but the Colonel is an old man, doctor, and of a very fiery, irascible disposition, and if there were any danger——"

"Which of course there isn't," I interrupted, with a smile.

I looked hard at the little old lady as I spoke—she had evidently got a shock. I thought it was scarcely well for her to wander about this desolate common by herself.

"After all, it would be a very good thing for you to go to town for the winter," I said. "I will speak to Colonel Mathison on the subject after dinner. There is nothing serious the matter with him, but if he were close at hand I could look him up at intervals, and perhaps put him on a treatment which might

"SOME SORT OF INSTINCT TOLD ME NOT TO TAKE OUT MY WATCH."

prevent the recurrence of the attack which alarmed you both."

"I wish you would speak to him," she said, eagerly.

Soon afterwards we returned to the house. After dinner I broached the subject, but found the Colonel quite obdurate.

"Nonsense, nonsense," he said, "no towns for me. If Mary is nervous, and finds the place lonely at night, we can get in another man-servant, or the gardener can sleep in the house. As to my health, that is folly; I should die in a fortnight in your stuffy London, and when I am ill, and need your services, I know you won't refuse them to me, Halifax."

"That I won't," I replied, heartily.

There was nothing further to say, and soon afterwards I rose, remarking that it was time for me to catch my train.

"I will ring the bell for the trap to be brought round," said Colonel Mathison.

The servant answered the summons, and an order for the trap was given. In a moment the man re-appeared with a long face—the mare had suddenly gone lame and was unable to travel. Colonel Mathison was greatly upset, jumped from his chair, and began to excite himself in a very unnecessary manner. I went to the window and looked out. There was a moon, which would set within about an hour and a half—it would give me plenty of light to walk to the station. The nearest way thither lay straight across the common about the distance of from three to four miles. I felt that I should enjoy the exercise.

"You must not give the matter a second thought," I said to my old friend. "I shall start at once, and walk to Haverling Station. The fact is, I shall like it, and there is plenty of moon to show me over the ground."

"But the common is so lonely," said Mrs. Mathison.

"All the better for me," I replied. "I like to be alone with Dame Nature now and then. But I have no time to spare. I will wish you both good-evening."

I left the house, holding my umbrella in one hand, and a bag which contained a few surgical instruments and a Burroughs and Wellcome medicine case in the other, and started on my long walk. The clock in the hall just struck eleven as I left—my train would arrive at Haverling at ten minutes to twelve. I should therefore do the walk comfortably in the time. The night was a perfect one, and the moon flooded the entire place with a soft silver radiance. The trees which were dispersed at intervals across the common cast huge shadows, but my path lay where the moonbeams fell in an uninterrupted line.

The air was crisp and bracing, with just a touch of frost in it. I was in particularly good spirits, and could not help feeling that Colonel Mathison was right in refusing to exchange this fragrant and perfect air for the close atmosphere of town. I had a certain sympathy also, however, for the wife, who had not the passion for the country which her husband possessed, and was evidently easily frightened. As to her meeting a rough-looking man with a fierce aspect on a common like this, nothing was more natural, and I did not give the matter a serious thought. I walked quickly forward, little

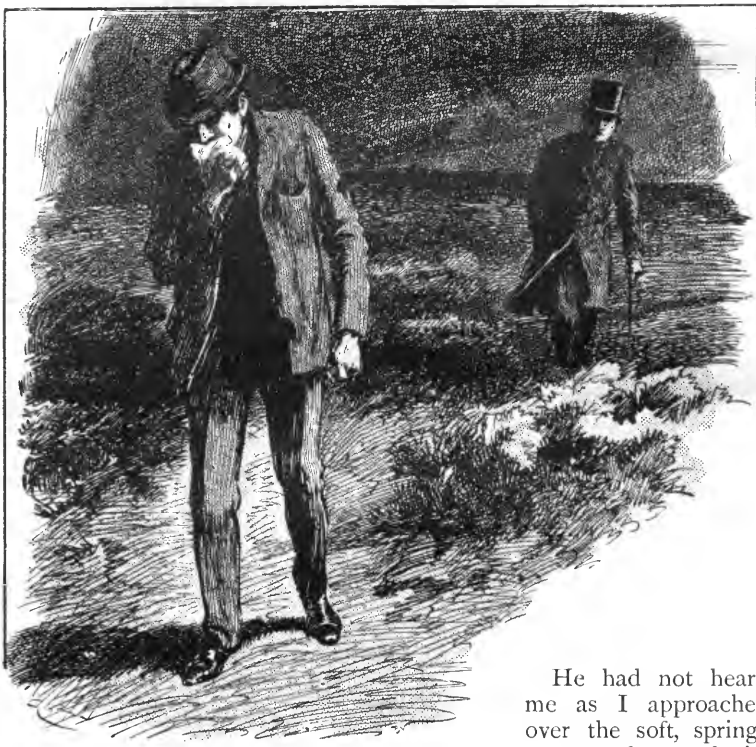
guessing what horror was lying directly in my own path.

I have, in my long and varied experiences, turned some sharp corners and gone through more than one moment of peril, but the adventure which I am now about to describe I shall always look back upon as the high-water mark of my own personal suffering and deadly peril. The situation, in the very midst of our civilized England, the close vicinity to London, the apparently trivial beginning of the incident—only heightened the horror when it did occur; but I must hasten to tell my story.

I had gone about half-way across the common, and the moon was rapidly approaching the horizon—in a short time she would set, leaving the entire place in complete darkness. I hurried my footsteps, therefore, wishing to gain the high road before this took place. I must by this time have reached almost the centre of Steven's Heath — miles of undulating, broken land stretched to right and left of me.

A sensation of loneliness suddenly struck at my heart. I am not a coward, and was surprised at the sensation. The next moment, with a sigh of relief, I saw that I was not alone. A tall man, dressed in the garb of a country gentleman, was walking slowly in advance of me. He was evidently keeping to the same path over which I was travelling —a clump of trees must have hidden him from my sight until now; but now, owing to the peculiar position of the moon, I saw him with great distinctness. There was nothing remarkable in this sight, and I should soon have passed my fellow-traveller without a thought, had not my attention been arrested by his peculiar gait and manner. He walked slowly and with some pauses; he stooped a good bit, and stopped from time to time to cough. His cough was wafted back to me on the evening breeze—it had a sound of great distress about it, and seemed to indicate that the man was in severe pain. When he coughed I further noticed that he took a handkerchief out of his pocket and pressed it to his lips. At once I felt an interest in him, and, hastening my footsteps, came up to his side.

"Forgive me," I said, abruptly, "you seem ill and in pain."



"AT ONCE I FELT AN INTEREST IN HIM."

He had not heard me as I approached over the soft, springy grass, and started violently when I suddenly addressed him. He wore a soft felt hat, which was pushed rather far over his eyes, and now, from under his bent brows, two haggard, suffering, and very dark eyes peered restlessly at me.

"I am not well, I thank you, sir," he said, speaking with a cultivated accent; "but I am not far from home, and when I get there, I have not the least doubt that a little rest will restore me."

His words were uttered in jerks, and he had scarcely come to the end of his sentence before he coughed again, and immediately a quantity of blood poured out of his mouth.

"You are seriously ill," I said. "I am a doctor on my way to London. Can I do anything to assist you?"

"A doctor!" he exclaimed.

He pushed his hat away from his forehead, and gazed at me earnestly.

"Good heavens, this seems like a Providence," he muttered. "Do I understand you to say that you are a London doctor, sir?"

"I am," I replied.

He carried a stout stick, on which he suddenly leant heavily.

"The fact is," he said, abruptly, "I have met with a nasty accident; I am seriously hurt, and——"

He broke off to resume the painful coughing.

"Will you permit me to see you to your house?" I said.

"No," he replied; "that would not be wise. I am much obliged to you, but I would rather you did not see me home. Perhaps it might be possible for you to give me a little advice here."

"Scarcely," I said. "You are either wounded or have broken a blood-vessel. You must lie down, and be properly examined before anything can be done for your relief."

He coughed again.

"I—I thank you, sir, but I would rather go home alone," he repeated.

A fresh fit of coughing interrupted the words, and the red stream flowed from his lips.

"Come," I said, "you have met me unexpectedly; you must look upon it, as you have just remarked, as a Providence. You are not fit to go home alone. Accept my assistance, and regard yourself lucky to have met someone who can help you."

"There's my wife to consider," he said. "I—I can't speak much—my wife will feel it if anything happens to me. You can get away quickly after you have examined me, sir—yes, perhaps it is best."

"It is the only thing to do," I said. "Take my arm now, and pray speak as little as possible, or the bleeding will become worse. Just answer me one question, however. What do you believe to be the nature of your injury?"

"A bullet wound," he said, speaking now in gasps. "The villain has shot me in the lung, I believe."

His words were unexpected, and they startled me, but I had not a moment to think of myself.

"Lean on me," I said, in an authoritative voice, "and indicate from time to time with your finger the direction we are to take."

He was too weak and ill to expostulate further. I drew his hand through my arm, and we turned abruptly to the left.

Our way led us directly from the railway station. We soon reached a dingle, into which we descended. The man was now past speech, but at intervals he pointed out the direction which we were to take. We crossed the dingle, ascended a slight hill, found ourselves in a thicket of trees, and the next moment out again in the middle of a little clearing, in which a long, low, old-fashioned house stood. A faint light was shining out of the porch, which streamed direct on our path—the man gave a perceptible sigh of relief.

"Is that your house?" I asked.

He nodded. The next moment we were standing in the porch. A young woman, who evidently must have heard our footsteps, rushed out. She wore a white dress, and her hair fell in some disorder down her back.

"A YOUNG WOMAN RUSHED OUT."

"Oh, Ben!" she said, putting one arm round the man's neck, "how terrified I have been, and how late you are!"

She suddenly saw me, and started back with a stifled exclamation of alarm.

"Why have you brought this stranger home with you?" she asked of the injured man.

My patient was evidently making an effort to speak, which I saw in his present condition would be highly hazardous. I took the initiative, therefore, without delay.

"This gentleman is seriously hurt," I said.

"Pray do not question him at present. I happened to meet him on the common, and, seeing the state of his sufferings, volunteered my assistance. I am a doctor, and it is possible that I may be able to relieve him. Let me help you to take him to a bedroom immediately. We must get him to bed at once. I shall then examine him, and render what assistance lies in my power."

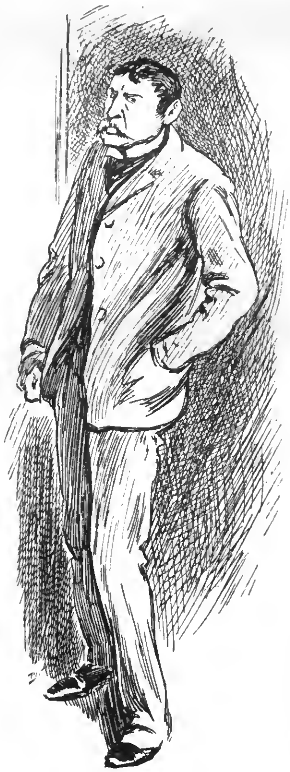
The girl did not speak for a moment or two, then, with a deft movement, she flashed the full light of the lantern upon my face. From me she looked earnestly at the deathly pale face of my companion.

"Ben," she said, "did you knowingly bring this gentleman here?"

He nodded and frowned at her. The expression of his face seemed to convey some sort of warning. She took the initiative at once—her manner changed, her nervousness vanished, she became self-controlled and calm.

"It was kind of you to see my husband home," she said to me. "If you will give him your arm, we will take him to his bedroom at once."

She set down her lantern as she spoke. A large paraffin lamp was burning in the hall. It had been turned low; she went to it and raised the light. Motioning me to follow her, she ascended some stairs, and in a moment or two we found ourselves in a good-sized bedroom, which opened on to a small landing. It did not take me long to get the sick man on the bed and partly undressed. I unfastened his cravat, and opened his shirt. A glance at his chest showed me that the hemorrhage was caused by a wound. The nature of the wound made it evident that it was caused by a revolver; most probably the bullet was now embedded in the left lung.



"HAL."

The full nature of the injury it was impossible for me to discover, but it was all too evident that the man's life was in a precarious state, and if something were not quickly done to stop the excessive hemorrhage, his life must be the forfeit. I quickly opened my medicine case, and without a moment's delay injected a dose of ergotine. I directed the young woman to prepare cold bandages to lay over the man's chest, and having plugged up the wound, I turned my patient on his side, and told him quite plainly that his chance of recovery depended entirely on his lying perfectly still. When I spoke he fixed his eyes on my face—there was an expression of dumb anguish about them which painfully upset the young woman, who was standing close to him. She leant against the bed, trembling in every limb, and for an instant I feared that her self-control would give way—but another glance showed me that she was made of sterner metal—she soon recovered herself, and as at that moment hurried footsteps were heard in the hall beneath, she suddenly drew herself up, and a watchful, alert look crept into her face. The steps came quickly along the passage, they bounded up the stairs, the room door was flung noisily open, and a tall man with broad shoulders and much muscular strength entered.

I could not help giving a very perceptible start when I looked at him. I have seen evil faces in my day, but I do not think I ever before beheld one so sinister, so absolutely devoid of all trace of goodness. His eyes were small, of piercing blackness, and closely set—his features were aquiline, but his mouth was flabby and nerveless, and the under lip was so large and protruding that even the heavy moustache which he wore could not effectually hide it. He marched quickly up to the bed, and stood looking down at the wounded man without speaking; then his eyes caught sight of me, the angry colour flamed up all over his face, and a muttered oath dropped from his lips. The wounded man could not speak, but his eyes became painfully anxious in expression. The girl went up to the new arrival, and touched him on his shoulder.

"Leave the room, Hal," she said; "you see that Ben is very ill, and must not be disturbed. He has met with a bad accident—you doubtless know all about it; this gentleman met him on the road, and brought him home."

"I should have thought the gentleman

would have known better than to interfere," muttered the man called Hal; "we don't care to have strangers about this place."

He bit his lower lip as soon as he had spoken—I was watching him narrowly. I saw that he was a man of violent passions, which he had very little power of keeping under control. The young woman touched him again on the arm, and drew him aside to a distant part of the room. He bent his ear to her, and she began to speak in an eager whisper.

My patient again fixed his eyes on my face; he motioned me nearer with his hand. I bent over him.

"Get out of this as fast as you can," he murmured.

His hoarse whisper nearly cost him his life. A fresh and violent flow of hemorrhage set in. The wife, uttering a cry, rushed to her husband's side, and the other man left the room. I did all that I could to stop the fresh flow of blood, and after a time it ceased. The patient was now drowsy, and closed his eyes as if he wished to sleep.

When I saw that this was the case, I beckoned to the wife to follow me on to the landing.

"Is there any hope of saving him?" she asked, the moment we were alone.

"He is in very great danger," I said, "but if we can keep him alive during the night, it may be possible to extract the bullet to-morrow. He has had a bad wound, and in all probability the bullet is embedded in the left lung. The danger is that he may die of hemorrhage before anything can be done to extract the bullet. It is lucky that I happened to meet him."

"Lucky!" she repeated, gazing up at me, her eyes staring—"Heaven knows!"

She turned away, and taking a handkerchief out of her pocket, wiped some moisture from her forehead.

"Can you really do him any good, sir?" she asked; "for if not——" Her voice faltered; she was evidently putting a great constraint upon herself—"if not, sir, it may be best for you to go away at once."

"No," I said, "I will not do that. I have come here, and I will stay until the morning."

"Well, sir, if you will not go, let me take you downstairs and get you some refreshment."

She ran down a short flight of stairs, and I followed her. The flush of excitement had now mounted to her cheeks, replacing the extreme pallor which I had noticed ten minutes ago. She showed me into a well-furnished dining-room, surprisingly large and solid for the appearance of the house. As soon as I entered, I saw that the ferocious-looking man who had come into the bed-room was standing on the hearth. He had changed his dress, which was in much disorder when I saw him last—his manner had also altered for the better. When he saw me, he came forward and moved a chair at right angles to the fire.

"Sit down," he said, "I am obliged to you for coming to our assistance. Is my brother badly hurt?"

"The wound is a very severe one," I replied.

"I thought so," he answered. "We were both together, and he must have slipped away from me in the dark—I have been all round the place waiting for him for nearly an hour—I guessed that he was hurt."

"I always knew something bad of this kind would take place," cried the wife, with passion.

"Keep your tongue between your teeth," said the man, with an ugly oath. "The fact is, sir," he continued, fixing his bloodshot eyes with a peculiar glance on my face, "Rachel, here, is nervous; the place is lonely, and there is no woman near to keep her company. Ben and I are a rough lot, and nothing will keep Ben out of mischief when his blood is up. He had a row with some fellows at a public-house not two miles from here, and this is the consequence. We are all Colonials, and, as you may know, sir, rough and ready is the word still, in most of the Colonies. We came to England two years ago, and took this cottage. We had a fancy to live a retired life. We heard that a chicken farm was a good speculation, and we started one—it gives us something to do, and the air of this common suits us. As to Rachel, she is always making the worst of things, but I suppose she does find the life somewhat tame."

"Tame!" cried the young woman, clasping her hands tightly together.

"Get the gentleman something to eat, Rachel, and then leave us," said Hal, in a blustering tone.

"Thank you," I answered, "but I do not wish for any refreshment."

"Well, at least, you'll have some wine," said Hal. "I have got a bottle of port which I can recommend—I'll go and fetch it at once. Come, Rachel, you can hold a light for me to the cellar."

He left the room immediately—his sister-in-law accompanying him. They paused in

the passage outside to exchange some words, but I could not hear anything they said. I went and stood by the hearth and looked around. me. I considered the situation peculiar, but up to the present saw no cause for any special alarm as far as my own safety was concerned. The men were a lawless pair, and I did not believe the lame story offered to me about the revolver wound, but having undertaken the case, I had no intention of deserting my patient, and felt certain that I should be able to defend myself should occasion arise. The man and young woman were not long absent. They quickly returned to the room. The woman carried a tray, on which were some glasses and a box of biscuits. The man followed with a bottle of port. He drew the cork carefully, and put ir undecantered on the tray.

"I'll go back to my husband now, sir," said the young woman, glancing at me.

"Do so," I replied; "and be sure you call me should my services be required. Pray remember, the main thing is to keep the patient perfectly quiet, and under no provocation to allow him to speak."

She nodded. She had nearly reached the door when she turned and came quickly back.

"You will like to know our names," she said. "I am Mrs. Randall. My husband and this man are brothers—my husband is Ben, this man is called Hal. I am deeply grateful to you, sir, for the services you are rendering to me and mine."

Her eyes were very bright, so bright that tears did not seem to be far away. She paused again, with her hand resting on the table.

"Is there any chance of Ben's life?" she asked, suddenly.

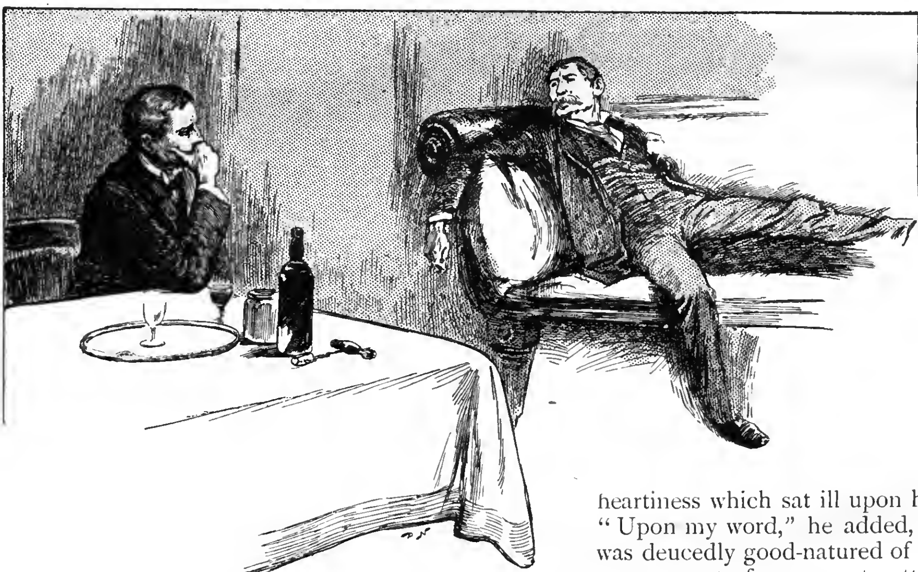
I had in reality very little hope, for the hemorrhage which had already taken place was of the most serious character, but I could not quench the longing in the young, eager eyes fixed on my face.

"Absolute quiet is the one and only chance of life," I said, emphatically.

"I understand," she said, nodding; "your directions shall be carried out to the letter." She left the room as she spoke.

When she had done this Randall flung himself on a large sofa at one side of the fire.

"Drink your wine, doctor, it will do you good," he said, with a sort of assumption of heartiness which sat ill upon him. "Upon my word," he added, "it was deucedly good-natured of you to come out of your way to attend to a stranger."



"'DRINK YOUR WINE, DOCTOR,' HE SAID."

"Not at all," I replied, "if I can save the stranger's life; but I must tell you that I have very little hope of doing so."

"Good heavens!" he cried, in excitement, "do you think that my brother will die of his wound?"

"It is not only possible, but highly probable," I answered.

He swore a great oath, jumped up from his sofa, sat down again, and ground the heel of one big foot into the carpet.

"This thing will upset Rachel," he said, after a pause; "she's awful spoons upon Ben—the fact is, he rescued her from some of the aborigines years ago in Australia; she grew up with us, and when she was old enough he married her."

"She appears to me little more than a child now," I said.

"Women marry young in Australia," was the brief reply. "Drink your wine, won't you?"

He had filled a glass with port wine before he sat down. I raised it now to my lips and sipped it. After doing so, I put the glass down quietly; I do not think a muscle of my face showed emotion, but I knew at once what had happened—the wine was heavily drugged. It was loaded with morphia. Randall's eager eyes were fixed greedily on my face. At that moment his sister-in-law called him. I jumped up, but he interrupted me.

"She wants me," he said. "I'll let you know if your services are required—finish your wine and help yourself to more."

He left the room, when I immediately walked to the window, flung it open, and dashed the contents of the wine-glass outside. I shut the window noiselessly again, and returned to my seat. I had scarcely done so when Randall re-appeared. I noticed that he glanced at my empty glass the moment he entered the room. A gleam of satisfaction lit up his swarthy face.

"It is all right," he said; "my brother is quiet—he is dozing off. Rachel is sitting with him. She wanted to ask me a question about the chickens—we send some to the London market almost daily."

"Do you make it pay?" I asked, quietly.

"I can't say that we do," he replied, "but why should I bother you with this? My brother and I have an income independent of the farm—we keep the chickens for the sake of occupation. The night is far advanced now, and I am dead-beat, if you are not. Shall I take you to a bedroom? If you are good-natured enough to spend the night here, you may as well have some rest until you are required."

I simulated a yawn with good effect, doing so with intention. I knew that if I had any chance of escape from the danger in which I undoubtedly was, I must quiet this man's suspicions. He must suppose that I had really swallowed the drugged wine.

"I am sleepy," I said, "and shall be glad to lie down; but don't take me to a bedroom. If you will permit me to have a stretch on that sofa, I shall do admirably."

"As you please," he said, with a careless nod. "The sofa is wide, and, as I can do nothing further, I will go to my room. You will find the wine on this table if you want any more. I will let Rachel know you are here, in case she may want you. Good-night."

He left the room, slamming the door behind him, and I heard his footsteps noisily and clumsily ascending the stairs. I stretched myself on the sofa, fearing that he might unexpectedly return. There was no manner of doubt now that I was in a most grave situation, and that my life might be the forfeit of what had appeared to me to be an act of common humanity. Who were these people—what was their occupation? They were undoubtedly not what they seemed—the chicken farm was in all probability a blind to cover enterprise of a widely different character. The story of the revolver-wound was, on the face of it, false. Why had the girl looked so terrified? Why had the wounded man asked me to go? Why had Hal favoured me with glances of such diabolical hatred? Above all, why was the wine drugged? When the house was perfectly quiet, I slipped off the sofa and approached the window. It was a large one, and occupied the greater part of the wall at one end of the room.

I had opened it with ease when I had flung the wine away, and now again it yielded to my touch. I threw it up without making the least noise, and bending forward was just preparing to put out my head to judge of the possibility of escape, when I started back with a voiceless exclamation. The window was effectually barred from without with a shutter composed of one solid piece of iron. I pressed my hand against it—it was firm as a rock. Half an hour ago this shutter had not been raised. By what noiseless method had it been slipped into its place? I closed the window again and went over to the door. I turned the handle—it turned, but did not yield. The door was locked. I was caught in a trap. What was to be done?

At that moment I heard a creak on the stairs, and the unmistakable sound of heavy footsteps. I instantly returned to the sofa, lay down at full length, and assumed as I well knew how the appearance and the breathing of a man suffering from morphia poison. I made my breath stertorous and quick. I assumed the attitude of the deepest slumber. My hearing was now preternaturally acute, and the walls of this queer house were thin. I heard the steps approaching the door. The lock was noiselessly turned,

the handle was moved, and the door opened a very little. I knew all this by my sensations, for I did not dare to raise an eyelid. There was plenty of light in the room—the fire was blazing merrily, and a big paraffin lamp shone with a large globe of light on the centre table. Beside the lamp lay the tray which contained the glasses and the bottle of drugged wine. I seemed to see everything, although my eyelids were tightly shut, and I lay slightly forward on my face, breathing loudly.

"Aye," said Randall, coming up and bending over me, "he's all right—he's fast enough—as fast as a nail. Now, what's the matter?" he continued, evidently addressing Mrs. Randall, and speaking in a growling whisper. "You don't like this job, eh? There's no use in your snivelling, it has got to be done. He's fast, ain't he? Come over here and have a good look at him."

"I won't look at him; you are the cruellest man that ever lived—you are a ruffian. I must speak to you alone—come with me at once; if you don't, I'll say what I have to say out here."

"You may shout as loud as you please, you won't wake him. I knew what I was about when I put the morphia into the wine; he's fast. What's up, girl? Now, none of your blarneying, and none of your passion, either. All our lives are in jeopardy, I tell you."

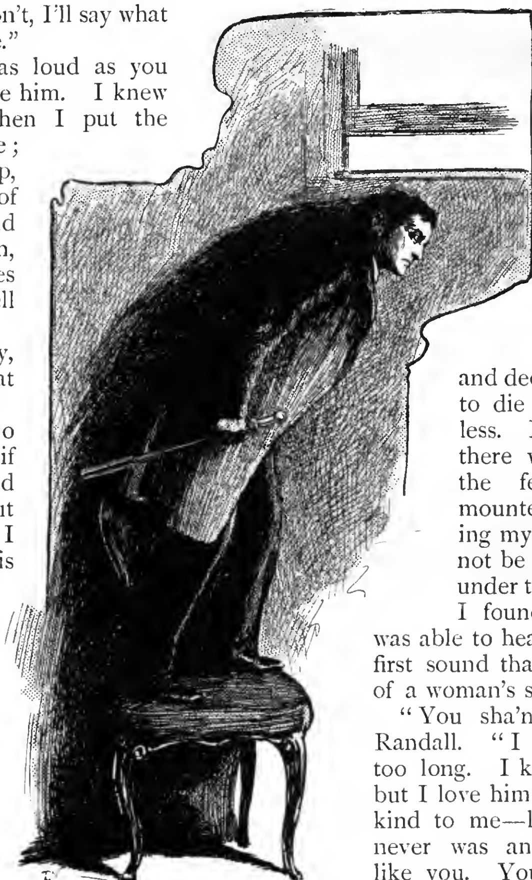
"Be that as it may, you have got to let that gentleman go, Hal."

"There are two words to that; but if you must interfere and give trouble, come out of this. He is fast, I am sure, but there is no saying what your muttering may do for him. He looks dead-beat, don't he? It seems a pity to disturb him."

The man uttered a low laugh, the horror of which almost curdled my blood.

"Come into the pantry," he said, re-addressing his companion; "he won't hear us in there."

They approached the door, walking on tiptoe; they closed it behind them, and I heard the key turn softly in the lock. If I had the faintest chance of escape, it was necessary for me to know if possible what fate was about to befall me. Where was the pantry? I opened my eyes now, and was immediately attracted by a gleam of light coming in a slanting direction through a window which I had not previously noticed. This window was high up in the wall, and was evidently used as a through light into another room. It had certainly not been illuminated when last I had examined the dining-room. Could it possibly belong to the pantry which Randall had alluded to? The sound of voices reached my ears. They were muffled, and I could not distinguish their tones, but at this instant I also perceived that the window in question was open at the bottom about two or three inches. If I could press my ear to the wall just below the open window, I might hear what the pair were saying. The risk was great, for if Randall came back and found me it would be a fight for life, and he, of course, would be armed, whereas I had not even a walking-stick. I thought the situation over carefully, and decided that it was better to die fighting than motionless. I further observed that there was a heavy poker in the fender. I seized it, mounted a chair, and pressing my ear just where I could not be seen, but also directly under the partly-open window, I found to my relief that I was able to hear perfectly well. The first sound that reached me was that of a woman's sob.



"I WAS ABLE TO HEAR PERFECTLY WELL."

"You sha'n't do it," said Mrs. Randall. "I have borne with you too long. I know that Ben is bad, but I love him—he has always been kind to me—he is my husband—he never was an out-and-out bad 'un like you. You never had a heart. Now, listen; my mind is quite made

up—you shall not take the life of the man who came here to succour my husband."

"Stop your snivelling," was the harsh reply. "I tell you he must go. Ben must have been out of his mind to bring him here. I have no enmity against the man himself, but he was a fool to put himself into the lion's den. He knows too much, and he must go. Don't you understand me, girl? Haven't you a grain of sense left? Well, I'll tell you something. *Ben killed his man to-night*, and he'll swing for it if we let that doctor escape. The thing was clumsily managed, and everything went wrong—the police came up just at the nick of time to ruin us, and Ben put a bullet into one—the whole thing will be in the papers to-morrow, and the doctor—curse him!—knows enough to swear away the life of that precious husband of yours. Now, for Heaven's sake, stop crying—control yourself."

"The doctor must be saved," said the young woman. "You are saying all this to frighten me, but I won't be frightened. Anyhow, come what may, I am not an out-and-out villain, and neither is Ben, and we can't allow the life of the man who has been good to us to be sacrificed. You want to murder him, Hal, but I won't let you. If you don't promise to let the gentleman go, you have got me to answer to, and I'll just tell you what I'll do. I have Ben's revolvers upstairs—oh, yes, I have hidden them, and you can't get at them, but I will take them down to the doctor before you can prevent me, and tell him to fight for his life. You are a bit of a coward when all is said and done, you know you are, Hal."

The man replied with an ugly oath. He must have taken the young woman by her shoulder as he spoke, for I heard her utter a faint scream.

"Don't," she said. "Let me go this minute; you are a coward to try to hurt a girl like me."

"I could kill you if it comes to that," was the reply. "I tell you I am desperate, and what is a man's life, or a girl's either, to me? My brother will swing if that doctor gets out of this. And, then, if I escape with penal servitude for life, I may consider myself lucky. I have no taste for penal servitude, so the doctor must go—and you, too, if you don't submit."

I heard Mrs. Randall laugh in reply.

"You think penal servitude is all you have to suffer," she answered; "but I know things that may bring you in a worse fate. How would you like to be hung up yourself? Perhaps you will, if I have the managing of things. Do you remember that old man on the common last winter and the purse of twenty sovereigns?—the purse had the man's initials inside—you never could find it. Do you remember the search you made, and how I pretended to help you? Well, I had the purse all the time. I thought I might as well keep it—it might prove handy some day. I have it upstairs now. You see, I can turn Queen's evidence any day and make it hot for you, and I will if you kill that doctor."

Her words were evidently unexpected—they had weight with the ruffian. I could hear him shuffling about, and I could even distinguish the young woman's quick, agitated breathing.

"I have got the key of the dining-room too," she went on; "I slipped it out and put it in my pocket when you weren't looking, so I can do what I said. If you try to wrest the key from me, I'll rouse the house with my screams. You have drugged the doctor, but he is not dead yet."

"He'll never wake again," said Hal, with a laugh; "you can't save him, girl, even if you tried—I tell you he is done for. I put enough morphia into that one glass of port to finish two or three men. He is sound—sound as a bell; fast as a nail—dead to all intents and purposes—they never wake when they breathe as he is doing."

"You are mistaken," was the reply. "I watched him, too, and at the present moment he could be roused, I am convinced. Do you remember the man you drugged in Australia? I saw him die; he was far worse than this doctor."

Hal swore another oath, and again tried to use personal violence on the girl. I knew this, because she evidently sprang away from him, and threw open the pantry door. A breath of fresh air which came in through the aperture in the window acquainted me with this fact.

"Now," she said, "you have got to choose. You have no weapons on you at the present moment; I am nearest the door; I can lock you in in a twinkling, and fetch Ben's revolvers. I will, if you don't do what I wish. Spare that man's life, and I'll stick to you through thick and thin; but kill him, and I'll give Queen's evidence. I don't believe Ben will recover, and I don't care that for you. I am so sick of this horrible life that, so far as I am concerned, the sooner it is over the better. Remember, I have got the purse, and I can tell a lot.

Oh, I can make things look ugly for you, Hal, and before Heaven I will."

"All right," said the man, assuming a soothing tone, "do stop canting—you always were a tigress; I've told Ben over and over that you would sell us, and I was in the right; but I suppose I must yield to you now. I'll go in and wake the doctor presently. I was only pretending that I had given him such a lot of morphia. He'll wake when I shake him up. I'll get him to take an oath that he'll never tell of what occurred here to-night. He'll do it fast enough when he sees his precious life in jeopardy; but, remember, I only do this on one condition—you hand me over that purse."

"Can I trust you?" she asked.

"Yes, I know you, you cat, and I don't want to feel the scratch of your claws. Fetch the purse, and I'll do what you want."

Again I heard her quick breathing—the next moment she had turned and rushed upstairs. I stepped suddenly down from my dangerous eminence, and hiding the poker just under my body—for I did not for a moment believe the man's words, and meant to lose my life hard if I lost it at all—resumed the stertorous breathing and the apparently profound slumber of the morphia victim. I heard the girl's footsteps returning through the silent house. Then she went upstairs to where the wounded man lay. His room was evidently over the dining-room, for I heard her steps moving about overhead. There was an awful silence of ten minutes. During that time, I think I lived through the worst moments of my life. Each nerve was stretched to the utmost—each faculty was keenly on the alert; I felt more and more certain that my chance of escape was of the smallest—against an armed ruffian, I could do nothing. As long as I was alone in the room, I kept my eyes wide open, but a sudden and unexpected sound caused me to shut them quickly. I had seen a head protrude suddenly from out of the pantry window—it looked right down on me where I lay, and then softly and noiselessly withdrew. A moment later the door of the dining-room was opened, and I heard Randall's heavy footsteps as he approached my sofa.

"No humbug," he shouted, in a loud voice. "If you are awake, open your eyes and say so. Wake up, I say, if you can. I had my suspicions of you just now—open your eyes."

I did not respond; my head was sunk low, my breathing was coming in longer and slower respirations than it had done when last the man bent over me. He put his hand roughly under my chin, raised my face and looked at me—then he removed his hand with an audible sigh of relief.

"He's all right," he said, aloud. "Lord, I got a fright just now—I fancied he looked at me when I thrust my head through that window, but I was mistaken—of course I was; he can't escape after that dose I gave him, and he drank the glass full—the glass was empty when I returned to the room. He's alive still, but not much more. I won't move him while he lives. If he dies like that fellow did in Australia it will be all over within an hour. Well, I have got the purse, and Rachel may do her worst now. I wonder what's keeping Jasper; I shall want him to help me move the body."

He began to pace up and down the room, not taking the least pains to keep quiet; he without doubt regarded me as practically dead.

"What a —— fool Ben was," I heard him mutter, sitting down on the edge of the table; "but for me he'd have been in quod now; I told him not to fire that shot; he needn't have done it. Lord! what a fright the police got—it is as good as a play even to think of it. That big fellow went down like a ninepin. Ben shot him through the heart as clean as a whistle. How he had strength to give it back hot to Ben, is more than I can understand. But he is dead now, stone dead, and Ben will swing if I let this doctor go.

"If!" he exclaimed, bursting into another hoarse laugh; "why, he's quiet already; I do believe the chap is dead."

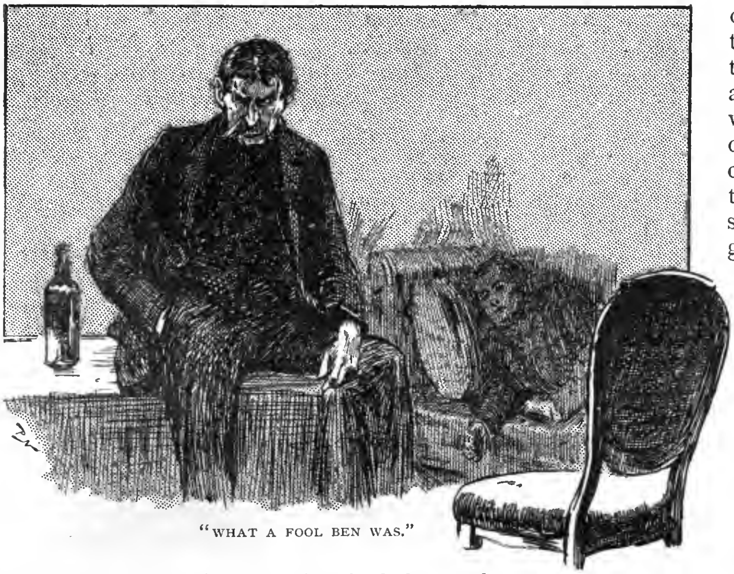
He again approached my side, pushed my head roughly round, and listened to my breathing. I had made it on purpose a little fainter, but it was still audible.

"He's going, just like the man did in the bush," muttered Randall. "Confound that Jasper, why isn't he in? I'll go to the door and listen for him—he ought to be back by now."

He left me—being so sure of his deadly work that he did not even trouble to shut the dining-room door. I felt the cold air coming in through the open hall door, and suddenly stood up.

"I won't feign sleep any more," I said to myself; "if I am quick I may be able to knock him senseless with this poker before he has time to fire at me."

I speculated whether I should follow the ruffian into the hall, but before I had time



"WHAT A FOOL BEN WAS."

to act, my overstrained hearing had detected hurried sounds in the chamber overhead—footsteps fled across the room, they rushed downstairs, and the young wife burst into the dining-room. I came to meet her—she showed no surprise—she was evidently past surprise at that supreme moment; agony, terror, and despair were detected on her features.

"Oh, doctor, you are awake," she cried; "that is good—I knew he hadn't given you enough of that horrid drug to kill you; but come upstairs at once—he is bleeding his life away. Come, you may save him if you are quick. Oh, I love him madly—whether he is bad or good! I love him with all my heart, and soul, and strength. He is dying, my darling. Come, doctor, come."

I followed her upstairs. As I did so, I glanced back at the open hall door. I expected to see it blocked by the huge figure of the ruffian, Randall, but he must have gone to meet his pal, for the coast was clear. A fierce temptation shook me for a moment. From the wife's account, the man upstairs was evidently dying. If the wound were bleeding to the extent she described, no human help could save him. If I left the house now I might escape. The temptation came and went. Life was sweet, but my duty called me to the succour of one *in extremis.* I entered the sick room and approached the bed—the patient was alive, but little more. Over his features had already stolen the grey hue of death. One of his hands was extended outside the bed-clothes—from his lips continued to pour the flood of crimson life. I saw that the slightest attempt to move him, or even to administer remedies, would but accelerate the death which was waiting to claim him. I motioned to the wife to calm herself; she gave me a passionate glance of despair.

"Can't you do something?" she whispered.

"Nothing," I replied. "It would torture him to touch him—let him die in peace."

I took the patient's wrist between my thumb and finger—the pulse was scarcely perceptible; it came in faint throbs at longer and longer intervals—the glazed eyes were partly open. The young wife flung herself on her knees by the side of the bed and pressed feverish kisses on the man's extended hand.

"Oh, take me with you, take me with you, Ben," she panted.

Her words roused him—he made a feeble last effort to move—to speak—fresh blood poured from his lips—in that final struggle his spirit fled. I bent forward and pressed down the lids over the staring eyes. As I did so, Mrs. Randall sprang up and faced me.

"Is he dead?" she asked.

"His sufferings are over," I replied.

She pressed her hand to her forehead, as if she scarcely knew what she was doing.

"Try to keep calm," I said to her; "think of yourself—you are in danger."

"I know it," she said, "and so are you—listen, what is that?"

There was a noise downstairs. Heavy footsteps sounded through the little hall. I counted the steps—there were four.

"The man Jasper has returned," I said to the girl.

"Jasper," she said, in astonishment; "how do you know his name?"

"I heard your conversation with your brother-in-law," I replied. "He has no intention of sparing my life, and went a moment or two ago to fetch a man called Jasper. I heard him mutter to himself that he would require Jasper to remove my dead body. He has been false to you: he is not going to keep his word."

Her face could scarcely turn any paler, but her breath came quickly. She gasped and suddenly clutched at the neck of her white dress, as if it were strangling her slender throat.

"I might have known," she said, in a hoarse voice, "but I was distracted, and I had no time to think. Hal is more fiend than man; his word signifies less than nothing—I might have known."

She tugged again at her dress, and pressed her hand to her forehead.

"Let me think," she said.

I did not interrupt her. I was listening to the footsteps downstairs. For some reason they were quiet. The men had evidently not yet approached the dining-room. When they did so, and discovered my escape, all would undoubtedly be lost. They would make a sudden rush for the bedroom fully armed, and take no account of the man whom they supposed to be dying within the chamber.

During that moment's suspense, Mrs. Randall recovered her courage. She had been bending forward, something in the attitude of a broken reed; now she drew herself erect.

"I believe we shall manage them," she whispered; "anyhow, we'll try. My husband is dead, and I care nothing whatever for my life. You did what you could to save Ben, and I am your friend. Here is a case of revolvers."

As she spoke, she walked to the dressing-table, took up a case which lay upon it, and brought it forward.

"All the chambers are loaded," she said, handling the revolvers as she spoke; "take this and I will take the other. Now follow me: don't hesitate to fire if necessary."

"You had much better stay here," I said; "I believe I can fight my own way out with these fire-arms."

"You would not leave me to be butchered in cold blood?" she cried. "No, you can't manage them alone—there are two of them, and they are without scruple—I know them."

I said nothing further. My hearing, strained to the utmost, had detected the sound of the men's footsteps approaching the dining-room. I heard the door open and knew that they had entered the room. There was a full moment's pause, and then the bustling, eager, angry sound of incredulous and alarmed voices.

At that instant Mrs. Randall and I approached the head of the stairs. There was plenty of light in the hall, but where we stood was comparative shadow. Just as we reached the top of the last flight of stairs, the two ruffians, who had returned to the hall, looked up and caught sight of us. They both carried revolvers, but were evidently astonished

"THEY WERE EVIDENTLY ASTONISHED."

to see us also furnished with deadly weapons.

"Fire at once, if necessary," she whispered.

I saw her at the same moment cover Randall with her revolver.

"Hold!" he cried. "You've played me a dastardly trick, Rachel; you shall pay for this."

"Ben is dead, and my life is valueless," she replied. "Let this man leave the house immediately, or I'll blow your brains out."

The ruffian turned his ugly eyes full on my face.

"So you think you have done me," he said. As he spoke he backed a step into the hall. I covered him with my revolver. I saw him shrink, and his tone changed. "I see I must give you a chance," he cried.

"You may go if you take an oath. As you hope to meet your God, swear that you will never tell what has happened here to-night! You can go, if you swear it; but if you don't, before Heaven I swear——"

"Folly," cried the high-strained girl's voice at my side; "of course the doctor won't swear. You know perfectly well you haven't a leg to stand on. If you or Jasper attempt to raise your revolvers, we'll both fire."

Hal swerved again, and looked uneasy—his full, loose lower lip shook, but the man Jasper was of tougher metal.

"We must do for 'em both," he said. "Why should our lives be sacrificed to the whim of a minx?"

"Jove!—you're right," cried Hal.

I saw him raise his revolver—he aimed it full at my forehead. But before he could touch the trigger, a sharp report sounded through the house—the revolver fell from the man's right hand—his arm dropped—he gave a howl of agony—Rachel had shot him clean through the shoulder. At the same moment, I covered Jasper with my revolver.

His courage oozed out of him at the sight of Hal. "For God's sake don't fire, sir," he called out.

"Put your revolver down, Jasper, or I'll shoot you," shouted Rachel. He instantly complied.

"Now, doctor, you must get out of this at once," cried the excited woman. "Make way, Jasper; Hal, get out of the way."

She pushed past me, running down the stairs, and before either of the men could prevent her, picked up their revolvers.

"Come," she said to me, "we are safe now; they have got no others."

The next moment we found ourselves in the open air. She had been as cool and alert as possible during the whole of this brief and terrible scene, but now she trembled so violently, I thought she would have fainted.

"Don't worry about me," she panted; "I'll be all right in a moment. I never fired at a man before, and I nearly took his life—well, I would, before I'd have allowed him to touch a hair of your head. He is badly wounded, and there'll be no more courage in him for a day or two. As to Jasper, he is wretch enough to follow us, only he has no fire-arms—stay, he might remember Ben's old gun. Well, that's not worth considering. I'll see you to the edge of the common, doctor; come, let us get off quickly."

"I can go alone," I said, "you are not fit to walk."

"I am; it will do me good," she said. "Come."

She plunged suddenly to her right—we found ourselves in a thicket of trees and pursuing a winding path which I, alone, would never have discovered. We walked without articulating a single word for two to three miles. When we got to the edge of the common, Mrs. Randall paused abruptly.

"You are safe now," she said; "the railway station is not half a mile away, and that is the high road yonder."

"How am I to thank you?" I said.

"By not thanking me," she answered; "you did what you could for him. I tried to save you, but remember that my life is valueless."

"You have no right to say that—you are very young. Surely you can get yourself out of your present terrible predicament."

She shook her head.

"I don't know that I want to," she answered. Then she paused, and looked earnestly at me.

"You will, of course, give evidence against us?" she said.

I was not prepared to reply, and did not speak.

"Do not scruple to," she continued; "the life I lead is beyond endurance, and now that Ben is dead, I want to end it, one way or another."

"I think I can help you if you will let me," I said. "You will be in danger if you go back to the cottage. Let me try to get you into a place of safety."

"No," she said, "I am all right; I know how to manage them. I belong to the gang, and must take the rough with the smooth. Besides, my husband's body lies unburied, and I can kiss him again. Good-bye."

She turned as she spoke. The day was just beginning to break in the east, and I saw her white dress vanish amongst the furze-bushes and wild undergrowth of the common.

When I reached town, I sent a messenger to Scotland Yard to ask an inspector to call upon me. I had a sort of hope that I might be in time to save Mrs. Randall, for, notwithstanding her brave words, I dreaded the fate that would be hers if she were left to the tender mercies of ruffians like her brother-in-law and Jasper. My interview with the police inspector resulted in his going down that very morning to the cottage on Steven's Heath. News of a daring burglary and of the murder of a policeman had already got into the papers, and my evidence was

considered of the utmost value. In order to expedite matters, I accompanied the inspector to the scene of my last night's adventure.

The small house in which I had endured such long hours of agony looked calm and peaceful seen by the light of day. It was a rustic, pretty place; a few barn-door fowls strutted about; in a field near by were some downy chickens. Doubtless, the idea of the chicken farm was kept up as a sort of blind. On making inquiries, we found that the Randalls were known by their few neighbours as harmless, reserved sort of people, of the name of Austen; they had lived in the cottage for over two years; they had made no friends, and never until now had a breath of suspicion attached to them.

The cottage was two or three miles from any other dwelling, and beyond the fact that a young woman and two men lived there, the neighbours could give little information. The police and I passed now through the little porch and entered the hall, which was flooded with sunshine. The door stood wide open—a more peaceful spot could scarcely be imagined. It was almost impossible to connect so pretty a cottage with scenes of bloodshed and murder. I looked around me for any sign of Hal or Jasper, and still more anxiously for Mrs. Randall, but although we shouted and made a noise, no one appeared. Accompanied by the police I went upstairs. The dead man lay on the bed just where I had left him the night before—his eyes were closed, and someone had thrown a white sheet over him, but no sign of any human being was visible. The police and I searched the cottage from cellar to attic. Not a trace of Jasper or Hal could we discover—not a trace either of Mrs. Randall. A quantity of stolen goods, plate, and other valuables were found in one of the cellars, as well as some almost priceless wine, which was afterwards identified as the property of a gentleman who lived not far from my friends, the Mathisons.

"PLATE AND OTHER VALUABLES WERE DISCOVERED."

For a long time large rewards were offered, and there was a hue and cry all over that part of the country for the three missing individuals—but from that day to now, no trace has been found of them. The dead man could tell no tales, and the living had vanished as completely as if they had never existed.

These things happened a few years ago, but even now, in the midst of my active life, I think at times of Mrs. Randall—of her youth, and of the horrible life which was hers. Is she still in the land of the living, or what has been her fate? I am not likely to be able to answer that question until the curtain is lifted.

The Signatures of Napoleon (with Portraits).

FROM 1785 TO 1821.

(Born 15th August, 1769: died 5th May, 1821).

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

THE first Napoleon was a remarkable man, and did many remarkable acts: some of the most extraordinary of these remain to posterity in the form of his signatures.

During many years a man may collect many things of different kinds, while, if he specialize his energy, he may collect a great many things of one kind. From a large

Fig. 1.—As a Cadet in 1785. Age 16.

collection of handwritings which I possess, I have selected the accompanying autographs of Napoleon, and have arranged them in chronological order. Some of these specimens are individually remarkable, and if viewed as a series extending over thirty-six years of Napoleon's life, they may be regarded as a collection which is probably unique.

Let us look at these black and white tracings of Napoleon's hand-gesture, which he permanently recorded when he wrote his signatures: they are interesting as curiosities, and their interest will be increased for such readers as may consider that handwriting is one form of personal gesture by which a good deal of a man's individuality is expressed. The facsimiles here shown have been reduced to three-quarters of the linear dimensions of the originals.

The first signature was written in 1785 by young Buonaparte—he had not then altered the Italian form of spelling his name—when

BUONAPARTE IN 1793. AGE 24.

GENERAL BUONAPARTE IN 1795. AGE 26.
From a Drawing by J. Guerin.

a cadet in the Paris Military School; the second and third (Figs. 2 and 3) when an officer of Artillery, and the fourth as Captain

Fig. 2.—*Officier d'Artillerie*, 1792. Age 23.

in 1793. Before the close of that year Buonaparte was a General—at twenty-four years of age.

Little of Napoleon's immense will-power is shown in the first signature, although the

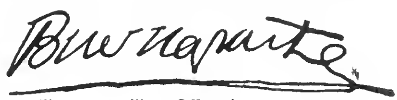


Fig. 3.—Artillery Officer in 1793. Age 24.

emphasis of its strokes shows force of character even at age 16. In the next three signatures the *active* force of his will begins to assert itself, noticeably in Fig. 4, with its upward movement, and its heavy, outstretching final stroke.

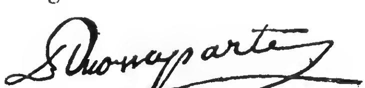


Fig. 4.—Captain in 1793. Age 24.

EARLY IN 1796. AGE 26.
Painted at Milan, by Appiani.

In Figs. 5, 6, and 7 we have signatures of Napoleon as General Buonaparte, and the growing power and force of the man are matched by the increasing vehemence and activity of his writing. The double *B* of Fig. 7, and the excessive heaviness of the

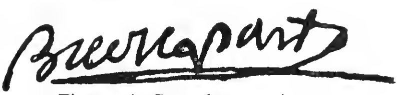


Fig. 5.—As General, 1795. Age 26.

under-line, are truly significant, when we note that these imperious strokes were written by a young man in his twenty-seventh year.

In February, 1796, Napoleon was appointed General-in-Chief of the army in Italy, and he signed "Buonaparte" up to the 29th of that month. From Nice, on the 28th of March, 1796, he wrote to the Executive Directory in Paris, informing them that he had taken command of the army, and he signed as in Fig. 8—without the *u*—an alteration generally adopted by Napoleon from that time.

Fig. 9 is the signature from a letter reporting the Battle of Montenottê, and the next was appended to his proclamation at Milan,

EARLY IN 1796. AGE 26.
From Life, by C. Vernet.

Fig. 6.—*Le général Buonaparte.* 1795. Age 26.

on the 20th May, 1796: "Soldiers, you have precipitated yourselves like a torrent from the top of the Apennines—Milan is yours!"

Fig. 7.—As General. A double *B.* 1796. Age 26.

(translation). The ascendant direction of Napoleon's signatures is here very marked, and from this time they increase in reckless-

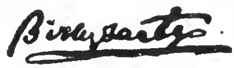


Fig. 8.—March 28, 1796. Age 26.

ness of gesture until they reach their limit; and then we shall see how this terrific force of will and reckless action die away in the weakness of defeat and ruin.

Fig. 9.—April 14, 1796. Age 26.

From Egypt, Napoleon wrote Figs. 11 and 12; the latter as First Consul, and Consul for Life of the Republic of France. The

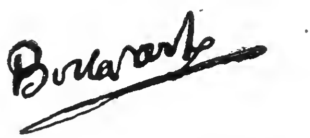


Fig. 10.—At Milan, May 20, 1796. Age 26.

outward, aggressive-looking thrusts, which are seen in these specimens, are present in many of the signatures of those men whom Napoleon selected for his generals. This No. 12 is a striking example.

The address, of which Fig. 13 is a facsimile, was written by Napoleon, the messenger was intercepted by Nelson, and Fig. 14 shows the latter's indorsement — "found on the person of the Courier." This was written by Lord Nelson with his left hand.

The letter to which Figs. 13 and 14 relate is

so interesting that it is worth quoting in full; here is a translation of it:—

Cairo, 7th Thermidor [*i.e.*, July 25th, 1798].

You will see by the public papers the account of the battles and conquest of Egypt, which has been sufficiently disputed to add a leaf to the military glory of this army. Egypt is the richest country on the face of the earth for corn, rice, vegetables, and meats.

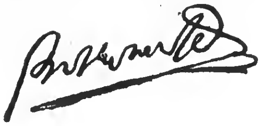


Fig. 11.—In Egypt, 1798. Age 28.

Barbarism is at its height. There is no money, not even to pay the troops. I expect to be in France in two months. I trust my interests to you. I have many, many domestic annoyances, for the veil is completely raised; you alone on earth remain to me; your friendship is very dear to me; nothing more is wanting to make me a misanthrope but to lose it, and to see you betray me. It is my unhappy lot to entertain in my heart every feeling at once for one single person. You understand me.

Make arrangements that I may have some country place on my arrival, either near Paris or in Burgundy.

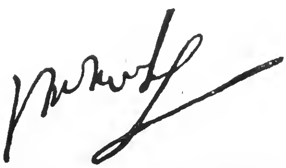


Fig. 12.—As First Consul, 1798. *Bonaparte.* Age 28.

I count upon passing the winter and burying myself there. I am sick of human nature; I require solitude and isolation; pomp wearies me; all feeling is withered up; glory is insipid; at the age of twenty-nine I have exhausted everything; there is nothing left for me but to become a thorough egotist. I reckon upon keeping my house; never will I surrender it to anyone. I have only wherewith to live! Farewell, my only friend. I have never been unjust to you; you owe me this justice in spite of the wish of my heart to be so. You understand me!

This remarkable letter contains 266 words, among which are twelve *I*'s, nine *me*'s, seven

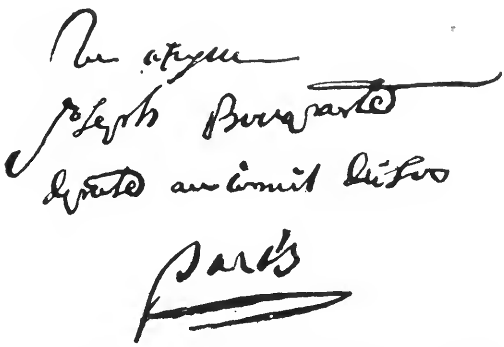


Fig. 13.—From a letter addressed by Napoleon to his brother, July 25, 1798. Age 29. *Au citoyen Joseph Bonaparte, député au Conseil des 500, Paris.* [See Fig. 14.]

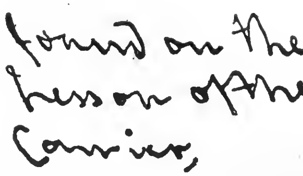


Fig. 14.—[See Fig. 13.] Nelson intercepted the letter, and endorsed it with his left hand. *Found on the person of the Courier.*

my's, and one *myself*; twenty-nine "personal" words, which amount to nearly 11 per cent. of the 266 words which compose the letter. We may suspect that already—at age twenty-nine—Napoleon had "become a thorough egotist." Another interesting feature of this letter which Nelson captured is

NAPOLEON AS FIRST CONSUL IN 1799. AGE 30.

the droop of the handwriting across the page, especially where Napoleon wrote, "I am sick of human nature," etc. As we shall see later on, this droop of handwriting below the horizontal level from which each line of writing starts is thoroughly in accord with the physical action of depression and weariness.

But here come some good examples of the utter recklessness and the extraordinary will-force of this man. Look at Fig. 15; it is

Fig. 15.—At St. Cloud, as Emperor, May 25, 1804. Age 34.

one of Napoleon's first signatures as Emperor—he was then thirty-four years old. Fig. 16 was written in the same year, 1804. The

Fig. 16.—As Emperor, 1804. Age 35.

IN JUNE 1800. NAPOLEON AT MOUNT ST. BERNARD. AGE 29.
A Photograph from the Original Painting by David.

next facsimile (Fig. 17) is a copy of the Emperor's signature on his instructions to General Massena, who had command of 50,000 men in Italy, and the letter ends: "Gain me victories" (translation). We are almost reminded (in a minor key) of the

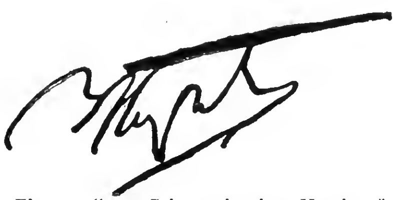


Fig. 17.—". . . Gain me victories.—Napoleon." September 18, 1805. Age 36.

Yankee who said to his son: "Git dollars! Git 'em honestly if you can, but if not, Git dollars!"—but for the impossibility of crediting with any scruple a man who could make such a signature as Fig. 17.

We often unconsciously betray ourselves in our trivial actions, and Napoleon has well earned his character as an utterly unscrupulous man by these hand-gestures he has left behind him. "Gain me victories!" Yes! And at any cost, gain ME victories!—reads this message to those who have studied men's written-gesture.

The next signature (Fig. 18) is positively rampant, and is accompanied by another of these cruel and fierce pen-thrusts. It was written immediately after Napoleon's victory at Austerlitz.

The "mounting" movement so strongly shown by Fig. 18 may often be seen in the handwriting of ambitious and eager men. An ardent and active man shows this peculiarity in his writing, perhaps unconsciously, probably because ardour, activity, ambition, and their allied qualities are usually accompanied by a plentiful store of nerve-force; and plenty of nerve-force causes a

Fig. 18.—Written immediately after his victory at Austerlitz, December 3, 1805. Age 36.

man to perform all his acts in a buoyant and expansive fashion: he readily, and without conscious effort, expends the extra nerve-force which is needed, in order—for example—to continually thrust his pen upward and further away from his body than is really necessary to the act of writing.

After the campaign of 1806, Napoleon often signed only the first letters of his name, to be later on reduced to merely the initial *N.*

A REPRESENTATION OF THE CORONATION OF NAPOLEON AS EMPEROR IN 1804. AGE 35.

We see this abbreviation in Figs. 19 and 20; while at Berlin, in 1806 (Fig. 21), the signature was slightly fuller—another ferocious final stroke. Thirteen days before this

Fig. 19.—In 1806. *Nap.* Age 37.

signature was written at Berlin, its writer had won the Battle of Jena, and had thus justified his arrogant boast to lay Prussia at his feet.

It was at Berlin, where the signature in Fig. 21 was written, that Napoleon did one

Fig. 20. At Potsdam, October 26, 1806. *Nap.* Age 37.

of the very few acts of generosity which can be traced to him. The Prince of Hatzfeld, continuing to live in Berlin under Napoleon's protection, corresponded, nevertheless, with Hohenlohe, then in the field and opposed to Napoleon, and Hatzfeld sent information of the state and movements of the French army. One of his letters to Hohenlohe fell into the hands of the French; the Prince was arrested; his wife gained access to Napoleon, and, ignorant of her husband's treachery, spoke with the boldness of innocence in his favour. The Emperor handed to her Prince Hatzfeld's letter, and, confounded by the clearness of the evidence against her husband, the Princess fell on her knees in silence. "Put the paper in the fire, madam," said Napoleon, "and there will then be no proof." It is, of course,

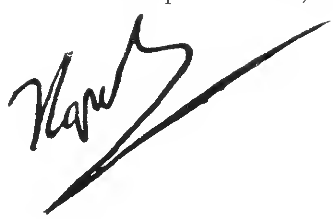


Fig. 21.—At Berlin, October 29, 1806. Age 37.

impossible to say to what extent Napoleon was guided in this action by his susceptibility to female influences, but let us give him the benefit of the doubt, and ascribe the act to a sudden impulse of generous feeling.

At this time—when the French were at Berlin—perhaps no part of Buonaparte's conduct created more general disgust than his meanness in robbing the funeral monument of Frederick the Great of his sword and

THE EMPEROR IN 1805. AGE 36.
From the Original Painting by Gerard.

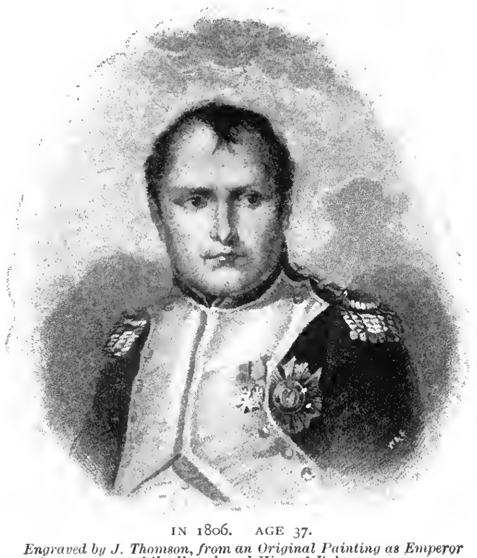
orders. These unworthy trophies he sent to Paris, along with the best statues and pictures of the galleries of Berlin and Potsdam—conduct which may be described as house-breaking and robbery, glorified under the name of war.

The signature in Fig. 22 was written at the close of the 1806 campaign, and that of Fig. 23 early in 1807.

Fig. 22.—End of 1806. Age 37.

At this date—January, 1807—Napoleon had just been illustrating his entire unscrupulousness by making use of a forged letter. He authorized the circulation of an appeal to the Poles which bore the forged signature of the venerated Polish general, Kosciusko. "Dear countrymen and friends," said the forged proclamation, "arise! The Great Nation is before you—Napoleon expects, and Kosciusko calls on you. We are under the Ægis of the Monarch who vanquishes difficulties as if by miracles, and the re-animation of Poland is too glorious an achievement not to have been reserved for him by the Eternal." This forged appeal to the Poles for their assistance against Russia deceived many of those to whom it was addressed, and very soon after it was issued two Polish officers who had joined Napoleon's army sent from Berlin another proclamation, which commenced: "Poles! Napoleon—the Great, the Invincible—enters Poland with an army of 300,000 men. Without wishing to fathom the mystery of his views, let us strive to merit his magnanimity. 'I will see *(he has said to us)* whether you deserve to be a nation!' Your avenger, your restorer is here . . . . ." Thus did the great Napoleon trick the Poles into the belief that he had come to restore them. It is strange, indeed, that any-one could ever have felt any confidence in a man with a face like this 1806 portrait, for example, which shows Napoleon as he looked a little while before he wrote the original of Fig. 23. Indeed, all the portraits of him

Fig. 23.—Written at Varsovie. *Napoleon.* January 27, 1807. Age 37.



IN 1806. AGE 37.
Engraved by J. Thomson, from an Original Painting as Emperor of the French and King of Italy.

NAPOLEON IN 1807. AGE 38.

which may be considered likenesses suggest a powerful and dangerous member of the actively aggressive criminal class, whom one would probably fight shy of if it were possible to meet him nowadays as one's *vis-à-vis* inside a London omnibus.

Now comes the first of Napoleon's terrific *N*'s (Fig. 24), which he used as a signature;

Fig. 24.--From the Imperial camp at Tilsit. *N.* June 22, 1807. Age 37.

it was written nine days after he had defeated the Russians at Friedland. The signature given in Fig. 25 was written at Madrid in 1808. Napoleon had transferred his attention to Spain, and had placed his brother Joseph on the Spanish throne. There was no pretence of justice in the action, which was followed by the long and cruel war which ended in Napoleon's downfall. Are not these two *N*'s

Fig. 25.—At Madrid. *N.* December 7, 1808. Age 39.

suggestive of the violent and aggressive force of their writer?

On the 18th of April, 1809, Napoleon wrote to Marshal Massena as follows: "Activity, activity, celerity: I commend myself to you" (translation). In Fig. 26 we have his signature to this letter.

From the Imperial camp at Ratisbon on the 24th of April, 1809, the Emperor addressed a proclamation to the army, ending thus: "Before a month has elapsed, I shall be at Vienna" (translation)—a facsimile of the signature is given in Fig. 27. The extraordinary forcefulness of the man is there; look, too, at its eager, upward direction, and at the

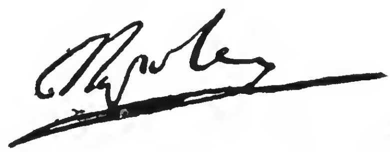


Fig. 26.—" . . . Activity, activity, celerity: I commend myself to you.--Napoleon." April 18, 1809. Age 39.

tell-tale final stroke again. Fig. 28 was written by this marvellous man *at* Vienna; he got there with his army in less than three

Fig. 27.—" . . . Before a month has elapsed, I shall be at Vienna.—Napoleon." April 24, 1809, from the camp at Ratisbon. Age 39.

weeks out of the month he allowed himself. Notice the exultant movement this specimen shows.

If we turn back to the first page of this article, and glance over the signatures from

Fig. 1 to this Fig. 28, we can scarcely fail to notice one very prominent trait in them—the great *activity* of the hand-movement which formed them, a quality which is particularly well shown in Fig. 28.

Fig. 28.—At Vienna. *N.* May 13, 1809. Age 39.

In fact, if I were asked to describe in one word the most salient quality of Napoleon's handwriting, I would say—activity. This is not merely the activity of an ordinarily energetic man, but it is a restless, impetuous sort of brain excitation which caused this hand—now dead for seventy-five years—to make these extraordinary and unique movements which have been left outside death, and which remain to testify to the possession by Napoleon, in a supreme degree, of the quality he so much valued. And, side by side with this activity, another trait is hardly less plain—the reckless, unscrupulous, unrestrained nature of the man who wrote the signatures.

AT THE TIME OF THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN IN 1812. AGE 43.
From the Painting by Charlet, "En Bivouac."

Rarely do we find activity such as this, and rarely do we find such recklessness: still more rarely do we find these two qualities, both highly developed, combined in the nature of one man. But when we do find such a combination, we may look for a man with criminal propensities of the first water, and with the active power to make himself a common danger to society. Fortunately for society, such a combination seldom exists: we may find the criminal propensity without the active power, or we may find the active

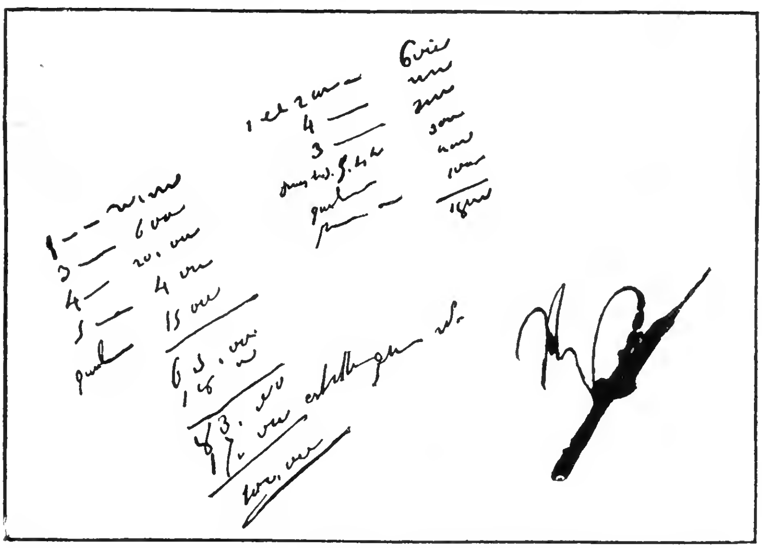


Fig. 29.—The adding-up of an army-corps, signed *N*, all written by Napoleon just before his march on Moscow, 1812. Age 43.

power without the criminal propensity—rarely does Nature combine the two in one man to the degree in which Napoleon possessed both qualities.

Fig. 29 was written just before Napoleon's march on Moscow, in the autumn of 1812. With a fierce recklessness—akin to that which led him to disregard the lives of his devoted soldiers—he has here jotted down some of their numbers. The figures on the left relate to infantry, those on the right to cavalry, thus:—

Infantry.	Cavalry.
20,000	6,000
6,000	4,000
20,000	2,000
4,000	3,000
15,000	2,000
—	1,000
65,000	18,000

He combined the two totals, and to their sum ("83,000") Napoleon added "17,000 artillery," making up a grand total of "100,000" men for this one army corps. And what a reckless and exultant "*N*" is this one which sets the stamp upon this piece of paper! It is the gesture of a man who is mad with the passion of an ambition which takes no count of cost. One hundred thousand lives—most of which became deaths during the subsequent retreat from Moscow—are here dashed down with pen and ink like so many worthless counters at a game of cards!

In September, 1812, Napoleon entered Moscow as a conqueror—to leave it, soon after, under circumstances which cost him nearly half a million of soldiers' lives, and went far to break his power. Figs. 30, 31,

Fig. 30.—Entering Moscow, September 12, 1812. Age 43.

and 32 were written when entering or at Moscow, and the ascendant movement of Fig. 30 is striking. This is

Fig. 31.—Written at 3 a.m. on September 21st, 1812. Age 43.

in strong contrast with Fig. 33, written when in retreat from the burning city,

Fig. 32.—*Napoleon.* September 21, 1812. Age 43.

and at a time when even Napoleon must have felt the gravity of such a retreat during a Russian winter. However, he left his soldiers

Fig. 33.—The retreat from Moscow. *N.* October 6, 1812. Age 43.

two months later, to live or die as they could manage, and went to Paris to get together more men to fight for him and to supply his hungry love of power.

The illustration in Fig. 34 shows Napoleon's signature twice scratched out by him and written a third time. It was written at Dresden, and General Pelet has recorded that the Emperor meditated some time before sending the orders to which this signature was appended.

AS A PRISONER IN JULY, 1815. AGE 45.
The Portrait of Napoleon on board the "Bellerophon." Painted by Sir Ch. Eastlake, R.A.

Fig. 34.—*Napoleon.* Scratched out twice, and written a third time. Dresden, October 1, 1813. Age 44.

Now comes the most remarkable signature that Napoleon ever wrote. Whether you view it merely as a signature, or, looking more closely, as a human gesture, Fig. 35

Fig. 35.—*N.* Written at Erfurt, October 23, 1813. Age 44.

is extraordinary among an extraordinary series. The man had just been disastrously beaten at Leipsic—a fatal battle—and he re-crossed the Rhine with only 70,000 of the 350,000 fresh victims he had got together after his Russian disaster. The rage and fury shown in Fig. 35 can scarcely be overlooked: Napoleon appears to have crushed down on the paper and splintered the pen he used.

The *N* shown in Fig. 36 was written after the allied forces had at last succeeded in

Fig. 36.—*N.* Written at Fontainebleau, April 4, 1814. Age 44.

taking possession of Paris, and Napoleon's downfall had commenced. The following signatures are in marked contrast with those

Fig. 37.—A scrawled *Napoleon.* Written at Elba, September 9, 1814. Age 45.

written at the height of his power—they are all less forceful, and some are significantly weak. Look, for example, at Fig. 37, which was written at Elba after Napoleon had abdicated—its droop is at once seen. And in Fig. 38 we have his signature after Waterloo had been won by Wellington, and when even Napoleon knew he was at last beaten. The letter from which Fig. 38 has been copied was written by Napoleon to the Prince

Fig. 38.—*Napoleon.* Written on the day before he surrendered himself to the captain of the *Bellerophon*, July 14, 1815. Age 45.

Regent of England on the day before he surrendered himself to the captain of the *Bellerophon*. There is here no ascendant angle of forty-five degrees or more, but the

Fig. 39.—Written at St. Helena, December 11, 1816. Age 47. This is Napoleon's first signature in the island.

signature drops below the level from which the *N* starts.

The three remaining signatures, Figs. 39, 40, and 41, were all written at St. Helena. Contrast them with those which came earlier

Fig. 40.—At St. Helena, 1818. Age 49.

in this series. The comparison is very suggestive of Napoleon's broken power. Fig. 41 is a facsimile of the concluding sentence

AT ST. HELENA IN 1819. AGE 50.

NAPOLEON DEAD.
Engraved by W. Humphreys, from a Drawing made at St. Helena by Captain Marryat, C.B., an hour after the Emperor's death, 5th May, 1821. Age 51-52.

of Napoleon's will—"ceci est mon testament ecrit tout entier de ma propre main. — Napoleon"—and was written by him twenty days before his death. Nearly every word droops below its starting level, and the bold, aggressive strokes of the signature have vanished, even the underline does not extend beyond the final *n* of "Napoleon." How different are these later signatures from those written when this man was conquering all Europe, no matter at what cost of human lives!

It would be rash to say that signatures alone supply adequate material from which to diagnose character; it would be equally rash to deny that signatures are often very expressive of characteristic traits — the present series can scarcely fail to impress us with the truth of the theory that handwriting is a recorded tracing of our gesture, which is, moreover, highly expressive of our individual peculiarities.

The temperate and scientific treatment which this study has lately received in France and England has done much to counteract the injurious effects of a sufficiently widespread charlatanism, and of superficial treatment by its too enthusiastic supporters.

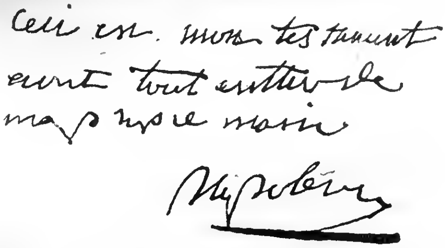
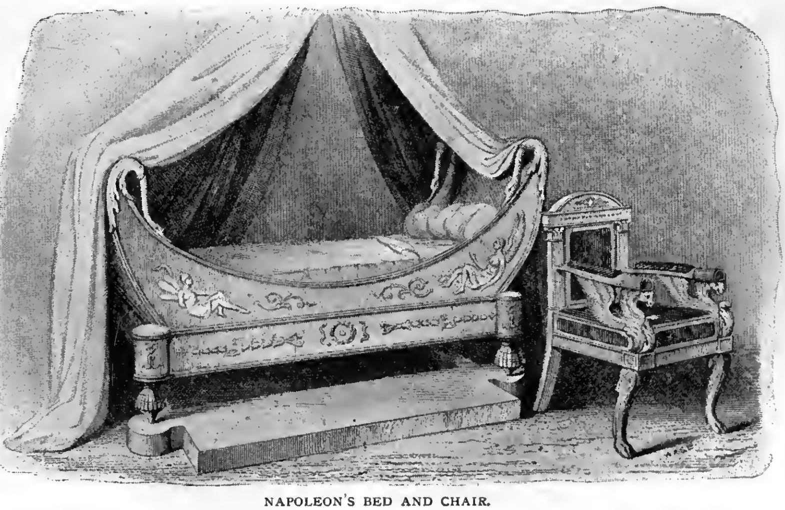


Fig. 41.—(Translation) ". . . this is my will, entirely written with my own hand.—Napoleon." St. Helena, April 15, 1821. Age 51.

NOTE.—I thank Mr. William Tegg for permission to reproduce some facsimiles published by him twenty years ago, and also Mr. Samuel Davey, of 47, Great Russell Street, W.C., for an extended permission to reproduce from my *Handwriting and Expression* (Kegan, Paul & Co., 1892) some of Napoleon's signatures which Mr. Davey lent me for the illustration of that work. Also, I refer readers who may like to know more about the *rationale* of this study to my paper on "Written Gesture" in the *Nineteenth Century* for March of this year.—J. H. S.



NAPOLEON'S BED AND CHAIR.

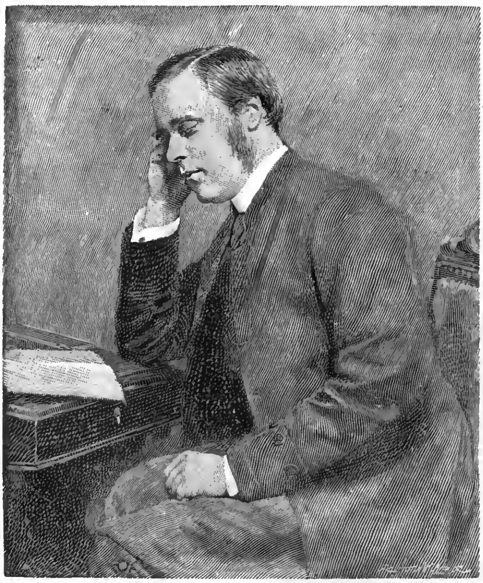
THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

BORN 1848.

THE RIGHT REV. RANDALL THOMAS DAVIDSON, D.D., formerly Bishop of Rochester, who succeeded the late Dr. Thorold at Winchester, graduated

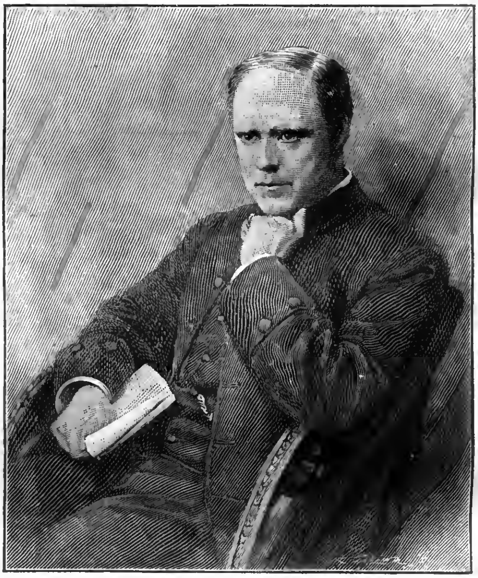
AGE 23.
From a Photo. by Lombardi, 13, Pall Mall East.

at Oxford. Ordained in 1874, he was appointed in 1877 chaplain and private secretary to Dr. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury.



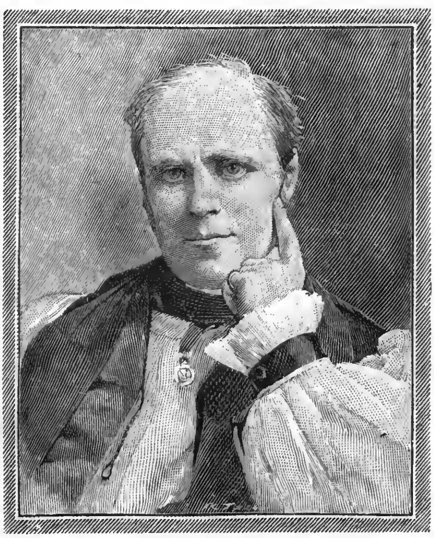
AGE 35.
From a Photo. by Alex. Bassano.

bury. In 1882 he became sub-almoner and honorary chaplain to the Queen and one of the six preachers of Canterbury Cathedral. In June, 1883, Dr. Davidson was appointed by the Queen to the Deanery of Windsor, became also Resident Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen and Registrar of the Order of

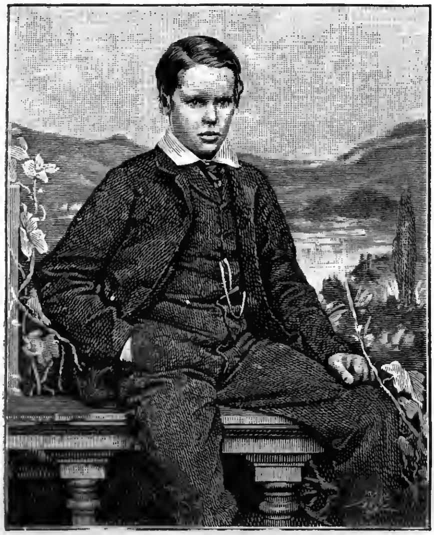


AGE 43.
From a Photo. by Samuel Walker, Regent Street.

the Garter. He is the author of many standard works, and in 1891 succeeded Bishop Philpott as Clerk of the Closet to the Queen.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by] AGE 13. [*W. & R. Gowland, York.*

LORD WENLOCK.

BORN 1849.

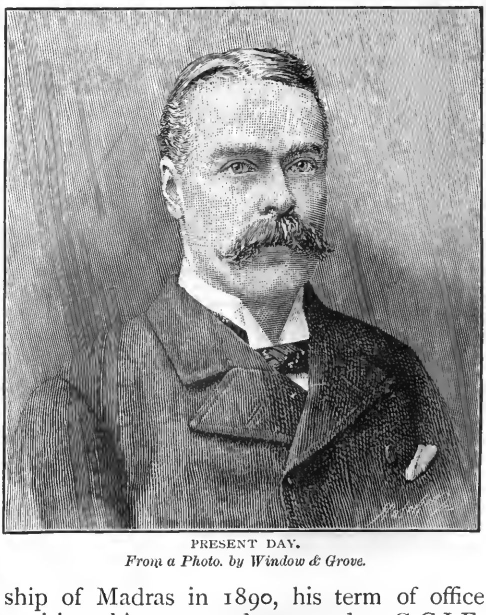
BEILBY LAWLEY, Lord Wenlock, is the eldest son of the second Baron and the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of the second Marquis of Westminster. He was born in

AGE 19.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Eton.

Berkeley Square, London, and was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1872 Lord Wenlock married Lady Constance Mary Lascelles, C.I., daughter of the fourth Earl of Harewood. He succeeded his father in 1880; is a Major in the York-

AGE 32.
From a Photo. by Silvester Parry, Chester.

shire Yeomanry Cavalry; a J.P. for Yorks, North and East Ridings, and late Chairman of the County Council for East Riding. He was M.P. for Chester from April to July, 1880, when he was unseated on petition. He was appointed to the Governor-



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

ship of Madras in 1890, his term of office expiring this year, and was made a G.C.I.E. in 1891.

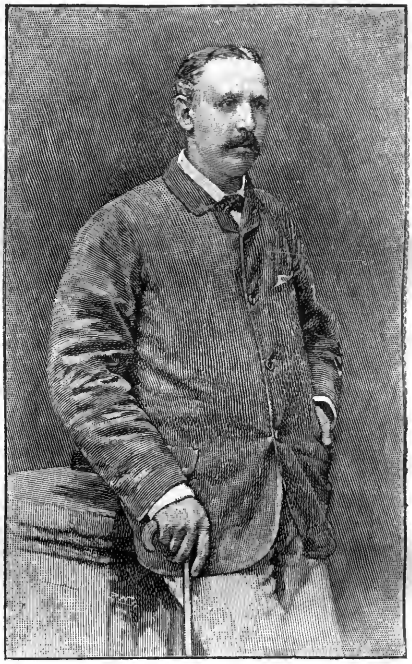
From a] AGE 20. *[Daguerreotype.*

COL. SIR VIVIAN MAJENDIE, C.B.
BORN 1836.

COLONEL SIR VIVIAN MAJENDIE, C.B., Chief Inspector of Explosives, began his career in the Royal Artillery, and served with distinction at Sebastopol and at the capture of Lucknow. In 1861 he was appointed a Captain-Instructor

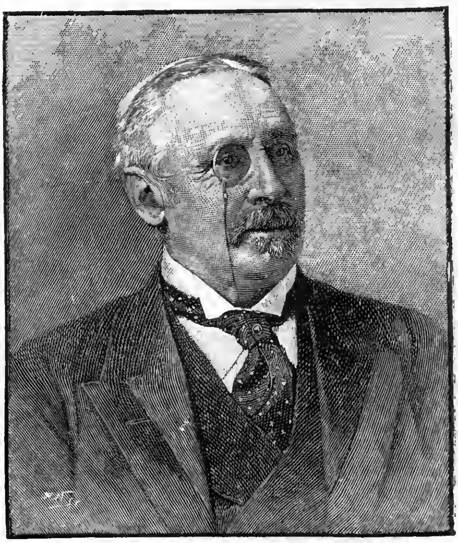
From a Photo. by] AGE 31. *[Dupont, Brussels.*

of the Royal Laboratory at Woolwich, and in 1866 became Assistant Superintendent, whence he was promoted to be Chief Inspector of Explosives, Home Office, in 1870. For the last quarter of a century he has examined and reported on all kinds of bombs, infernal machines, and explosives found by the police



From a Photo. by] AGE 42. *[J. Bateman, Canterbury.*

in the pursuit of their vocation. When the cloak-room at Victoria Station had been blown up, he opened a clockwork infernal machine, which was working at the time, and might have exploded and killed him at any moment.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

MISS MAUD MILLETT.

THIS young *ingénue* actress is the daughter of the late Major Hugh Millett. Miss Millett, who was born in India, came to England with her mother, and, having determined to adopt the stage as a profession, made her début as *Sebastian* in "Twelfth Night," and then appeared at the Globe Theatre during the run of the "Private Secretary," in which she played the part of *Eva Webster*. Engagements for minor characters followed at the Vaudeville, Comedy, Novelty, and Royalty theatres, after which she appeared in Miss Kate Vaughan's old comedy revivals at the Gaiety. It was in "Sweet Lavender," however, that she achieved her first substantial success, and her unaffected acting was quite one of the features of the play. She was next engaged by Mr. E. S. Willard to personate *Mary Blenkarn* in "The Middleman." In 1891 she was engaged by Mr. George Alexander for the *ingénue* lead in "The Idler," at St. James's. Amongst her other accomplishments, Miss Millett is a first-rate lady cricketer. She has been honoured by the most distinguished patronage in her art, enjoys the friendship of Royalty, and has only lately appeared with much success in the "Home Secretary"

AGE 10 MONTHS.

From a Photo. by] AGE 3. [*Mursee, Peshawur.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 17. [*W. & D. Downey.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [*Alex. Bassano.*

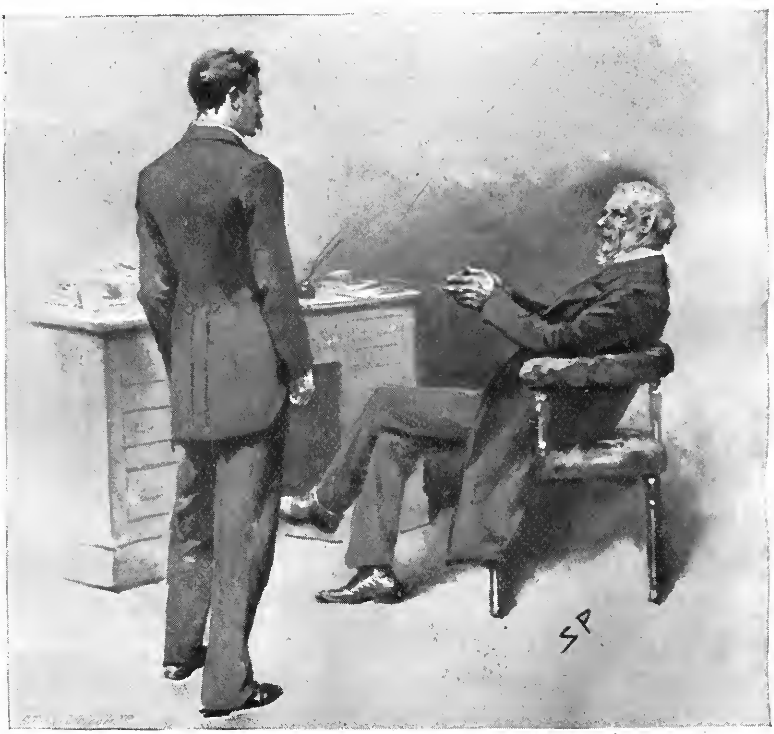
A Black Diamond.

By Marianne Kent.

It was a dull spring morning when the great steamer *Nelson*, which for the past four weeks had been making its way from Calcutta, came within sight of Southampton. The men at the look-out had seen the land long before the unaccustomed eye could discern it even through a glass. But, as the morning mists cleared away suddenly, a long belt of coast appeared, and very soon the harbour and its surroundings were plainly visible. Many of the passengers had gathered on deck, each eager to catch the first glimpse of land. There were sunburnt soldiers, some of whom had not been in their native land for years, and who thought wistfully of the changes time had made in the homes to which they were returning. There were delicate, fair-haired children, watched over by anxious mothers, whose hearts were torn with the conflicting thoughts of the husbands they had left behind them, and of the little ones they were so soon to abandon to a stranger's care.

As I stood among the little group and watched the eager faces all turned in one direction, I told myself that, perhaps, none of them would be quite so glad to reach their journey's end as I. One is apt to reason in this fashion, for to each his own concerns seem of so much more consequence than those that engross his neighbour. Still, my egotistical reflection was, in a measure, true, for to me the landing at Southampton meant more than that a safe passage from India had been accomplished. It meant that the goal had been reached on which every thought and hope had been centred for months past. It meant that a mission upon which my future career depended had been triumphantly carried through. It meant to me, in fact, the difference between success and failure.

During my five-and-thirty years of life I had gone through many varied experiences, but none that had caused me so much anxiety of mind as this voyage home from Calcutta. My fellow-passengers on board the steamer little knew the responsibility with which I was weighted—that if I had found a watery grave, £80,000 would have gone to the bottom with me, and Brassington, the well-known firm of London jewellers, would have been unable to fulfil a Royal commission for a wedding present for a Princess. For more than ten years I had been in the employment of the Messrs. Brassington, and although they had always



"WE HAVE DECIDED TO INTRUST YOU WITH THE TASK."

treated me with confidence, sending me out to India to complete the purchase of an historical diamond belonging to an Eastern Rajah was the highest mark of distinction they had ever paid me. I can recall the thrill of delight that passed through me when the elder Brassington, the chief of the firm, called me into his room, and after speaking of the negotiations that had been going on concerning the diamond, said :—

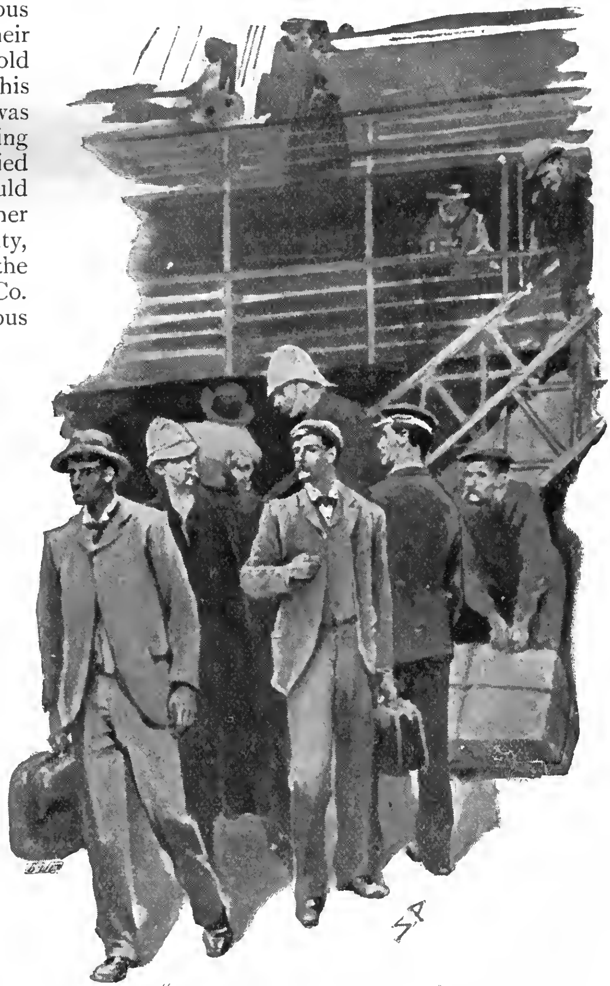
"Mr. Fenton, we have decided to intrust you with the responsible task of fetching it from India."

My fellow-clerks, if a trifle envious of my preferment, were loud in their congratulations, declaring that "old Dick" was in luck's way—that his fortune was made! Indeed, I was somewhat of that way of thinking myself, for I reflected that if I carried out my mission successfully I should never again be ranked with the other clerks, but should, in all probability, be given a junior partnership in the flourishing firm of Brassington and Co. With these sanguine and ambitious thoughts in my head, I went out to the East, where I executed my instructions to the letter and secured the costly bauble, which was a magnificent stone, the size of a large hazel-nut. Under my coat and waistcoat I wore a strong leather belt, in which was a small pouch, or pocket, and in this I was to carry the diamond home. I had resolved that the belt should never leave me day or night until I had delivered my precious charge to my employers.

After the diamond came into my possession I had an anxious time of it before embarking at Calcutta. For the sale of the stone was soon noised about, and the natives there are a crafty, cunning set, jewellery having an attraction for them such as a magnet has for a needle. However, I managed to elude all would-be plunderers, and went on board the steamer feeling that, if only the elements were propitious, I had nothing more to fear. On the whole, the voyage home was a fair one, and once in sight of Southampton I felt elated, as one who knows that a victory is secured.

On landing, I had to make my way to a jeweller in the town, who was an agent of our firm, and to whom Mr. Brassington had promised a sight of the diamond *en route*. After I had interviewed this man, I had only to choose a convenient train and make the best of my way to London, where I hoped to arrive before our business establishment closed for the night, and so rid myself of all further responsibility.

As I passed from the steamer with the other passengers, I noticed a tall, black man, who, strangely enough, I never remembered to have encountered during the voyage. He



"I NOTICED A TALL, BLACK MAN."

was dressed in a shabby suit of European clothes, but he had a striking resemblance to a native servant of the Rajah from whom I had bought the diamond. The man had an evil-looking face, and I had a strong suspicion that he had designs for robbing me

of the stone, for he had dogged my footsteps as I made my way from his master's palace to Calcutta. However, on reflection, I felt that the Rajah's servant and the man who disembarked with me at Southampton could hardly be the same. For, while the first had lost no opportunity of following me with his cunning, watchful eyes, the latter passed me without a gleam of recognition, and was soon lost in the crowd upon the harbour.

I made my way at once to Mr. French, the first jeweller in Southampton, and was annoyed to find that he was from home. I was only instructed to show the diamond to him, so that I was forced to await his return, and this prevented me from catching the early train I had fixed upon, and I found that I should be unable to leave for London until the evening express.

I wandered about Southampton, had some refreshments, and went back to the jeweller's early in the afternoon, where I found Mr. French expecting me. He was a melancholy little man, one of those odd creatures who, dissatisfied with life themselves, try to make others see things from their gloomy point of view. He admired the diamond, as in duty bound, but when I was expressing my pleasure at having brought it over in safety, he said, with a sinister smile:—

"Ah! my dear sir, don't exult before you are out of the wood! You have some miles farther to carry your treasure, and there is time for many things to happen on the road!"

Having made me feel depressed, to say the least of it, by these remarks, he followed them by a cheering anecdote.

"Ah!" he said, shaking his head, "how well I remember poor Foley bringing the Countess of Blank's rubies from New York. It is true he was a garrulous Irishman, and unable to keep his business to himself. Any way, he was followed, I believe, all the way from America, and was found in a ditch a few miles out of London, with his throat cut, and every vestige of the jewels gone!"

In my position this was not a comfortable tale to hear. Mr. French watched me critically for a few moments, and then inquired if I carried fire-arms? I replied that I had not done so since I went on board the steamer. He assured me that this was a great mistake. He was so positive about it, that I was induced to go out with him and purchase a revolver before going to the train. I parted from my new friend with a sense of relief, and tried to shake off the gloomy fears with which he had infected me. I went to the railway book-stall and laid in a stock of papers to beguile my journey. Who is there who revels in a daily paper as an Englishman but just returned from abroad?

I chose my seat in the train—a small, second-class compartment—and then, my head still running on Mr. French's stories, decided to secure the carriage to myself. I flung my rug and papers upon the seat and walked down the platform in search of the guard. Slipping something into the hand of that intelligent individual, I desired him to see that I was left undisturbed. He came back with me and, when I had taken my seat, locked the carriage door, and I settled myself comfortably in a corner, feeling a sense of security that I had not experienced for some time. Many an impatient hand tried the door before the train left the station, but without being able to effect an entrance, and I steamed out of Southampton in solitary state.

There was still sufficient daylight for me to read by. I turned over my papers and selected my favourite, and leant back on the cushions to enjoy it at my leisure. As I did so, it seemed to me that the revolver in my pocket stuck out at an unpleasant angle. Now I must confess to a weakness, and that is an intense dislike to weapons of all kinds. As Bon Gualtier expresses it, "I have a wholesome horror both of powder and of steel," so I drew the revolver from my pocket and placed it on the seat beside me. It was not a wise thing to do, as a sudden lurch of the train might have sent it flying off, when the mischief would have been done. However, this was what I did, and then I resumed my reading with redoubled relish.

For some quarter of an hour I was buried in an article, but at the end of that time I laid the paper down and glanced about me. Then I became aware of an extraordinary fact: the revolver had disappeared. At first I was incredulous. I looked on the seats on either side of me, I felt in my pockets to see if I could have replaced it there, but it was not to be seen. And as I sat dazed and bewildered, the horrible conviction forced itself upon me that I was not alone, that someone was concealed beneath the seat and had been locked in with me. It was a hideous thought. I sat motionless, making no sign, trying to face the position I was in as bravely as I could.

I told myself at last, that whoever was in hiding could have no possible designs on me. It was but a chance that I had selected the

carriage where some unfortunate creature was already concealed: someone, perhaps, who was being pursued and in want of a weapon of self-defence, and who therefore had been unable to resist the temptation offered by my revolver. That must be it! My hopes began to revive as I reasoned out this theory. I did not touch the alarm bell, not knowing in what quarter of the carriage my mysterious companion might be, thinking he would doubtless spring upon me to prevent my making the signal. If my notion of the felon wishing to escape were correct, I felt that by keeping still I might reach the place where the train stopped for the first time in safety.

I need not say that I was unable to continue my reading. I sat with a paper held in my hand, staring fixedly before me. I don't know what length of time passed when, suddenly, I felt something touch my foot. Without moving my body in the least,

"I FELT SOMETHING TOUCH MY FOOT."

I bent my head and looked down, and what I saw sent a thrill through me, that was felt in every nerve. On the floor, close to my foot, was a hand, and the hand was black!

Then for a certainty I knew that I was in the deadliest peril; that I was alone and unarmed at the mercy of the malignant wretch who had followed me from the far East with the fixed determination of securing the diamond. I felt that he was trying to slip a cord about my feet and so render me more helpless. It was a hideous dream, a grim nightmare from which each moment I expected to awake. But I seemed doomed. No chance of escape was possible. Death stared me in the face. Still, whatever my failings may be, I am no coward, therefore I resolved that if die I must, I would die game.

I gathered all my strength together and, with a sudden movement, caught that dusky hand and dragged the Indian from his hiding-place. My attack was so unexpected that he had not time to get at the revolver, which he had evidently thrust into his breast while he was busy with the cord. I saw my advantage in this, and clung to his right hand with desperate energy. But the brute was on me like a panther. He was a big, powerful man, with far more physical strength than I possessed, and from the first I saw that my case was hopeless; nevertheless, the struggle was a fierce one.

In reality, I suppose, it lasted but a few seconds, yet I had time to ask myself, more than once, what the end would be, little imagining the strange termination that was at hand. All at once, without any warning, the train dashed headlong into some great obstacle in its path. There was a terrible crash, and then the carriage we were in collapsed—crushed and splintered as a nut between the crackers.

The first lurch the train gave had separated me from my enemy. I knew not what had been his fate. As for myself, I was buried in the *débris* of the carriage. My right side (both arm and leg) was terribly crushed. The pain was too acute to allow of my quite losing consciousness, although I was dazed and stupefied. For the last half-hour I had been trying to face death bravely, feeling that my end was near, so that, in a measure, I was spared the terrible panic that filled the rest of the passengers in the train. I could hear their frantic, agonized cries for help. I could hear the hurried footsteps of those who went to their aid, and now and then I could see the flickering light of the lanterns

they carried. But I heard and saw all in an indistinct way, not realizing exactly where I was or what was going on. At times I fell into a stupor, from which the pain in my crushed limbs roused me and brought me back to life once more.

After a while the wood that weighed upon me was lifted, and kindly faces looked down at me, expressing pity for my condition. I must have fainted when they tried to raise me, for when I next remembered anything, I was being carried along in the dark, with the feeble light of a lantern bobbing up and down before me. Again there was a blank, and when I next came to myself I was lying in a bed in a small place which had evidently been hastily arranged as a hospital for the wounded.

I felt weak and shattered by all I had gone through, and sank back on my pillows with a sigh of relief. Close to the bed a gentleman was standing, who I supposed was a doctor, and at a little distance was a nurse in a white cap. I took in all these details in a dreamy way, when suddenly, with a rush that sent my heart into my mouth, came the recollection of the diamond. What had become of it? My right arm, which must have been very badly broken and was now in splints, was quite useless. I could not move it in the least. With my left hand, which was also bruised and strained, I was able to feel that the leather belt was still about me, but the pocket, in which the stone was, was under my wounded arm. In the condition I was in, it was impossible for me to get at it, turn and twist as I might.

The doctor must have heard my restless movements, for he came and looked down at me inquiringly. He had a shrewd, kindly face, which I felt I could trust, and I explained my trouble to him. I spoke in a low tone, and as briefly as possible. It was a strange story—although I made no mention of the Indian—and my listener might have thought it the ravings of delirium, but on slipping his hand under me, as I directed, he felt the pocket in the belt and assured me that the stone was there.

"But you are hardly in a fit state to guard your treasure," he said; "shall I take charge of it until you can resume your journey?"

I thanked him warmly, but declared it was impossible that I could part with it for a moment. I know I was very excited when I said it, for I felt my temples throbbing, and my tongue seemed hardly able to form the words. The doctor watched me critically for a moment, and then, as he laid his hand upon my pulse, said soothingly:—

"Never mind, do not distress yourself. Perhaps, after all, it is better as it is. For who knows of the stone's existence? So put your fears aside and try to get well."

He poured something into a glass and gave it to me, and very soon I forgot all my troubles in a long, dreamless sleep.

It was in the cold darkness of early dawn that I awoke once more and gazed about me. I felt far more myself than I had done before I slept, and able to take an interest in the things about me. I noticed, now, that there were three beds in the room. The one on my left was empty; doubtless the poor creature it had contained had died and been removed while I slept. The room was only lighted by one feeble night-light, so that at first it was not easy for me to distinguish the different objects. But after a while, as my eyes became accustomed to the dimness, I turned to get a better view of the bed on my right, and see who my companion in affliction might be. And there on the white pillow I saw the black head of my treacherous enemy!

I was very weak from all the pain I had undergone, and in that first moment I was paralyzed with fear—fear that had been a stranger to me during all that had happened in the train. My first impulse was to cry out for assistance, but I reflected that there would only be the nurses about, and they would be certain to think me delirious. Then, again, it was evident that the black man had not recognised me. So I summoned up the little courage I had left, and resolved to remain perfectly still, keeping my head turned away so that those crafty, cruel eyes should not see me. I don't know how much time passed, I only know that as I lay there my heart beat like a sledge-hammer, and the bed-clothes rose and fell with each labouring breath I drew.

At last a nurse stole softly into the room, and seeing I was awake gave me some medicine. I whispered an entreaty that she would not leave me. She smiled assent, and took a chair by my side. There must have been some narcotic in the mixture, for I had scarcely swallowed it than I fell asleep again, and then I suppose the nurse departed to look after some patient in an adjoining room.

It was feeling stealthy hands moving the bed-clothes about me that at length brought me back to consciousness, and looking up I saw that dark, evil face bending over me. Before I had time to utter a sound a heavy hand was laid upon my mouth, and the

"I SAW THAT DARK, EVIL FACE BENDING OVER ME."

leather belt, which had evidently just been cut through, was dragged from me, and the next instant the Indian was stealing towards the window. Then I shouted as loudly as I could for help, but even as I did so, the black man was through the window and had disappeared in the darkness.

I had tried to struggle up to go in pursuit, but my maimed limbs refused to bear me, and I fell fainting across the bed as the nurse and doctor hurried into the room. As soon as I came to myself I cried out wildly, passionately, that I had been robbed, that I was ruined, that my position in life was lost!

The doctor looked at me with a smile.

"Don't make too sure of that," he said. And taking something from his waistcoat pocket, he placed it on the palm of his hand and held it towards me.

It was the Rajah's diamond! For the first few moments rapture and relief left room for no other thoughts. But, then, I asked, in bewilderment, how it had happened; for I had been so certain that the diamond was on me. After the doctor had assured me of its safety, I had managed more than once to press my wounded arm against my side and had then felt, distinctly, the small, hard substance that was worth so much.

The doctor laughed.

"That was a substitute," he said; and then he explained that, seeing I was in such a weak, excited state, he had not thought it prudent to leave the diamond with me. At the same time, seeing I should fret myself into a fever at parting with it, he had compromised matters by taking the diamond from me while I slept, and putting something in its place to keep me quiet.

"I intended to put a small pebble," he said, "but in the hurry of the moment could not find one of the right size, so made use, instead, of a bit of coal, which was exactly what I wanted. So you see your friend from the East has gone off with a diamond of his own colour."

Illustrated Interviews.

No. XLIV.—REAR-ADMIRAL A. H. MARKHAM, R.N., F.R.G.S.

By William G. FitzGerald.

ADMIRAL AND MRS. MARKHAM IN THE GARDEN AT AMAT LODGE.

IT is by no means an easy task to find the subject of this interview when you want him. Mayhap an exceedingly close acquaintance with the North Pole has imparted to the gallant Admiral something of the retiring—not to say receding—nature of that apochryphal entity. Be this as it may, I met Admiral Markham, after much correspondence and an appalling railway journey, in the extreme north of Scotland.

I think I was the only passenger that alighted at Bonar Bridge Station, on the confines of Sutherlandshire, one miserable afternoon, when the dreary Dornoch Firth looked like a big splash of ink at the foot of the mountains. A smart dog-cart was waiting for me, and I was presently bowling along the winding strath towards Amat Lodge, an ideal, old-fashioned shooting-box, wholly buried in three thousand acres of deer forest and grouse moor. This delightful place, a view of which is reproduced here, belongs to the Admiral's father-in-law, Mr. Francis T. Gervers, late of Kimberley, South Africa. In the photograph Admiral and Mrs. Markham are seen picking gooseberries in the garden of the lodge, and on the right is the flag-staff on which the white ensign is hoisted daily by Mrs. Markham's baby brothers.

As in Creation, the first day was comparative chaos. I had travelled from Inverness to Bonar Bridge over the Highland Railway, and this will convey much to those whose pleasure or profession takes them to Scotland. Briefly, it meant that prolonged rest was urgently needed. Advising people not to visit Scotland during the rainy season simply results in perpetual banishment from a fine country, for it always rains. This, however, was not an unmixed curse, for it provided me with a capital excuse for resisting all out-door temptations. True, I watched the salmon leap at the foot of the Charron Falls, and I visited a few crofters in their primitive dwellings; but I was consumed with a desire to get the Admiral to myself for an hour or two, with Mrs. Markham as prompter during the rehearsal of a romantic, glowing, and dramatic life-story.

At last the study of this distinguished man was cleared for action, and we three—the Admiral, Mrs. Markham and myself—commenced operations, to the haunting melody of the indescribably lovely salmon river that raced and seethed at the foot of the flag-staff in the garden. Rear-Admiral Albert Hastings Markham, whose portrait in the magnificent uniform of a Rear-Admiral of the British Navy is shown on the next page, was born on November 11th, 1841, at Bagnères de Bigorre, in the Pyrenees; his parents were travelling at the time. Admiral Markham's father was a captain in the Navy; his grandfather was private secretary to Warren Hast-

REAR-ADMIRAL A. H. MARKHAM.
From a Photo. by G. West & Son, Southsea.

ings; and his great-grandfather was Dr. William Markham, Archbishop of York. The Admiral received his education at a school in Guernsey, and also from various private tutors.

In 1855 he entered Eastman's Naval Academy, at Southsea, in order to prepare himself for the Navy. He passed his examination at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, at the age of fourteen; there were thirty competitors, of whom seventeen were successful. On learning that he had passed, young Markham went home to London on fourteen days' leave, at the expiration of which he was ordered to join the old *Victory*, at Portsmouth; this precious old hulk was in commission at that time, and could have gone to sea if necessary.

Markham remained in the *Victory* five months, during which time he was initiated into the duties of a naval officer; he was then drafted to the sixteen-gun brig *Camilla*—"one of the old coffins," said the Admiral, merrily, "so called because they had an unpleasant way of turning turtle. I served in her on the China Station for three years, and then, a few months after I left her, she sailed away and was never heard of again." It is supposed that the *Camilla* foundered in a typhoon in the China Sea.

During young Markham's service in the *Camilla*, that vessel was actively engaged in operations against the Chinese pirates. One bright, hot day, when the brig was twenty miles off Amoy, some twenty or thirty piratical junks were espied, and our hero, *ætat* fifteen, was ordered to board and capture one of these villainous craft, which carried a crew of forty or fifty men armed with pistols and cutlasses, after the manner of Mayne Reid. Markham's boat contained six lads, the oldest of whom was only nineteen, but they accomplished their seemingly impossible task all the same.

Later on, the *Camilla* took part in the Chinese War, being one of the squadron of British ships under Sir Michael Seymour, uncle of the present Admiral commanding the Mediterranean Squadron. This was an exciting time. The warships were towed up the Canton River by gunboats, and operations were commenced against Canton, which lasted for more than twelve months. As a sort of side issue, there were more pirates to be dealt with—pirates who sent fire-rafts among our fleet, and did other spiteful things. By the way, Admiral Markham tells me he once saw forty-eight of these gentry laid out "all in a row," and then decapitated by a deft-handed compatriot, who walked from one to

MRS. MARKHAM.
From a Photo. by Vandyk, Queen's Gate.

another whisking off their heads with a small but heavy sword.

After Canton was occupied by a military force, Markham went to India in the *Retribution*, and had served there about a year when news was brought of the defeat of Sir James Hope, at the Taku Forts, in 1859.

A call for volunteers for China, to fill up the vacancies caused by this defeat, was made, and soon after Markham left India in a mail steamer, accompanied by about forty volunteers, of whom he had command. He then joined the *Chesapeake*, and at the age of nineteen was taken on the personal staff of Sir James Hope, with whom he served throughout the whole of the operations that resulted in the capture of Pekin.

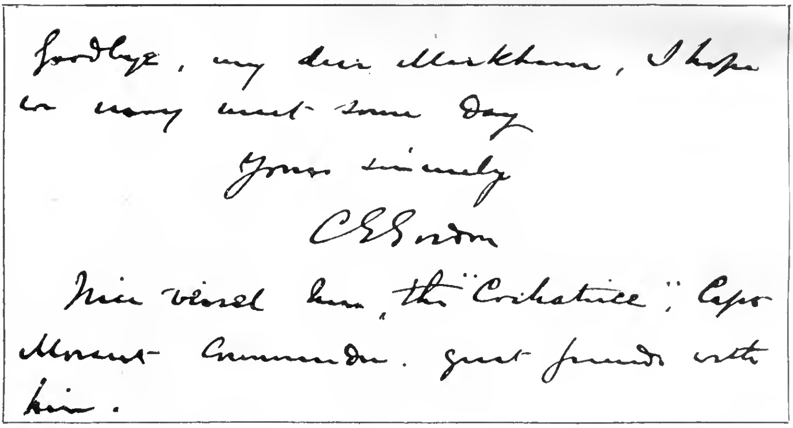
Of course, the great event of this campaign was the storming of the Taku Forts in 1860. Besides the fleet, there were some 30,000 British and French troops (under Sir Hope Grant) engaged on this occasion. "We opened fire at five o'clock in the morning," remarked the Admiral, "and at three in the afternoon the forts were in our possession." For his services in this war, Admiral Markham received the China medal with the Taku clasp, which, together with the Arctic medal, is seen upon his breast in the portrait.

After this, Markham passed his examination for lieutenant at Shanghai, and was immediately given an acting commission in the six-gun paddle frigate *Centaur*, in which vessel he saw much service against the Tai-pings in 1861–2. It was about this time that young Markham met Gordon, who took passage on board the *Centaur*, from the Taku Forts to Shanghai.

The two men were thrown together a good deal during these stormy times, and they naturally became very friendly. Many years afterwards, the Admiral wrote to Gordon, asking whether he might borrow and publish some journals and notes given by the hero of Khartoum to Mr. John Markham, Admiral Markham's brother, when the latter was Consul at Shanghai.

Before me as I write are the letters sent in reply to this request by the famous soldier. The first is dated from Constantinople, on the 18th of September, 1872: "I am now in quarantine for eight days," wrote Gordon, "having just come from Crimea, where I have been with General Adye to visit the cemeteries; and this will account for the delay in answering your note." Gordon is delighted to authorize the publication of the manuscripts, "and I hope you will put my name down for three copies" — *i.e.*, of the history of the Tai-ping Rebellion, which Admiral Markham was then engaged on, but which, however, was never published.

The next letter is written from "Galatz, 4th October, 1872." It recalls the meeting of the two men on board the *Centaur*, and answers some queries put by Markham. I reproduce here the conclusion of this letter, as illustrating the geniality of this nineteenth-century Joshua:—


Goodbye, my dear Markham, I hope we may meet some day
Yours sincerely
C E Gordon
Nice vessel here, the "Cockatrice"; Capt Mount Commander. great friends with him.

FACSIMILE OF CONCLUSION OF GENERAL GORDON'S LETTER TO ADMIRAL MARKHAM.

Now let me take up the thread of Admiral Markham's career. While serving in the *Centaur*, he was present at the capture of several Chinese towns—Sung-Keong, Na-jou, Shuk-Sing, and Ning-po. While off the latter place, Markham was sent in a Chinese junk, with a crew of twelve men, and a fighting force of twenty, to capture a piratical junk manned by eighty desperadoes, armed with matchlocks, jingalls, and other strange and fearful weapons. After a really desperate encounter, lasting four and a half hours, Markham succeeded in accomplishing his mission—with a loss, however, of five men. For this he was promoted by the Admiralty, who also caused a letter to be read on the quarter-deck of the *Centaur*, setting forth their

lordships' satisfaction and approval of the gallant young lieutenant's pluck and resource.

"As regards Ning-po," remarked Admiral Markham to me, "it may be remembered that that large and important city was captured by us from the Tai-pings in 1862. The force that took Ning-po consisted only of some 300 blue-jackets, under Captain Roderick Dew, R.N., of H.M.S. *Scout*." The only relic of this stirring episode that the gallant Admiral possesses—for he was among those who occupied the town—is a large Chinese god, which he took from a deserted joss-house in Ning-po. This god, which is here depicted, at present occupies a commanding position on the staircase at 21, Eccleston Square, the town house of the Admiral's cousin, Mr. Clements Markham, P.R.G.S. We next find Lieutenant Markham at Yokohama, at the time when Japan was first being opened up. An English merchant, Mr. Richardson, had been murdered at Kanagawa, in the south of Japan, and Markham marched out from Yokohama with twelve men to recover the unfortunate man's body. The result of this outrage was the naval battle of Kagoshima in 1863, when eight warships were engaged. During this battle, Captains Josling and Eardley Wilmot were simultaneously killed by one shot.


CHINESE GOD, TAKEN BY ADMIRAL MARKHAM AT THE CAPTURE OF NING-PO.

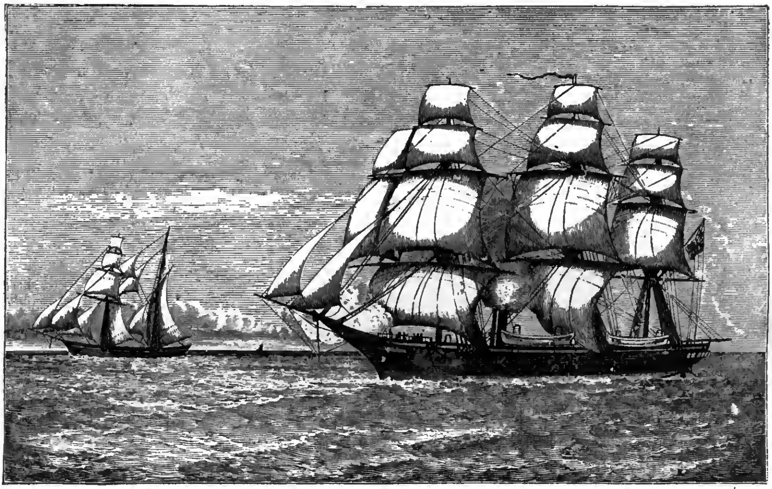
In 1868 Markham reappears as first lieutenant of the *Blanche*, a six-gun composite cruiser, in which he spent four years on the Australian and New Zealand stations. Now we come to one of the most important episodes in the Admiral's adventurous career. In 1872 a Bill was passed to prevent kidnapping in the islands of the South Seas; and in consequence of the complicated state of affairs existing in these islands, Commodore Stirling, senior naval officer on the Australian Station, was ordered to send a man-of-war to cruise among the New Hebrides and Santa Cruz groups. The *Rosario*, of which ship Markham was in command, was the vessel selected for this important duty. She was a wooden sloop of 673 tons, carrying an armament of three revolving guns, and a complement of 145 officers and men.

Markham had orders to visit as many of the islands as possible, and to interview missionaries and planters, concerning the murder of British subjects and the kidnapping of natives—an industry that throve exceedingly in those latitudes just then. The *Rosario* sailed from Sydney, and, after an uneventful voyage, she anchored off the Cascade, Norfolk Island. Here Markham learned of the murder of Bishop Patteson and others, at Nukapu, one of the Swallow Group, thirty miles northward of Santa Cruz. The Bishop used to cruise among the islands in his little yacht, the *Southern Cross*, a sixty-ton schooner. One day, however, he was greeted by his potential converts with a shower of poisoned arrows, and they finished off the heroic old man with clubs.

Admiral Markham's account of the cruise of the *Rosario* is one long, romantic story of the chasing of slavers, the burning of cannibal villages, and guerilla combats with savages who shot poisoned arrows.

The ingenuity of the white skippers, who waxed rich by man-stealing, was really remarkable. One individual went from island to island in a schooner-yacht very similar in appearance to the one used by Bishop Patteson, who was supposed to be invalided on board this identical vessel. The Bishop's supposed emissary, armed with an umbrella and a Bible, implored the guileless islanders to come on board to see the sick prelate. Once on board the vessel, the unfortunate creatures would be carried off to Queensland, where they were sold to the planters for £3 apiece. Or, worse still, the natives would be enticed off to a still larger vessel, their boats swamped with lumps of pig-iron, and themselves stunned with slung-shot and then decapitated, in order that their heads might be retailed to island chiefs who fancied such trophies for wall decoration.

In the illustration on following page we see the *Rosario* chasing the slaver, *Carl*, of Melbourne. On overhauling her, however, Markham's second lieutenant found every-



H.M.S. "ROSARIO" CHASING THE SLAVER "CARL," OF MELBOURNE.

At that time, however, daring, adventurous men like Commander Markham met with scant encouragement; so in order to carry out his plans he actually signed articles as second mate on board the Dundee steam whaler *Arctic*, bound for Baffin's Bay and the Gulf of Bothnia. "I agreed to be orderly, faithful, honest, and sober," remarked the Admiral, gleefully; "and my wages were to be one shilling a month, in addition to one penny for every ton of oil procured, and a farthing for every ton of whalebone." There was a further bonus paid to the members of the boat's crew that first struck and captured a payable "fish"—that is, one whose whalebone is over 6ft. in length.

thing correct on board, and the hold newly whitewashed. This was a narrow escape for the *Carl*. Only the previous night there were eighty kidnapped islanders in the vessel, and these poor wretches, having fought among themselves and created a row, drew upon themselves the execration of the skipper and part owner of the ship, Dr. James P. Murray. This man and his crew, knowing that the *Rosario* was in the vicinity, spent the whole night in shooting the unfortunate occupants of the hold. Next day dead and wounded alike were thrown overboard to the sharks, while the shambles below were expeditiously whitewashed in expectation of the inevitable visit of an officer from the warship.

Lieutenant Markham left New Caledonia and returned to Sydney sixteen weeks from the date of his departure. Among the relics at 21, Eccleston Square, is a trophy of savage arms in the hall. This is made up of clubs from Fiji; poisoned arrows from Nukapu; tomahawks from Nguma; and bracelets and spears from the Solomon Islands. Markham's drastic treatment of these ungentle islanders was the subject of much criticism, but the Admiralty marked their approval of his conduct by sending him a Commander's commission.

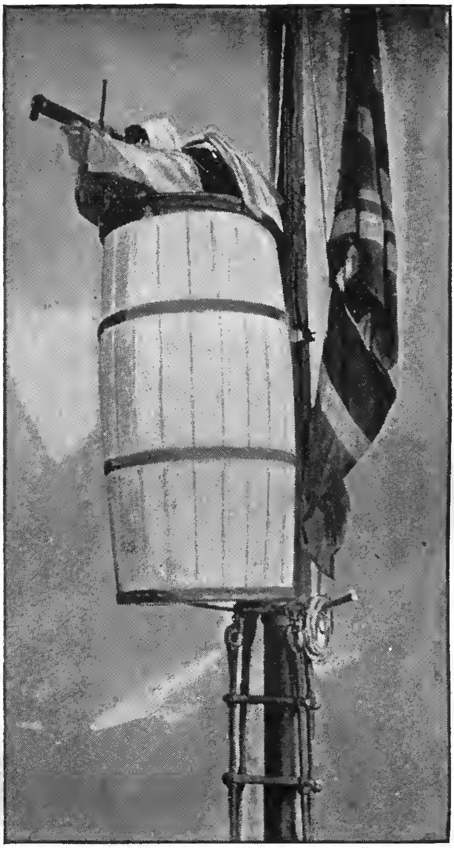
On his return to England, Commander Markham found everyone greatly interested in the subject of Arctic exploration; and a little later, at the instigation of his cousin, Mr. Clements Markham, and Admiral Sherard Osborn, C.B., F.R.S., he resolved upon a pioneer Arctic trip, in order to study the nature and condition of the ice with a view to further exploration.

The *Arctic* was a vessel of 439 tons and 70 horse-power. She sailed on May 3rd, and returned to Dundee in the middle of September with twenty-nine whales—the largest cargo ever brought to Great Britain. And at that time the price of whalebone was £500 a ton! This trip—which, I need hardly say, was one itinerary of romantic adventure—conclusively showed Markham what a revolution steam had made in ice navigation. He reported to Admiral Sherard Osborn and to the Lords of the Admiralty; and soon after this he was appointed Commander of H.M.S. *Sultan*, then forming one of the Channel Squadron, under the late Sir Geoffrey Phipps Hornby. While serving in the *Sultan*, Markham was in constant communication with his cousin, Mr. Clements Markham, and Admiral Sherard Osborn on the subject of Arctic exploration, and at the end of fifteen months the amazing intelligence came to him that Disraeli's Government had voted a grant of £100,000 for an organized expedition to the Polar regions, and that, furthermore, he himself had been selected for appointment to the *Alert*, one of the two ships of this expedition. Markham left the *Sultan* at Lisbon, and came home at once by mail steamer. So, too, did his illustrious chief,

Captain (afterwards Sir George) Nares, who was then in command of the *Challenger* expedition at Hong Kong.

Of course, the preparations lasted several months, and were conducted mainly by Sir Leopold M'Clintock, the then Admiral Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard.

The *Alert* was a 17-gun sloop that had already served two or three commissions on foreign stations, before being converted for Arctic service. She was given an external sheathing of seven inches of teak, and was lined with felt. Like her sister-ship, the *Alert* carried a crew of about sixty men, with nine boats, some of which were provided with swivel harpoon guns, such as the one shown in this picture. The *Discovery*, which was commanded by Captain Stephenson, now Commander-in-Chief in the Pacific, had been a whaler; and she was bought and fitted at a cost of about £25,000.

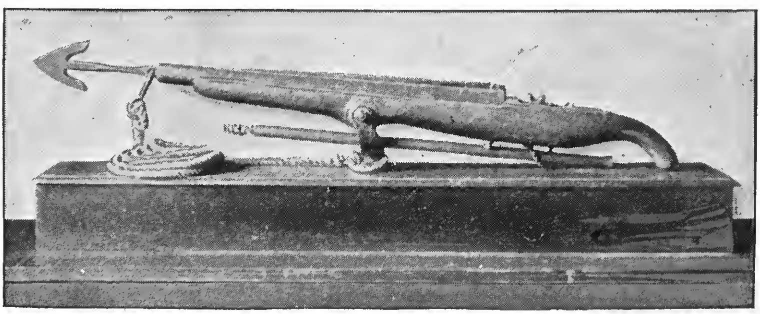


ADMIRAL MARKHAM IN THE "CROW'S NEST," OR LOOK-OUT STATION, OF THE "ALERT."

There was no dearth of volunteers for this service, and perhaps the most interesting question in the searching examination they underwent was: "Can you sing or dance?" Ability to entertain one's fellow-men counted for much. Did not the gallant Admiral himself take lessons in prestidigitation from a professor of that subtle art, in order that he might amuse his men when encamped in the desolate regions of the North Pole? Besides, games of every kind were purchased, from a pack of cards to a football. There were also taken musical instruments for a complete drum and fife band; pictures (to prevent snow-blindness); a printing-press; a piano; and a magic lantern.

Volunteers were not lacking. One of the captains of our Navy sent this plaintive message to Sir George Nares: "An order has come to my ship for volunteers. What am I to do? The whole ship's company, nearly 800 men, have given in their names." All sorts and conditions of men and women sent along presents. Her Majesty the Queen contributed something, and the Empress Eugénie "weighed in" with woollen caps for the men. The ladies of Queenstown formed a Christmas Box Committee, but their mysterious donations were not to be investigated until that festive season was in full swing.

The two ships set sail on May 29th, 1875, in the presence of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, a host of soldiers, and an enthusiastic, cheering multitude. But I must not omit to mention the canine explorer, "Nellie," Admiral Markham's favourite dog, who accompanied the expedition, and for whom were specially made a set of four flannel moccasins. Nellie slept in an arm-chair in her master's cabin, snugly covered



THE HARPOON GUN.

with her own blanket, on which her name was neatly embroidered.

I need scarcely say that observations and discoveries of the highest interest and value to science were made by Admiral Markham and other members of this expedition; but into discussion of these things it is not my intention to enter. Rather let me speak of the amusements of the members of the expedition. They played football on the ice, they skated, they drove dog-sledges at break-neck speed over insecure ice, and they played cards for precious wax matches and tallow candles, whose value was beyond price. On officers' birthdays there would be printed dinner menus, containing really clever French jokes; and then there were the programmes of the "Thursday Popular Concerts" and theatrical performances.

THE ADMIRAL'S FAVOURITE DOG, "NELLIE."

The "Royal Arctic Theatre" opened on November 18th, 1875, under the management of Commander Markham, and "under the distinguished patronage of Captain Nares, and all the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood." The circle was not extensive. The actors rehearsed in their cabins, and, being far away from Clarkson and Harrison, their ingenuity was sorely taxed to devise wigs and costumes from oakum and musk-ox skins. Here is a scene from "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Scamp." The lovely Oriental princess wears a robe fashioned from a couple of eider-down quilts. But the "programmes" reflect so faithfully the exuberant humour of the expedition, that it is well worth while to reproduce one in its entirety.

A SCENE FROM "ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL SCAMP."

Guy Fawkes' Day was celebrated with considerable pomp. An effigy, stuffed with squibs and seated on a tar-barrel, was carried round the upper deck of the *Alert*, the drum and fife band playing meanwhile "The Rogues' March." It was then dragged on a sledge to the summit of a neighbouring hummock, and there solemnly burnt before the entire ship's company. The band went on playing until the lips and fingers of the fifers became frostbitten.

Here is depicted a bottle of "Arctic Ale,"

"ARCTIC" ALE.

specially brewed in 1875 for the expedition; also a box of Bryant and May's matches. It occurred to me to write to the famous brewers, Messrs. S. Allsopp and Sons, Ltd., of Burton, concerning this ale; and also to Messrs. Bryant and May. Mr. A. Maxwell Tod, the director of Allsopp's, writes me as follows:—

"The special qualities which

ROYAL ARCTIC THEATRE.

December 23rd, 1875.

☞ Positively for the first time in Lat. 82° 27′ N.

HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS

Will have the honour to perform the popular and laughable farce, entitled the

BOOTS AT THE SWAN.

After which

HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS

Will give an operatic representation of

ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL SCAMP:

A burlesque extravaganza,

In one act.

CHARACTERS.

The Emperor of China, a monarch in difficulties, who was under the necessity of marrying his daughter to the richest man about town . . . . . . Mr. G. Le C. Egerton.

Aladdin, a lively youth, but a sad boy, who was more fortunate than he deserved to be . . . . . Mr. G. A. Giffard.

Abanazar, a magician, who had been round the world, but who could not get round Aladdin . . . Commr. Markham.

The Widow Twankay, Aladdin's ancient mother, who in her youth had never been beautiful, and who had not grown more lovely in her old age . . . . . . Capt. Feilden.

Princess Badroulbadour, the Pearl of the East, and the Light of her Father's Eyes . . . . . . Mr. Wyatt Rawson

Scene 1. Pekin.
Scene 2. The jewelled cavern.
Scene 3. The interior of Widow Twankay's dwelling.
Scene 4. Hall in the Emperor's palace.
Scene 5. Aladdin's palace in the suburbs of Pekin.
Scene 6. The same transported by magic to Africa.

The beautiful scenery wholly designed and painted by Professor Moss.

Music arranged and executed by Signore Aldrichi.

To commence at 7.30 precisely.

God save the Queen.

Messrs. Giffard and Symons, Printing Office, Trap Lane.

PLAYBILL OF THE "ROYAL ARCTIC THEATRE."

rendered this beer so valuable for the purposes of the expedition were its strength and nutritive qualities. It is one of the strongest ales ever brewed by Allsopp's, and it may be mentioned in passing that the consistency of the wort was such that it would not run from the copper through the tap in the ordinary way, but had to be lifted out in buckets It is perhaps hardly necessary to remind the public that the sustaining qualities of a beer such as this are far greater than those of wines or spirits.

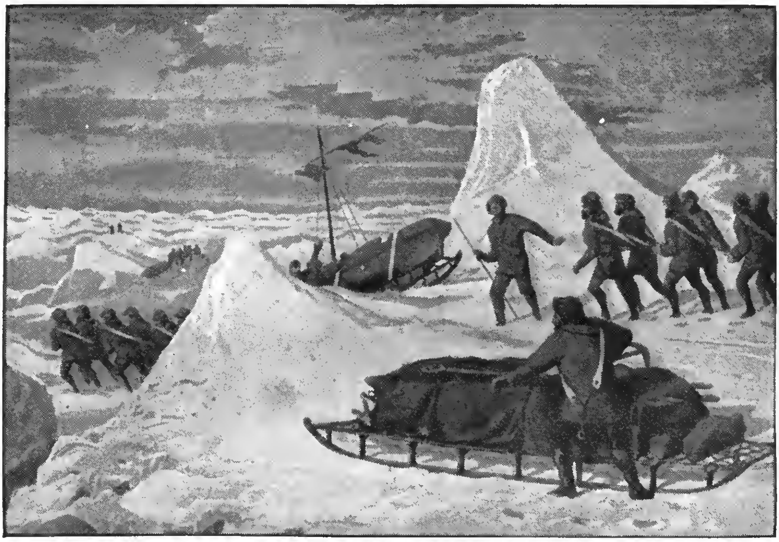
"Allsopp's have only at the present time eleven bottles of this beer left. It has been re-corked, as if it were Waterloo port. It is almost 'still' and, indeed, has never been very effervescent, although not at all flat. Its colour is a rich brown, and its flavour is suggestive of old Madeira. It is to-day as sound as on the day of its birth, twenty years ago." "Birth" is good, as who should say, the dawn of a new era—of beer.

Wax matches, Messrs. Bryant and May tell me, are always used on these Polar expeditions. About a gross of boxes of matches were supplied to Markham's party, and these were wrapped in double sheets of zinc.

The *Alert* left her consort on August 26th, 1875, and the northern sledging party from this vessel started on April 3rd, 1876. It consisted of seven sledges; Markham's own sledge being called the "Marco Polo." In the reproduction the sledging party is seen setting out; and the united crews of the "Victoria," "Bulldog" and "Marco Polo" are hauling the latter sledge down through a gap in an ice-floe that was 150ft. in thickness. The original sketch was outlined in pencil on the spot by Dr. Moss, the surgeon of the *Alert*.

On the 12th of May, 1876, our indomitable hero placed the Union Jack among the ice in latitude 83deg. 20min. 26sec. N., or 399½ miles from the North Pole—the highest authentic northern latitude ever reached by man, and a truly appalling region into the bargain. The announcement of the position was received with three cheers; and then all sang "The Union Jack of Old England" and the "Grand Palæocrystic Sledging Chorus"

"ARCTIC" MATCHES.

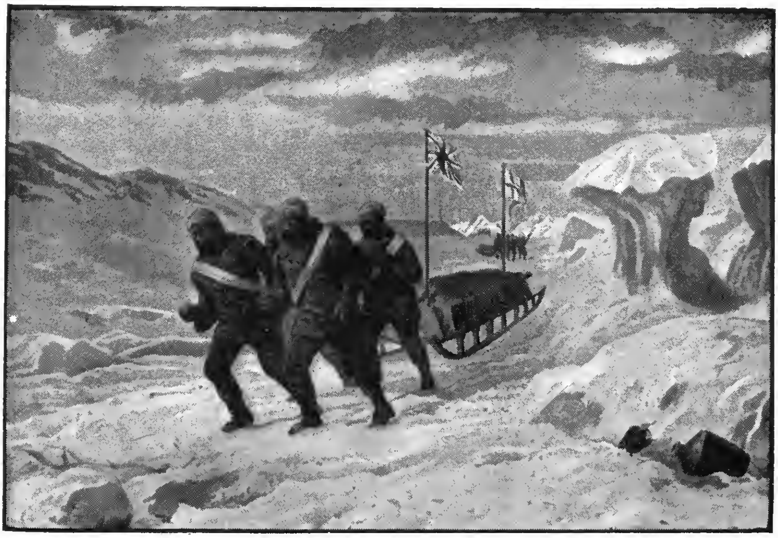


THE SETTING OUT OF THE SLEDGE PARTY.
From "Shores of the Polar Seas," by Permission of Marcus Ward & Co.

(composed by one of the "talented company"), winding up with "God Save the Queen." The illustration given here is from an oil-painting by Markham's friend, Admiral Beechey, whose father, Sir William Beechey, was President of the Royal Academy some forty or fifty years ago. The silken flag was worked by Lady M'Clintock, and is now preserved in the Franklin Room, at Greenwich College.

At this time, five of Markham's men were disabled, many more showed decided scorbutic symptoms, while others were suffering from frost-bite and snow-blindness. On returning to the tents, after planting the flag, the party broached a magnum of whisky, that had been presented for the express purpose of being drunk when the highest northern point was reached. On the 8th of June there was a funeral in the icy desert, for poor Porter, one of the sledging party, succumbed and was buried in a hole in the ice, a rude cross of sledge battens marking his desolate grave. At last, on June 14th, Markham's party returned to the *Alert*. Besides himself and Lieutenant Parr, who had heroically walked on to report the crippled condition of the party, there were only three men who could drag the sledges; all the rest were invalids, and it is a miracle that they were brought back at all. The return of this heroic band of explorers is depicted in the accompanying illustration;

ADMIRAL MARKHAM PLANTS THE UNION JACK IN THE HIGHEST NORTHERN LATITUDE EVER REACHED.
From a Painting by Admiral Beechey.



THE RETURN OF THE SLEDGE PARTY.
From "Shores of the Polar Seas," by Permission of Marcus Ward & Co.

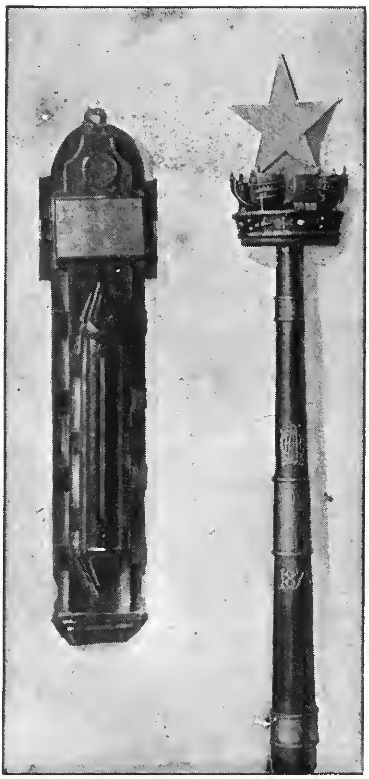
all that may become a man; who dares do more is none."

On the staircase at 21, Eccleston Square, may be seen an enormous glass case filled with Arctic animals and birds, collected by Admiral Markham during his whaling cruise, and in Novaya Zemlya. They were all killed and skinned by him, and they include various foxes, a white hare, Fulmar petrel, ivory gull, snowy owl, jer falcon, small seal, lemmings, eider ducks, a long-tailed duck, terns, guillemots, kittewakes, etc.

and the gallant Admiral assures me that he was not recognised by Dr. Moss, the surgeon of the *Alert*, who came out to his succour and offered him some wine. Both the *Alert* and the *Discovery* returned to Portsmouth Harbour on Nov. 2nd, 1876.

Here are two more relics of Admiral Markham's, which are now at his father-in-law's town house in Ashburn Place. On the left we see the *Alert's* thermometer, whose inscription tells its own tale: "This thermometer registered—77deg., or 109deg. below freezing point, at H.M.S. *Alert's* winter quarters, on March 4th, 1876. It was carried on the 12th of May, 1876, to Lat. 83deg. 20min. 26sec. N. The frame is made from a batten of the sledge 'Marco Polo.'"

The other relic is a highly ornate, silver-mounted sledge staff, presented to the Admiral by Captain (now Admiral Sir Anthony) and Mrs. Hoskins. On the top is seen the Pole Star surmounting the naval crown; and the inscription is: "I dare do



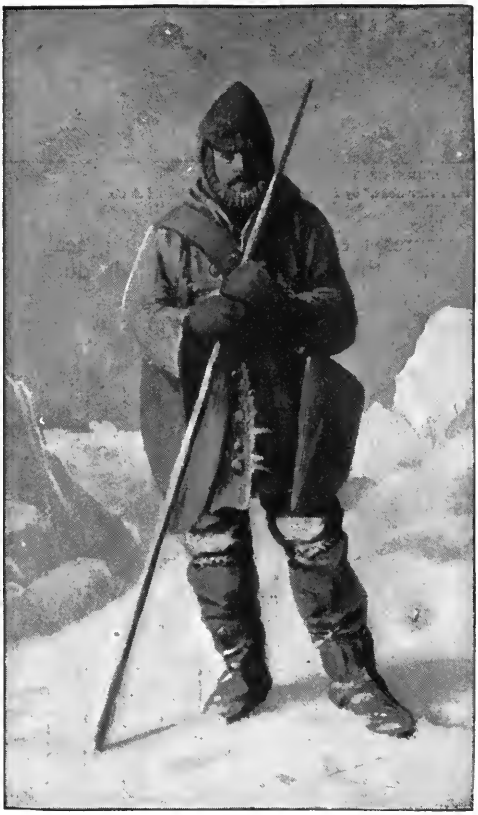
THE ADMIRAL'S THERMOMETER AND PRESENTATION SLEDGE STAFF.

I should mention here that Mrs. Markham's wedding ring has an interesting history. It was fashioned from a sovereign for her distinguished husband in the Polar regions by the ship's armourer. The Admiral wore it for eighteen years. Many of the other officers had similar wedding rings made, and these in nearly every case figured prominently at their owners' weddings.

We next find this wonderful man departing for Novaya Zemlya in the forty-ton cutter *Isbjorn*, on a hunting expedition with Sir Henry Gore-Booth, after walrus, seals, and reindeer. Six months later, Markham returned to Tromsöe, where he found awaiting him a telegram from the Admiralty, announcing his appointment as Flag-Captain to Admiral Stirling in the *Triumph*, destined for service on the Pacific Station. For three years Captain Markham served in the *Triumph*, and during this

time he witnessed the whole of the operations in the Chili-Peruvian War; he was, moreover, an ardent collector of natural history specimens—birds, insects, reptiles, etc. The Admiral tells me that while on the Pacific Station he sent home upwards of 600 birds, of which four were new to science.

On his return home, Captain Markham was selected for the command of the *Vernon*, the naval torpedo instruction ship at Portsmouth, and this appointment he held for more than three and a half years. On being relieved of the command of the *Vernon*, Markham, at the request of a company formed for the construction of a railway between Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay, undertook a journey in his old ship, the *Alert*, from Halifax, through Hudson's Strait, to York Factory; and thence in a birch bark canoe, accompanied only by a couple of Indians, to Winnipeg — perhaps a thousand miles. During this extraordinary journey of four months' duration, food ran so short between the various Hudson Bay depôts, which were fourteen or fifteen days apart, that for three consecutive days Markham and his two Indians had to subsist solely on tea and tea-leaves. Yet, notwithstanding innumerable hardships and a low diet, Captain Markham sent in a favourable report, and the railway is even now in course of construction. In October, 1886, Markham was recalled by the First Lord of the Admiralty, the telegraphic message offering him the command of the Training Squadron, with the rank of Commodore. He received a great ovation on his departure from Winnipeg, and Sir Charles Tupper subsequently said nice things to him concerning the inestimable value and importance of his work to Canada.



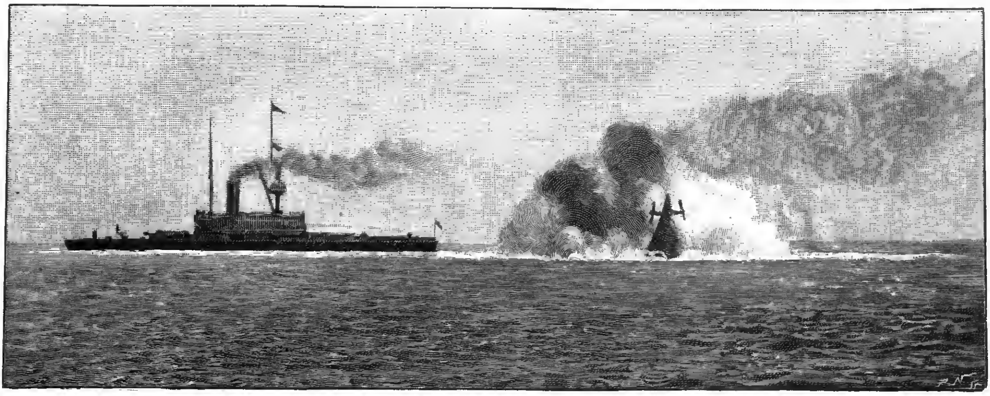
ADMIRAL MARKHAM IN ARCTIC COSTUME.
From a Painting by Admiral Beechey.

In 1887 Markham was appointed aide-de-camp to the Queen; and in 1889 he was appointed to the important command of the Portsmouth Steam Reserve, which he held until his promotion to Rear-Admiral on the 1st of August, 1891. On March 4th, 1892, Admiral Markham was selected by Lord George Hamilton as second in command of the Mediterranean Squadron, in succession to Lord Walter Kerr. Some time after this, as the engines of the *Trafalgar*, his own flagship, needed some repairs, Admiral Markham temporarily transferred his flag to the *Camperdown*—a battleship whose name is but too well known in connection with the lamentable and inexplicable *Victoria* disaster. All the world knows the story, but it may be as well to recapitulate briefly the details. On Tuesday, June 22nd, 1893, at ten o'clock in the morning, the entire Mediterranean Squadron, consisting of eight battleships and five cruisers, under Sir George Tryon and Rear-Admiral Markham, left the harbour of Beyrout and proceeded north along the Syrian coast, steering for the port of Tripoli. When the squadron was about five miles from the proposed anchorage, Sir George Tryon ordered the fleet to be formed into two columns, six cables, or 1,200 yards, apart, with the *Camperdown* and *Victoria* leading. Their respective columns were then to turn inwards towards each other, and thus, by a very neat manœuvre, arrive at the anchorage in what might be described as highly elegant order.

Sir George Tryon's staff officers pointed out to him that six cables was an impossible distance for this manœuvre, whereupon he said: "It should be eight cables." Yet the order was given to turn at six cables' distance; no one will ever know why. One can

only suppose that Sir George was for the moment in a state of dreamy abstraction, not to say mental aberration. On reading Sir George Tryon's signal, Admiral Markham, seeing that the manœuvre was an impracticable one, asked for confirmation, and received the impatient reply, by semaphore, "What are you waiting for?" It then struck Admiral Markham that Sir George wished him to turn sixteen points, as indicated by the signal, while he himself, in the ill-fated *Victoria*, would circle round Markham's division, leaving them on his port hand.

Almost every captain in the squadron interpreted the signal in this way; any other interpretation meant destruction. "There were two ways of reading the signal," remarked the gallant Admiral, earnestly, to me; "and I, knowing Sir George Tryon to be at least a sane man—putting his brilliant reputation as a tactician out of the question—read it in a sane way. All that rodomontade in the newspapers about 'blind obedience,'" added the Admiral, "was the veriest nonsense." The order to turn inwards was therefore obeyed, with the geometrically certain result that Admiral Markham's ship, the *Camperdown*, struck Sir George Tryon's flagship, the *Victoria*, on her starboard bow, about 20ft. before the turret, the two mighty battleships being inclined towards each other, at the moment of collision, at an angle of about 80deg. Thirteen minutes afterwards, the *Victoria* disappeared in a frightful maelstrom, her screws revolving to the last, and cutting up the poor fellows who leaped into the sea from the stern of the doomed vessel. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir George Tryon, K.C.B., was drowned, together with 22 officers and 336 men.



THE "VICTORIA" DISASTER—SIR GEORGE TRYON'S FLAG-SHIP SINKING OFF TRIPOLI.
By Permission of the Proprietors of "The Graphic."

The extraordinary view of this disaster reproduced here is from an instantaneous photograph taken by an officer on board one of the other ships of the squadron. On the left is seen H.M.S. *Nile*, on which vessel Admiral Markham subsequently hoisted his flag. Captain the Hon. Maurice Bourke was tried by court-martial for the loss of his ship, the *Victoria*; but the verdict was a foregone conclusion, and the Captain's sword was promptly handed back to him, as he only obeyed his superior officer. Of course, not even the faintest shadow of blame attached to the heroic man who forms the subject of this interview. The court-martial sat for ten days at Malta, on board the old *Hibernia*.

Nine months after this terrible disaster, Admiral Markham's flag was hoisted in the *Trafalgar* at Malta, and it was while there that he met the lovely girl who is now his wife. She, with her parents, had gone to Malta, in order to see her brother, who was serving as a midshipman in Admiral Markham's flagship.

A few months later the couple were engaged, and the wedding took place on the 11th of October, 1894, at St. Michael's, Chester Square, S.W. For information regarding Mrs. Markham's singularly interesting "Arctic" wedding-cake, I must refer my readers to the article entitled "Some Remarkable Wedding-Cakes," which appeared in the July issue of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

ENTERING my wife's boudoir, after a temporary absence from home on business, I discovered her upon her knees before an arm-chair, upon which sat a small boy with very large, round, surprised eyes. She rose, came rustling towards me, and greeting me with neither more heartiness nor more formality than was then her wont, "There it is!" she cried, pointing to the child.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

She was crouching again in front of the little one, holding a biscuit close before his eyes, and, turning half towards me, she said :—

"Why, don't you know we read about it in the paper the other day? Isn't it nice?"

I remembered then that a few evenings back she had thrust a newspaper into the circle of light beneath my lamp, and had said, pointing to an advertisement, "There! just read that!" It was the well-known "petition to the charitable"—a despairing cry from a stricken heart, from a mother, offering her child for adoption by well-to-do people.

"What do you think about taking it?" she had asked, and I had only given her back the sheet with a shrug of the shoulders.

"But, Martha, what is the meaning of all this?" I cried, with a sharp note of indignation. "You can't have really——"

"Certainly I have, as you see," she replied. "And it belongs to *me*. I have made a bargain with the unhappy mother, and made her a solemn promise, too, that it shall be well taken care of. Yes, that it shall!"

She took the little head, with its light brown, silky, curling hair, caressingly between her hands.

"Eh, little one? You shall have a good time, sha'n't you?"

Not a feature of the little, delicate, rather sickly, face changed; but from the bow-shaped mouth came one of those curiously deep child-sighs. I soon gave up all serious protest against the arrangement, and, indeed, for years each of us had been in the habit of going our own way.

Our marriage was not happy; anything but happy, in fact—although we had *not* married for love. The union had been arranged by our respective fathers amid the

clink of money on the exchange. She had wrenched her heart away from another's—in mine a silent passion still glowed; but figures were mightier, and we fully intended to be obedient children. At first each of us was a dumb reproach to the other, then followed wretched days of declared war, till at last we settled down to a polite but colourless peace.

And yet she was pretty and good, she had brilliant parts, and other people went so far as to call her "a perfect angel." How about myself, then? Well, I don't think I was exactly a monster. Analysis revealed the existence of the finest rainbow colours, yet goldfish! That was reasonable enough. But that she should wish also to have *her* child all to herself—it was really a little too much. The thought worried me during two days. On the third, when she had driven out, a muffled woman desired an interview with me. It was the mother of "*her* child." Like a shadow she stole through the door, and pleaded with low, half-stifled weeping, "to see her darling once again—she could not part from him like this."

I immediately opened my cash-box. "There, my good woman," I said, "take this—you have not been paid enough."

"THERE, MY GOOD WOMAN, TAKE THIS."

the sun was lacking. We had been married six years and had no children—perhaps otherwise. Well, and so the child was *her* property! What was more, she had given the mother 1,500 guldens, the value of some jewels which she had sold secretly and in haste.

"Why did you not tell me about it?" I burst out at this intelligence.

"Because it would have been too late if I had waited till you came back—and I wanted to have it for myself alone!" she said, defiantly.

My horses, *my* dog—*her* canary, and *her*

Then she broke into wailing sobs. I must not condemn her until I knew the extent of her misery. She had another child, a poor, helpless cripple, and she herself was ill and had not long to live. What would become of this unfortunate being when she was gone? Well, she had thought to herself—the sentence was interrupted by a violent fit of coughing—she had thought, as I made out the broken words: "I will sell the healthy child that the cripple may have something to live on when I am dead." Ah, she was not to be condemned—we rich folk have an easy code.

When my wife came back I told her about my visitor. "I gave the poor thing exactly the same amount as you had given her," I said. "So now, you understand, the child belongs to both of us."

She bit her lip. "It is all the same to me," she observed, after thinking for a moment, and kissed the little one with a vehemence that sounded like a challenge.

Our child, forsooth! I hardly ever got a sight of it, and all the changes our establishment suffered on his account happened as it were away over my head. Sometimes, in more than usually important matters, my consent was grudgingly asked. "We need a nurse; I have already secured one, Anselm."

I nodded mutely.

Or it would be, "We must arrange a nursery—it is too warm for the child up there."

Again I nodded, without a word—the workmen were already busy in the passage. There

"SITTING IN ITS HIGH ELBOW-CHAIR LIKE A PRINCE."

was nothing to be done, for was it not all for *our* child?

We two seldom talked about him. When we did, we always spoke of him as "It." But I was all the more conscious all day long of the presence of this It in the house. "Hush! not so much noise; It is asleep. It must have its dinner. It must go out. It has hurt itself." The whole household began by degrees to revolve round It. This nameless Neuter annoyed me.

"It is absurd; he must have a name," I said at last.

"I quite forgot to ask the mother—I mean the woman—his name," answered my wife. "She said she was coming again, but she has never been; I suppose she is ill. Well, I shall call It Max. Max is pretty and short, don't you think so?"

"H'm," said I, between two puffs of my cigar. "Fritz is a nice name, too."

"It can't have its name changed about for what everyone thinks," she answered, shortly; and going to the door she cried, "Is Max up yet?" *Our* child, indeed!

On one occasion, however, I did assert my due share in our child. At lunch-time It was having dinner at a little table in the adjoining room. In the intervals of our scanty, flickering conversation we heard his

merry babble, accompanied by the rattle of his spoon. My wife had not a moment's rest; she was perpetually to and fro between our table and his, to see if the soup were not too hot, or if It were not perhaps taking too much.

"Wife," I said, quietly, but very decidedly, "from to-morrow It shall have its meals at table with us. It is two years old—quite old enough."

From that time It dined with us. Sitting up in its high elbow-chair like a prince, close beside my wife, the two opposite seemed like a hostile party. The poverty-stricken, yellowish pallor of the little face had given place to a delicate, aristocratic bloom, and the round cheeks above the stiff folds of the dinner-napkin looked prosperous and cherubic. Bravely did it work away at its soup, and when it was finished the little, round fist grasped the spoon on the table like a sceptre. My wife and I had exchanged a few words and now sat silent. As the silence was prolonged, the great eyes seemed to open wider and wider. They gazed at my wife, gazed at me, in astonishment, almost uncannily comprehending, like the eyes of a grown-up person who felt that all was not as it should be between us. I confess frankly that those eyes confused me, and that it was a relief when Friedrich entered with the next course. And I know my wife felt the same.

It was the same thing next day. The big, wonderfully blue eyes always seemed to be gazing a sort of reproachful question at the pauses in our talk, and, absurd as it may seem, we two, man and woman, felt ashamed before the child. Thus it happened that by degrees our talk became more animated; we explained and elucidated the opportune lispings to one another, and even sometimes laughed heartily together over the little one's stumbling efforts at talk.

Her laugh was as clear and pure as a bell. How was it I had never noticed it before? It happened often now that as I bent over my writing that ringing laugh seemed to sound clearly in my ears, as though borne from afar.

With the first spring days It carried on its doings in the garden, of which I commanded a view from my seat in the office; and she was generally there too. I heard the patter of the little feet in the gravel, and then her step. Now, as she made a snatch at it, its chirping voice vied with the chorus of sparrows—now she held it, and I heard the sound of kisses.

How could I work with such music going on? I had opened the window; a warm balmy air streamed in, and a butterfly strayed on to my writing-desk. Then she appeared from behind a green-besprinkled thicket, dressed in dazzling white upon which the sun poured a flood of golden light; only her face was in the rose-coloured shadow of her parasol. Slim and graceful, she came towards me. I must have been blind! Why, the aunts and cousins were right—she *was* beautiful! A charming smile lit up her features; certainly at that moment she was happy—and the happiness came from "her child."

A voice within me said, perfectly distinctly, "You are a monster."

I got up and went to the window.

"What a fine day!" I said. The prosaic words fell cold as the shadow of a heavy cloud upon a sunny landscape. She made some reply which I did not hear, but the happy light had vanished from her face. Then she lifted up the child, which stretched out its arms to her, and caressed it before my very eyes.

It was then that the first feeling of jealousy awoke in me. Real jealousy, though of so odd a kind that I was not quite sure as to its object. When It called her "mamma" a stab went through my heart, and the caresses with which she overwhelmed the little one put me beside myself. I was jealous—of both of them! I was sore at having no share in the drama, at not making a third in the bond, and resolved to take steps to give myself a claim to it. Alas, I thought drearily, the child was afraid of me; and as for herself, I had kept her, as it were by force, at a distance, through long years.

One day at dinner there was a profound silence after a skirmish of words—a painful silence. I stared down at the painted flowers upon the Meissen plate before me, a pucker of anger upon my forehead; but all the time I felt the great eyes of It full upon me—and hers too. The rays from those four eyes seemed to burn upon my forehead. Suddenly the silence was broken. "Pa-pa!" And again, louder and more confidently, "Pa-pa!"

I started. It was sitting there gazing at me in terror of the storm its word would call down. She had turned scarlet, and her lips trembled. No one but herself could have taught him that "papa." My heart was warm within me—why did I not spring up, and with a word, a touch, cancel for ever those dreary six years? The right word at that moment would have done it, but I was under a spell. I did not say it.

There was no doubt that with young curly-head a new spirit had taken possession, a spirit which made me a stranger in my own house. The rooms were illumined even when the sun without was hidden by clouds. The faces of the servants, even inanimate objects, seemed to reflect it; only I was left untouched.

I became more and more wretched in my solitude. My jealousy grew apace and filled me with mad thoughts. I would oppose the little tyrant--absurd idea! I would set before her the choice between him and me—ah, but which way would her heart have gone? At one time I thought of taking steps to trace the unhappy mother, and to enable her by a gift of money to take back her child. Yet, behind my wife's back, that was too mean.

I could not work—I looked troubled and confused, and when people asked what ailed me I pleaded indisposition. But the sunlight would not be wiped out, and the spirit of love was stronger than I, and drove me forth.

"I must go on a long journey, Martha." My voice trembled as I said the words, and my wife observed it. Something like a tear of pity made her eyes bright.

She held the little one towards me as I was going. "Won't you say good-bye to our child too?" she asked, in a gentle, persuasive tone.

I suppose I took him up too roughly, for he began to cry, and fought against my embrace. I put him down and hurried away. I wandered hither and thither about the world, and to my first companion—ill-humour—another soon joined himself, who informed me straight that I was a fool. I heard it first as a whisper, but the words grew louder and more mocking; what a fool I was! At last I began to read it in the newspapers. I saw it written on the blue mountains; it was borne to me in the shriek of the engine. Yes, yes, I quite believed it—enough! But why did I not turn round at once and go home? Ah, the fool had to work out his folly before all could be set straight.

"HE FOUGHT AGAINST MY EMBRACE."

At last, full of tumultuous feelings, I returned home. A solemn stillness reigned in the house; every sound seemed subdued and mysterious. My wife came towards me, her eyes red with weeping. "It is very ill—

dying!" she sobbed. I tried to calm her, but her fears were only too well founded. Only a short respite of hopeless anxiety! Through the last night we both sat by his cot, one on either side, and each of us held one of the little hands. How the pulses beat and throbbed! Quick, sharp, fever beats; and every beat was an admonition: "Love—love—be good." Together we felt the measure and understood the exhortation. Our eyes met through tears, and the look was as a sacred vow. Words would have been sacrilege. Then we laid It to rest in the warm spring earth.

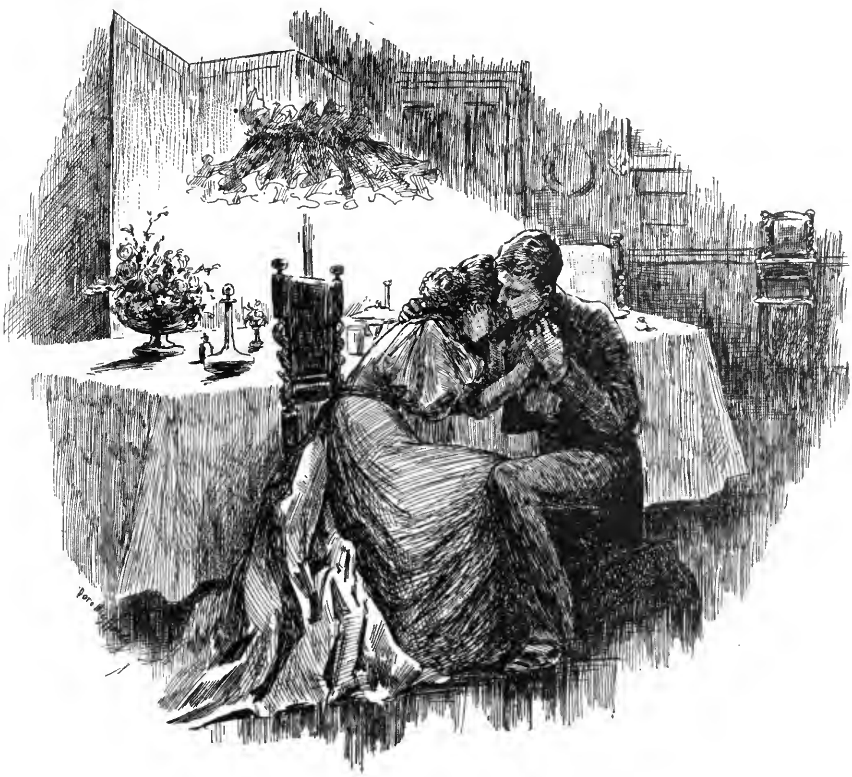
Afterwards, when we sat again at table for the first time, again there was silence between us. But it was another sort of silence to that which the poor little stranger had interrupted with his lisping "pa-pa." His high elbow-chair still stood against the wall, and on the board in front of it lay the spoon-sceptre.

My wife held out her white hand to me across the table. "Did you love It a little, too?" she said, and her voice shook.

"My wife, my own dear wife!" I was at her feet, I held her hands. . . . . .

And then I pointed to the high chair. "It came to teach us love," I whispered.

"And when It had done its work It went back to the angels," she said, crying.



Lord Mayors' Shows—Past and Present.

BY HARRY HOW.

THE LORD MAYOR'S STATE COACH.

BY the time these lines appear in print another Lord Mayor's Show will have been added to a long line of civic pageants, for from the days when Henry Fitz-Alwyn was first appointed by the Crown, in 1189, and continued in office for twenty-four years, London has had no fewer than 516 different Lord Mayors. With but few exceptions, all of these have kept up the time-honoured custom, and presented an appreciative and admiring public with a "Show," or, at any rate, something resembling one.

The Corporation of London has always been famous for its great love of show, and as far back as 1453 the annual civic pageant has been held with unmistakable ceremony and *éclat.* This was Sir John Norman's year, when he proceeded in a barge, with considerable state, to be sworn in at Westminster. Previous to this year it was customary to do the journey on foot by road, or in a boat by the river without any great following, or much attempt at display; but it is due to the memory of Sir John to record the fact that he it was who introduced the ceremony which is not likely to die out, in spite of an annual agitation of which the war-cry is, "Down with the Lord Mayor's Show."

It appears that the first public account of a Lord Mayor's Show was that written by George Peele, on the occasion of the inauguration of Sir Wolstane Dixie, on October 29th, 1585. This little pamphlet consists of only four leaves and cost £20, and it is preserved in the Guildhall Library.

Successive Lord Mayors' Shows sought to vie, the one with the other, as to who could make "the annual" grander and more impressive than that which went before; and amongst these may be mentioned that of Sir Thomas Middleton, in 1613, in particular. It is recorded as being unparalleled in its splendour and artistic aspirations.

In 1616 Sir John Leman, of the Fishmongers' Company, also produced a very striking show; and especially remarkable were the pageants, which were placed on huge trollies, the wheels of which were hidden by drapery and drawn along the streets. Sir John Leman being a member of the Fishmongers' Company, particular prominence was given to the inhabitants of the sea.

In 1698, a magnificent chariot of justice was introduced into the procession. Beneath a canopy, on the top of which were two angels, sat the goddess of all things good and just. The chariot was drawn by two horses got up to represent unicorns, and ridden by negroes.

It was for a long time the custom for the Lord Mayor to ride on horseback in the procession, the last of the equestrian Lord Mayors being, according to one authority, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, in the time of Queen Anne. There has always been considerable speculation as to why the Lord Mayor ceased to accompany the civic procession on horseback. Some chroniclers are of the opinion that it was owing to the fact that a certain Lord Mayor on one occasion lost his equilibrium and was thrown into the mud.

One can hardly imagine a more undignified position than that of a Lord Mayor in the gutter, and it is said that steps were at once taken to prevent the recurrence of such a deplorable accident. At any rate, in the year 1712 a coach was provided for the use of the first magistrate, and the present magnificent conveyance was built in 1757 at a cost of £10,065.

The small column illustrations reproduced in these pages formed a portion of either a programme, menu, or invitation card to the Lord Mayor's Show of 1742. It is a curiosity in its way, and really a very clever bit of engraving, and tends to show that, even after a State carriage had been placed at the disposal of the yearly tenant of the Mansion House, one at least preferred to make the official journey on horseback. Arranged round the four sides of the card is the Lord Mayor's procession, showing his lordship astride a good-looking mare, with his attendant aldermen. The different companies are well to the front with their warders and clerks, the leather-sellers, coopers, salters, etc., all of which are depicted, together with men in armour, the military, to say nothing of the King's trumpeter, with a drummer beating drums, which were carried on a man's back.

The illustration of the view in Cheapside, after J. June, published in 1761, will give a very good idea of what the shows were like a year or two after the great coach was built. Balconies ran alongside the houses, and a remarkable-looking orchestra occupied a position evidently outside a tavern. The coach is in the centre of the picture. It is followed by a noisy crowd, one of whom has upset the wares of an old apple-woman under the very nose of an individual who is evidently—to judge by his stern expression and easy way of taking things—a custodian of the law. Apart from the fact of its being a picture depicting a Lord Mayor's Show of this period, a very excellent idea may be obtained of the various wigs which were in wearing at that time, whilst the reproduction of the fine picture, by W. Millar, of swearing in Alderman Newnham at the Guildhall, in 1782, conveys an admirable impression of civic costume in the 18th century.

No less interesting are the contemporary illustrations, published as reminiscences of the Show of 1784, depicting the procession by water and the cavalcade by land. It is not possible to judge what particular part of the river the procession is at this moment passing, or from which wharf or disused piece of land the salvos of artillery are booming forth to greet the new Lord Mayor; but the spot at which the Show is passing by land can easily be localized as Ludgate Hill. There are no crowds, save at the windows. Mr. Blades, Messrs. Richardson and Goodridge, Mr. Rich, the pastry-cook, and Mr. Griffin, the colourman, have shut up their shops, and turned the windows of the first floor into admirable private boxes, in order that the Lord Mayor and his retinue may be the more easily viewed by their respective admiring families.

Hogarth has left on record probably one of the best notions of the annual civic pageant of a bygone period. The

THE CHARIOT OF JUSTICE, 1698.

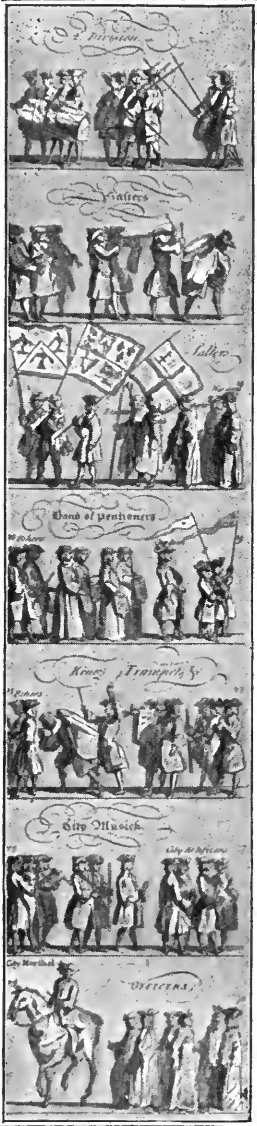


illustration given is one of the series of "The Industrious and Idle Apprentice," a picture too well known to call for any detailed account; but it is worthy of note that the locality chosen by this very faithful, though grotesque, painter is the west end of Cheapside, and that the balcony projecting from the house at the end of Paternoster Row provides accommodation for Frederick Prince of Wales and the Princess Augusta.

Coming down to the present century, the Lord Mayor's Show of 1827 had in it two colossal figures, representing the well-known statues of Gog and Magog. These giants were constructed of wicker-work, gaily attired in the costume of their prototypes, and similarly armed. A man was placed inside each giant, bearing the wicker-work upon him as he struggled along. The giants were 14ft. high, and their heads were level with the first-floor windows throughout the line of route, and doubtless they came in for the customary amount of chaff and chucking under the chins on the part of the delighted spectators. The *Times* of the following day, in its account of the Show, remarks: "They were extremely well contrived, and appeared to call forth more admiration and applause than fell to the share of any of the other personages who formed part of the procession. Whatever some fastidious critics may say as to taste and refinement in the present day, we think the appearance of these figures argues well for the future conduct of the new Lord Mayor, and some of his other brother magistrates would, we make no doubt, be well content if, in the whole course, or at the close of their official career, they could come in for a little of the plaudits which were yesterday bestowed on the two representatives of Gog and Magog."

The illustrations showing the Lord Mayor's Shows of 1847, by T. H. Nicholson, and 1844, by David Robert, R.A., together with the companion picture by the same artist of the State barge at Westminster, are sufficiently graphic without any descriptive account.

It will be noticed, however, in many of the pictures reproduced, that men in armour occupy a prominent position. These somewhat heavily, not to say uncomfortably, clothed individuals appear to have been in high favour with the corporation, and it must certainly be admitted that they always present an air of originality, notwithstanding the fact that they have taken part in the Show for some centuries back. The

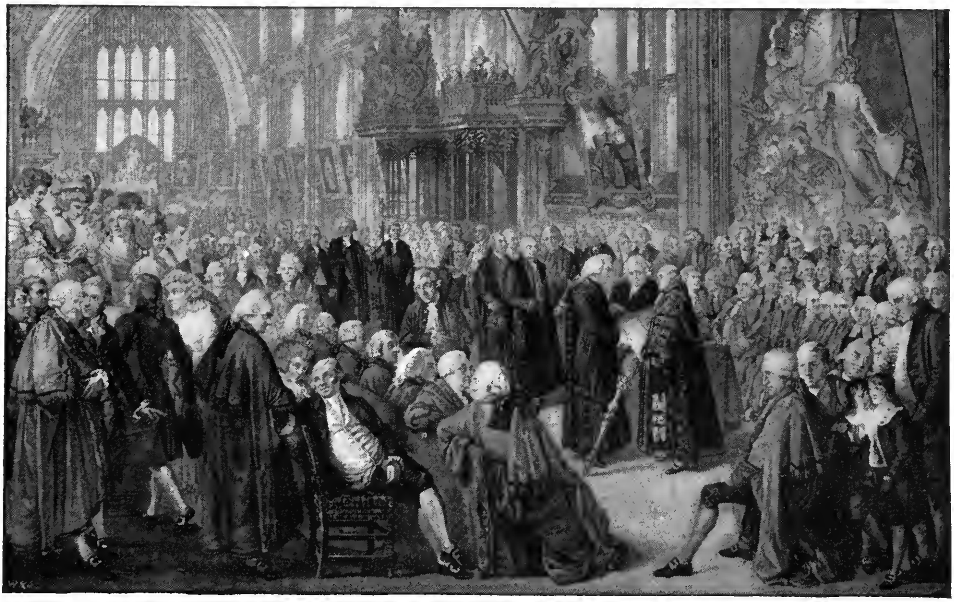
THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW OF 1742.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.
From the "Industrious and Idle Apprentice," after Hogarth.

allegorical cars also have always been found in the civic procession, and as a rule have been depictive of the particular companies of which the Lord Mayor for the time being is a member. They are frequently very beautiful in design, though it is to be feared that the human figures which assist in decorating the cars by their personal presence along the whole line of route often suffer severely if the 9th of November prove to be a wet, or even a foggy, day.

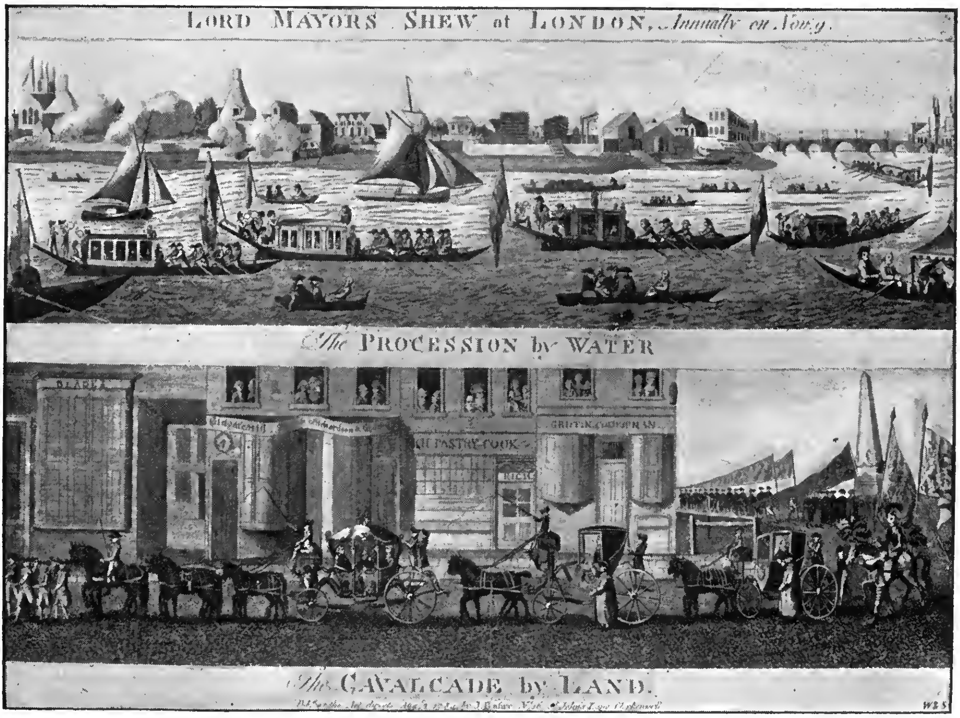
Some twenty years ago elephants were introduced into the procession, and it must be chronicled that, although their attendants had black faces, their dusky appearance was even less than skin deep. The writer

From a Painting by] THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW, 1761. [*J. June.*



From a Painting by] SWEARING IN ALDERMAN NEWNHAM AT THE GUILDHALL, 1782. [*W. Millar.*

remembers one poor little fellow perched on an elephant. His face was blackened, and he was very nervous, and held on to the great animal with both hands. It was a bitterly cold day, and the little boy had a very bad cold. His nose gave him considerable trouble—he was unable to give it the attention it demanded, for fear of tumbling off. The result was that all the black from the lower part of his face was obliterated.



THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW, 1784.

From a Painting by] THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW OF 1844. [*David Robert, R.A.*

This caused the lad to appear as miserable as he unquestionably looked ridiculous.

The cost of the present-day Lord Mayor's Show is about £2,000, whilst the banquet, which, after all, is the great event of "the 9th," must cost at least between £2,000 and £3,000, one half of the amount being contributed by the Lord Mayor, and the other half divided between the two sheriffs.

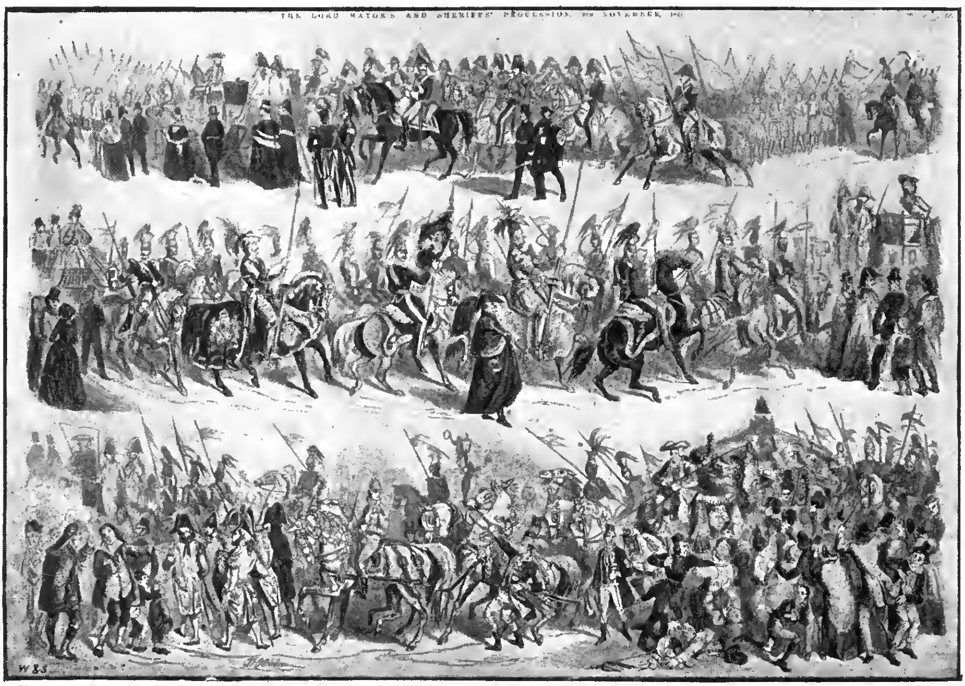
Originally the Lord Mayors' feasts were kept at the Merchant Taylors' and the Grocers' Halls; but when the kitchens and other offices were added to the Guildhall, they were utilized for the purpose of these

From a Painting by] THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW OF 1844. [*David Robert, R.A.*

VIEW OF LORD MAYOR'S SHOW FROM ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

annual sumptuous "spreads." Sir John Shaw's mayoralty banquet was held there in 1501, and it is on record that he was the first who kept his feast there.

On Lord Mayor's Day something like 800 to 1,000 people sit down at the heavily-laden tables at the principal seat of the Corporation of London. For days before the feast and for days afterwards the odour of cooking permeates the atmosphere, and no wonder, for something like 400 quarts of turtle soup, 140 dishes of game, 85 turkeys, 36 hams, 160 lobster salads, 400 chickens and capons, 600 meat pies, 120 quart jellies, and 200 dishes of pastry will have been prepared; whilst the strength of the side-board will be tested to its utmost capacity by two great barons of beef, each weighing over 150lb. It is a pleasure to record the fact that all that remains of this magnificent banquet is distributed the next morning amongst the poor who may be the fortunate possessors of tickets entitling them to partake of their share of the Lord Mayor's banquet.



From a Drawing by] THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW, 1847. [*T. H. Nicholson.*

By J. L. Hornibrook.

WHEN the Cape steamer *Iris* was run down in the Channel, on a dark, blustering winter's night, the news of the collision created a profound sensation in the shipping world: not because the disaster resulted in any great loss of life, but that it was brought about by a singular error of judgment on the part of the commander, Captain Cronhelm. This one fatal mistake in his hitherto successful career—for, though still a young man, he was looked upon as one of the most skilful navigators of the day—would have been enough to blast his reputation had he lived to appear before a court of inquiry. But he did not survive the disaster; he disappeared from the bridge immediately after the *Iris* was struck, and was never seen again. The following story, extraordinary as it will doubtless appear, may afford some clue to the mystery, and help to clear his name from the slur cast upon it.

At the time of the collision, the *Iris* was homeward-bound from South Africa, having left Cape Town on the same day, and almost at the same hour, as the *Dalhousie*, of the Albion line. The vessels were pretty evenly matched as regards speed, and as it was an open secret that their steaming powers would be put to the test on this occasion, an exciting contest was anticipated. The two ships kept well together as far as the Canaries. The *Dalhousie* touched at Teneriffe, the *Iris* at Madeira. By a strange chance, they came abreast again off Cape Finisterre, and from thence it was a sort of neck-to-neck race for Southampton.

As they drew up towards the English coast, the *Dalhousie* forged ahead, and maintained her lead. It came on a wild night, pitchy dark, with heavy showers of sleet, and frequent flashes of lightning. After a time, the Albion liner signalled that she was about to alter her course, by passing from the port to the starboard side of the *Iris*. Captain Cronhelm immediately had his helm starboarded so as to bring his vessel out of a direct line with the other while she crossed his bows. Soon after this change of position was effected, the look-out on board the *Iris* reported a large sailing ship bearing down upon their port bow.

It ought to have been a comparatively easy matter to steer clear of her. Captain Cronhelm should have slowed down his engines until she had passed, or put his helm hard a-starboard, so as to get round under her stern. But, by some strange fatality, he held on his course until it was too late to avert the collision. The sailing ship—which proved to be the *Crusader*, of Cardiff—crashed into the steamer's forequarter, killing two of her crew, and injuring others.

One very singular circumstance—which,

even amidst that appalling scene of darkness, terror, and confusion, did not escape notice—was the fact that Captain Cronhelm, a man noted for his coolness and presence of mind in the face of danger, should have lost his head so completely as to be utterly incapable of taking any steps to insure the safety of his passengers. When, as already stated, he disappeared from the bridge, the first officer, Mr. Eastlake, took command, and not only prevented an overcrowding of the boats, but succeeded in getting them clear of the ship before she sank. The boats were speedily picked up by the *Crusader*, and their occupants subsequently transferred to the *Dalhousie*, that vessel having put back to render assistance. All the passengers, as far as could be ascertained, were rescued, but eight of the crew, including the captain, were reported "missing."

The day following, I was sent off to the scene of the disaster, and went down to examine the sunken vessel. When I reached the bottom, and stood gazing up at the great, black hull towering above me, I couldn't help wondering what had occasioned the terrible blunder which sent this magnificent ship to her doom. The secret, whatever it might have been, was known only to the commander himself, and had perished with him. So, at least, I thought at the time.

Judging by the size of the gaping hole in her side, the *Iris* must have been struck with tremendous force. I climbed through the opening to examine the interior, and found she had been cut right across to the starboard bulwarks. I clambered up on deck, and there, entangled in a mass of wreckage, discovered the mangled bodies of the two seamen who were killed at the time of the collision.

With much difficulty I made my way aft, over the torn and shattered decks. I was anxious, if possible, to ascertain the fate of Captain Cronhelm. Perhaps the finding of his body might in some manner account for his sudden disappearance. I felt convinced he was not the man to desert his post in the moment of danger, unless it was absolutely out of his power to remain there.

Most of the deck-houses had been battered down, but one of them, close to the bridge, was still standing. From its position, I concluded it was the chart-room. As I held my lamp forward and glanced inside, I saw the figure of a man stretched full length upon the floor. It was the captain.

He was lying, face downwards, under the broken table, his head resting upon his arms, just as if he had fallen forward and made no effort either to regain his feet or struggle against the inrushing water. I bent down, pushed aside the table, and turned the dead man over on his back.

"IT WAS THE CAPTAIN."

Good heavens! what impulse led me to touch him? The sight was enough to send me staggering back from his side. The features were swollen and distorted; the staring, bloodshot eyes still wore a look of the most intense horror and dismay, and there was a strange leaden hue in the face for which I could not account. Down the left cheek I noticed a zig-zag mark, as if the flesh had been seared with a hot iron. There was also an ugly wound in the forehead, which must have been caused by a fall.

What was the meaning of all this? Could it have resulted solely from the accident to the ship? No! That awful look in the dead man's eyes was due to some other cause. I was so shaken by the sight that I hastened to ascend, for I felt as if I could not remain down there any longer.

I returned on shore to make my report and await further instructions. That evening, as I sat in my room thinking the whole matter over, I was told that a gentleman had called, and wished to speak to me. When he was shown in, and I found him a complete stranger, I was rather at a loss to understand the motive of his visit.

"Can I have a few words with you?" he said, hastily. "I am Doctor Hamilton, the late surgeon of the *Iris*."

I noticed he was uneasy and preoccupied, and there was a troubled look in his eyes, as if he had something upon his mind that perplexed him.

"I heard you had been down to examine the ship," he went on, after a pause, taking a seat opposite me. "Might I ask if you came across the body of the captain?"

"Yes," I answered, wondering what was his reason for putting the question. "I was told to search for it, and——"

"Where did you find it?" he interrupted, quickly.

"In the chart-room. From the position of the body, I should say the captain was rendered insensible by a fall, just before the vessel went down."

"And the face—the face?" he cried, half rising from his seat.

"It was swollen and discoloured—almost black, in fact; the eyes wide open, and suffused with blood. There was a deep wound in the forehead, and a strange scar on the left cheek."

"Good heavens!" he muttered, sinking back in his chair, as if overcome by emotion of some sort.

I looked at him in amazement. His face was white, his hands trembled, and he appeared strangely agitated. "Can it be possible," I thought, "that he holds the clue to this mystery?" I waited anxiously for him to proceed.

"It was a sad affair altogether," he said, after a minute or two of silence, and I could see it cost him an effort to shake off his agitation. "There has been much comment upon the fact that the two steamers were engaged in a trial of speed, and a good deal of talk about 'reckless steaming.' Some have gone so far as to say that Captain Cronhelm was under the influence of drink at the time of the collision, but I have no hesitation in branding *that* as a falsehood. Though the facts are so strongly against him, I have reason to believe he could not be held responsible for the disaster."

"I have no wish to judge him," I replied; "but the general impression seems to be that he committed a grave blunder. I am inclined to think he would have found it difficult to clear himself had he lived."

"I am not so sure about that," the doctor said, thoughtfully. "Even as it is, if there were any means of sustaining my theory, I would not hesitate in making it public. Though it might cause a vast sensation, I am convinced the captain's conduct would be viewed in a very different light. But the facts upon which I base my belief are known only to myself and—well, there is one other, but I doubt whether *she* would come forward on his behalf."

He stood up, and took a few turns across the room, evidently much perplexed as to what course he should adopt. I saw he had some strange story to tell.

"Besides," he continued, dropping into his seat again, "if Captain Cronhelm himself could be consulted, he might wish me to maintain silence, preferring that a stigma should attach to his name, rather than have the secret of his life laid bare. Perhaps I am wrong in taking this view; at any rate, when you have heard the story, you will be in a better position to judge as to whether I am justified in withholding it.

"We left Cape Town," he began, "on Thursday afternoon, 23rd November, about an hour or so after the *Dalhousie* had sailed. Despite the time of year, we had a fair number of passengers, and the contest with the other steamer aroused much interest on board. The captain himself entered keenly into the spirit of the race, for he had all a sailor's pride in his vessel. Still, no one felt the least uneasiness

as to the likelihood of any accident resulting from the proximity of the ships. Our commander, as I daresay you know, was renowned not alone for his skill, but for the extreme care he exercised on all occasions. He was the sort of man, too, to inspire a feeling of security even in the mind of the most timid and nervous passenger.

"It often struck me as strange that, though I had been with Captain Cronhelm nearly two years, I never met anyone who appeared upon intimate terms with him, or who had known him in his younger days. He never referred to the past himself, nor alluded to his relatives, if he had any. In fact, we knew absolutely nothing of his life outside our associations on board ship. At times he was subject to sudden strange fits of despondency—without any apparent cause—during which no one dared venture to disturb him, except in case of urgent necessity. In spite of all this, he was a man of high feeling, a thorough gentleman, and immensely popular. I have known people put off their return to England for a month or more, in order to secure a passage in his ship.

"Another strange fact about him was this: I had sailed with him for more than a year before I discovered that at one time he must have possessed a violent and ungovernable temper, so completely had he mastered it and kept it under control. Only once, in my experience of him, did his latent passion burst through restraint, and I shall never forget that scene. An able-bodied seaman was reported for refusing duty, and when brought before the commander, tried to brave the thing out by assuming an insolent demeanour. On being questioned, the fellow made some flippant reply, which I didn't quite catch. In an instant, without the slightest warning, the captain's features grew perfectly livid, the muscles of his face twitched horribly, and, in the first impulse of rage, he stretched the man at his feet, stunned and bleeding. But, as he turned from the spot, that sudden blaze of anger vanished from his face almost as quickly as it had come, and gave place to a look of profound and painful regret. He asked me, rather hurriedly, to ascertain if the man was much injured, and retired to his own cabin. Half an hour later, when I tapped at his door, I was startled by hearing a sound inside as of someone in pain. I opened the door gently, glanced around, and then hastily withdrew. Would you believe it? Captain Cronhelm was seated at the table, his head buried in his arms, positively groaning with anguish."

"A strange sort of man he must have been," I ventured to remark.

"I couldn't well understand it at the time," Dr. Hamilton replied, "but what transpired on our last voyage rather opened my eyes. We quickly overhauled the *Dalhousie*, and made a good run up to the Canaries, neither of the ships having gained much advantage so far. We touched, as you know, at Madeira, where we picked up a few extra passengers. Amongst the rest there were two ladies, for whom a special state-room had been reserved.

"I happened to be standing on deck when they came on board. I don't know how it was, but, from the very first moment, one of these ladies—the younger of the two—aroused my interest to such an extent that instinctively my eyes followed them until they disappeared from sight. This was the more singular, as I was totally unable to discern her features—for she wore a heavy veil; but there was something strikingly graceful and elegant in her tall figure that could not fail to attract attention. They went straight to their state-room, and did not appear in the saloon, as it seems they had stipulated for the utmost privacy.

"There is little doubt that, on an ordinary occasion, their presence on board under the circumstances would have caused some degree of sensation, but just then the general interest was wholly centered in the race with the *Dalhousie*, which served to draw off attention from the new arrivals. That same evening, after dark, I saw these two passengers come on deck, and—as I had already noticed—the younger lady appeared to lean rather helplessly upon the arm of her companion, and walked in an uncertain and hesitating sort of way, that somehow awakened in me a strange sense of pity, though I couldn't assign any cause for it. My interest in them led me to hunt up the purser, as I thought it likely he might be able to afford me some information. He told me they were described on the passenger list as *Mrs. and Miss MacKinlay.* That was all he knew; but our agent at Madeira had particularly requested him to see that their desire for seclusion was strictly respected.

"The following morning I noticed the elder lady on deck. She was alone. I observed her with some curiosity, feeling convinced there was a secret between those two women, which both guarded closely. Her appearance was in no way remarkable; in

"SHE WORE A HEAVY VEIL."

spite of her white hair, she seemed scarcely past middle age, but there was a sad and subdued look in her face, as of one accustomed to behold and sorrow over the suffering of others. I remarked that she paused frequently in her slow walk, passed her hand over her eyes, and stood for a few seconds gazing wistfully out to sea.

"While my attention was still directed upon her, Captain Cronhelm descended from the bridge, and walked aft. The moment the lady's eyes rested upon him, I saw her start, turn round hastily, and gaze after him in a half-frightened kind of way. It was plain that she had recognised him—but with a certain degree of uneasiness, almost amounting to dread. She left the deck hurriedly, and as she brushed past me I could see by her look that she was startled and agitated.

"As to the captain himself, he had not even glanced in her direction, and appeared wholly unconscious of having attracted her notice. I can't tell why, but I felt as if that sudden recognition—casual as it seemed—would, sooner or later, bring to light the secret which these women took such pains to conceal. Whatever it was, there could be little doubt that Captain Cronhelm was in some way connected with it. And yet it seemed by the merest chance that these three had been drawn together.

"Did you ever notice that people who have the strongest faith in presentiments are very frequently devoid of the slightest sense of danger, when it is actually impending? Such was the case with Captain Cronhelm. Like most sailors, he was inclined to be a bit superstitious, professed a belief in omens, and used to say if any accident ever befell his ship, he would certainly have a premonition of the coming disaster. And yet I don't think I ever saw him in such high spirits as on that particular day. To watch him chatting and laughing with the passengers, one would be led almost to believe that his sole care lay in the question as to whether or not the *Iris* would reach Southampton ahead of her rival.

"That evening we had a sort of impromptu concert in the saloon, and the decks were pretty well deserted in consequence. The captain, who went on the bridge immediately after dinner, had not yet returned; but though

the company eagerly awaited his presence, there was no lack of enjoyment for all that. About half-past eight I had occasion to visit one of the crew, whose hand had got badly crushed in a steam winch. I came back along the upper deck, and though the night was cold, loitered about a bit before descending to the saloon.

"Suddenly I became aware that I was not the only occupant of the deck. Through the open space between the deck-houses I saw two figures come into view straight opposite to where I was standing. They paused right before me, and I had little difficulty in recognising them as Mrs. MacKinlay and her niece (for that, I discovered, was their relationship). They seemed to be talking very earnestly, but just then a loud burst of music from the saloon completely drowned their voices. I noticed, however, that the younger lady appeared, by her animated gestures, to insist upon something which her companion strenuously opposed.

"While they were still engaged in the discussion, I heard footsteps approaching the spot where they stood. Miss MacKinlay laid her hand upon her aunt's arm, as if to impose silence, and seemed to listen intently. Then, in a voice of intense emotion, she said :—

"'Yes—he is coming—I know his step—lead me to him.'

"Her companion obeyed, but with evident reluctance, and both moved forward out of sight. You can imagine my feelings at the moment: prompted by an irresistible curiosity, I advanced around the intervening deck-house, and saw Captain Cronhelm returning from the bridge. It was *he*, then, whose step Miss MacKinlay had recognised.

"Standing rather in the background, I watched the two women approach the captain. As they drew near, he stepped politely to one side to allow them to pass. But, much to his surprise no doubt, instead of proceeding on their way, they stood still within a yard or so of him, in the full glare of the light from a window of the adjoining deck-house. Then I noticed that the tall lady still wore her thick veil.

"For some seconds the three remained silent and motionless. I stood looking on with rapt attention; to me, at least, there was something almost painful in this suspense. The strains of music from the saloon, and the occasional bursts of applause, seemed to jar upon me. I felt as if the hush of awe would more befit the scene before me.

"Miss MacKinlay suddenly raised her hand, and the next moment her veil had disappeared. Good heavens! What a shock that sight gave me! Her face was frightfully scarred and seamed, as if it had been scathed by lightning, and her eyes were nothing but mere white, staring balls. I understood now the cause of that peculiarity in her walk. She was blind.

"'Captain Cronhelm,' she said, in a clear, steady voice, from which all trace of emotion seemed to have fled, 'it is, perhaps, only just that you should

"WHAT A SHOCK THAT SIGHT GAVE ME!"

be destined to gaze upon the havoc your hand has wrought; and that these lips, which have never since parted in a smile, should pronounce the judgment that will fall upon you. Look at this scarred and disfigured face: yours shall be the same. Look at these blasted, sightless eyes: yours shall be the same. You can never know the

long days and nights of agony *I* endured: but *your* suffering, though brief; shall be terrible, for in it you will lose your name, your life, and your ship.'"

Dr. Hamilton paused, and wiped his forehead with a trembling hand. He asked me if I could get him a glass of water. I went to fetch it, and, when he had gulped it down, he resumed:—

"To my dying day I shall never forget those burning words—they seemed to fall from her lips almost unconsciously, as if she was under the spell of some prophetic power. Her utterances, too, did not betray either anger or enmity: tears, reproaches, bitterness, resentment, and wrath were all things of the past. Time might have taken the sting from her sorrow, but it left the certainty that a day of retribution would come sooner or later.

"When she ceased to speak, she turned slowly away, and with infinite sadness stretched out her arms in search of her companion, who had stood with her handkerchief to her face, sobbing bitterly. Silently they moved from the spot, and disappeared into the darkness. As to Captain Cronhelm, he remained in the same attitude—one hand clutching the taffrail, the other clenched by his side, while his body was thrown slightly back, as if the sight of that face had made him recoil in horror. During the whole interview he had never uttered a word, or allowed a sign of emotion to escape him. And yet what anguish he must have endured at that moment!

"For a minute or more he stood there like one rooted to the spot. Then his head dropped upon his breast, as if gloom and despair had settled upon his spirit, and he walked towards his cabin with a deeply dejected air. A sudden movement on my part attracted his attention for a moment, but he passed on without stopping. He was seen no more that night.

"I had little fancy, as you may imagine, for joining in the gaieties of the saloon, after the scene I had just witnessed. I paced the deck hurriedly to try and shake off the gloomy and distressing thoughts that oppressed me. But it was no use; everywhere I turned, that marred and blighted visage seemed to rise before me with painful persistency. Those few significant words—'*the havoc your hand has wrought*'—surged through my brain, and vainly I endeavoured to extract their meaning. Strive as I might, no satisfactory interpretation presented itself to my mind.

"When I encountered Captain Cronhelm next morning, I noticed a marked change in his manner and appearance. His face had a careworn look, as if anguish or remorse had preyed upon his mind during the long hours of a sleepless night. The expression of his eyes shocked me: it was that of a man utterly hopeless as to the future, impressed with a sense of impending calamity which he is powerless to avert. He spoke in a constrained and listless sort of way, and to the many inquiries regarding his health, simply replied by saying, 'I have had a bad night; nothing more.'

"He remained on the bridge for several hours at a stretch, pacing restlessly from end to end. He had always maintained the strictest discipline on board his ship, but that day he strained it to actual harshness. It was easy to tell by the surprised looks of officers and crew they noticed something was amiss. More than once I heard the covert whisper, 'What's wrong with the skipper?' Which was generally answered by a silent shake of the head.

"This state of things continued until yesterday evening, when just as the daylight began to fade, we caught the first glimpse of the English coast. The sky had worn a threatening look all day; it was bitterly cold, and the glass fell rapidly. We came in for a few ugly squalls during the afternoon, that sent the water hissing on deck.

"Between eight and nine o'clock, the clouds seemed to gather and coalesce until they hung overhead like an immense black curtain. Presently, out of this inky blackness, the lightning shot; the crash and rumble of the thunder striking terror to the hearts of the timid. I put on a warm coat and went on deck, for a scene of this kind always had a strange sort of fascination for me.

"Very soon the sharp, cutting showers of sleet drove me to seek shelter under the lee of the deck-houses. Standing there, I could see Captain Cronhelm's dark figure upon the bridge, as he passed slowly from side to side. Every flash of lightning seemed to play around his tall form in a way that made me shudder. It was a positive relief when darkness again supervened, and I saw him resume his walk.

"At this time the *Dalhousie* was about a mile or so ahead. For some reason, her commander desired to alter his course, and, in case of any miscalculation, signalled his intention of taking the starboard side. She crossed our bows in an oblique line, Captain Cronhelm starboarding his helm until she had

passed. Not long after this I saw the lights of the *Crusader* upon our port bow, but on account of the intense darkness and mist it was almost impossible to estimate her distance.

"It is my firm conviction that our commander not only was aware of her proximity, but had decided what measures it was necessary to take in order to avoid her. Just at this moment an intensely vivid flash rent the air, of such dazzling brilliancy that involuntarily I clapped my hand over my eyes. Almost instantaneously a cry so awful, so unearthly, that I could scarcely bring myself to believe it had proceeded from a human being, smote upon my ears. Looking up, I saw Captain Cronhelm stagger back against the rails of the bridge, his left hand clasped

"I SAW CAPTAIN CRONHELM STAGGER BACK."

over his face, while he swung his right arm high in the air. The few others who beheld that sight are firmly convinced his sudden cry and wild actions were due to the fact that the lightning flash revealed to him the dangerous proximity of the sailing ship, and he saw a collision was inevitable. I alone hold a different view: I think, even then, it would have been possible to avert the disaster, and am persuaded the blame cannot justly be laid upon the commander."

"You believe, then——"

"I believe," said Dr. Hamilton, decisively, "from the moment he uttered that terrible cry, Captain Cronhelm was stone blind!"

"Good heavens!" I cried, with a sort of chill running through me at the remembrance of the dead man's face. "It was just what that woman predicted!"

"Yes," the doctor replied, in a grave, sad kind of way, "there is no doubt upon my mind that the captain was not only blinded, but dazed—probably stunned—by the lightning flash. Call it chance, coincidence, or one of those mysterious dispensations for which neither you nor I can account, but every word of that terrible denunciation seems to have been fulfilled to the very letter. No wonder the man upon whom such a judgment had been pronounced should have uttered that appalling cry when the blow fell upon him! It would have been a mercy if it had killed him outright."

The doctor let his head fall upon his hand, and sat gazing moodily into the fire. As for me, my mind was so full of the strange story to which I had just listened that I scarcely heeded his presence. My thoughts were away with the dead man still lying in the chart-room of the sunken vessel. I understood now the cause of his seeming blunder; what I had myself seen and heard convinced me he had been the victim of a calamity, which, if it could be proved, would have exonerated him from blame. Was it merely an accident, or what had brought down such an awful judgment upon him?

"It almost seems a miracle that the disaster did not result in a frightful loss of life," I said, after a long pause. "The *Crusader*, too, must have been terribly battered about the bows; I wonder they managed to keep her afloat."

"The captain of the *Dalhousie* sent out tugs to her assistance the moment we reached Southampton," the doctor replied. "I believe they got her safely into port. Had the collision occurred a few

hours later, when our passengers had retired to their berths, probably the greater number of them would have gone down with the ship. As it was, we had barely time to get clear of her before she sank. Only for the way Eastlake and the other officers kept their heads, there would certainly have been a panic, and a mad scramble for the boats."

"Were those two ladies rescued?"

"Yes. When the *Iris* was struck, my first thought was for their safety, and I dashed down to their state-room. You will scarcely believe it, but I found Mrs. MacKinlay vainly endeavouring to drag her companion on deck. The niece, who appeared strangely excited, positively refused to leave the ship. I told her the vessel was sinking; I pointed out that every moment was precious, and implored her to accompany us, but she would not stir. Fortunately one of the stewards came running past, and I called him to my assistance. We had actually to carry her up between us, but her strength suddenly gave way, and she fainted in our arms. I placed her in the same boat with her aunt. I have seen nothing of them since, though the second officer told me the boat was picked up all right. At any rate, I had fulfilled a promise made to Captain Cronhelm."

"He spoke to you about them, then?"

"He did. Only that very morning he called me into his cabin, and we had a long talk together. I think he must have been aware that I was present when he encountered the two ladies that night on deck, or else he felt the necessity of confiding in some one of his officers. He asked me, in the event of any accident to the ship, to go at once to their state-room, and do all in my power to render them assistance. I pledged my word to this effect, little dreaming at the time that I would be called upon to fulfil my promise before the day was out."

"Did he tell you who the ladies were, or how he came to be connected with them?"

"It is, perhaps, hardly fair to divulge his secret, but as you know so much already, I may as well repeat the rest, especially as he did not bind me to secrecy in any way. He spoke of a very tragic and melancholy occurrence that happened many years ago, and which had laid heavily upon his mind ever since. It was a sad story, known only to a few, who had good reasons for keeping it to themselves. Briefly, it was this:—

"Most people who knew him were unaware of the fact that at one time Captain Cronhelm was a lieutenant in the Royal Navy. The last ship in which he served was on the Australian Station. They had been out there nearly three years, and were daily expecting to be ordered home. It was just then the event occurred which blighted his career in the Navy, and left a lasting gloom upon his life. Though it was brought about solely by his own passionate temper, yet I cannot help feeling a certain amount of pity for him, knowing how bitterly he has expiated his fault.

"Some months before, he became acquainted with a Miss Mowbray, the daughter of a celebrated Melbourne physician. He met her at an afternoon entertainment on board his ship, where her name was in everybody's mouth. She was very young—only just come out, in fact—but her beauty had already caused somewhat of a sensation. She was quite the rage in Melbourne society at the time. Just think of it! That lady, 'the beautiful Miss Mowbray' as she was called, the girl so much admired, so much sought after, now strives to conceal her disfigured face, and hide her identity and misfortunes under her aunt's name. She is known as Miss MacKinlay—the one of whom we have just been speaking.

"There are some men who never strive so earnestly and recklessly to attain their object as when it seems beyond their reach, or when they have to contend against others. Without opposition, the pursuit would be robbed of half its attraction. Captain Cronhelm, in his younger days, must have been a man of this kind. To see this beautiful girl surrounded by admirers, to observe how they laboured and schemed to win her regard, was enough to fill him with a wild desire to outstrip them all, and carry off the prize. He set himself to accomplish this end; he seized every opportunity of seeing her; the admiration which she had first excited in him soon changed to a deeper feeling, and he loved her with all the force of his passionate nature. She did not remain long insensible to his devotion; little by little she gave way, and surrendered her heart to him. They became secretly engaged.

"Now that he had succeeded even beyond his expectations, one would have thought he ought to be supremely happy. But it was not so. His messmates spoke of him as a 'lucky fellow,' and he had to take their banter in good part. No one suspected what was raging in his mind, destroying his peace, robbing him of happiness, and inflicting

incessant torment. It was jealousy: blind, insatiable, cruel jealousy!

"He begrudged every smile Miss Mowbray bestowed upon another; if she was out of his sight, he was tortured with the idea that someone else was usurping his place at her side. To stand by and watch her dance with one of his brother officers was more than he could endure. He wished her to refrain from the amusement altogether, and when she raised objections, he reproached her in bitter terms. The poor girl was wretched; she couldn't understand his violent hatred to every man who paid her the least attention, and many a pang his unjust suspicions must have cost her. They rarely met without a quarrel of some sort—ending in tears on her part, and in entreaties for forgiveness on his.

"One night there was a large ball at her father's house. Captain Cronhelm, of course, was invited; but it so happened, owing to the absence of other officers on leave, duty compelled him to remain on the ship. As you may imagine, this was a sore trial and disappointment to him. As he paced the deck that night, chafing under the restraint, his thoughts kept wandering away to the ball-room. It was easy for him to picture the brilliant scene, but that was not enough. If he could only peep in, and see how *she* was occupied! Sometimes he thought of her sitting alone, sad and pensive, his absence making the room appear a blank to her. Then he saw her whirling around through the dance, laughing and chatting to her partner, without allowing a single regret to mar her enjoyment.

"Harassed by these distracting thoughts, he determined to ascertain the truth at all costs. It was a serious matter for him to leave the ship, but he would take the risk. He need not be away more than half an hour; he would just steal up to the house, peep in through one of the windows of the ball-room, and return immediately. If he were careful, there was little chance of his absence being detected. And, to heighten the temptation, there was a small boat lying alongside in which he could row ashore.

"He stole away from the ship without attracting notice, and reached the shore in safety. So far all had gone well. Dr. Mowbray's house was not more than five minutes' walk from the beach. It was a detached building, surrounded by neatly-trimmed grass plots, shrubs, and flower-beds. Captain Cronhelm had no difficulty in making his way through the grounds; the darkness of the night favoured his design, and he took care to avoid the stray couples who were strolling about in the open air.

"The ball-room windows were wide open. He did not approach too near, but stood in the background, partly concealed behind a shrub. In this position he had a good view of the dancers, as couple after couple went whirling past. He had not long to wait. Presently Miss Mowbray came round, dancing with a tall, handsome young fellow, with whom she seemed upon very friendly terms. Suddenly she paused, with a gesture of fatigue, and they drew aside towards the window. They stood there a minute or so, talking in an easy and familiar manner. The sight aroused the demon of jealousy in the heart of the man outside.

"They left the room together before the dance was concluded. Captain Cronhelm hastened round to the front entrance. He saw them cross the hall, and disappear through a door at the opposite side. Without a moment's hesitation, he followed. I really believe the man was not responsible for his actions just then.

"I can only give you a very brief account of the subsequent scene. It was too painful a subject for Captain Cronhelm to dwell upon, and I never saw anyone suffer such intense anguish as he did, when he came to this part of his story. He nearly broke down more than once.

"I gathered from what he said that he found himself in Dr. Mowbray's consulting-room. The young lady and her companion were busily engaged in examining some sketches that lay on a side-table. They both started as he entered; and no wonder—the look in his face must have been enough to frighten them. Without giving the girl time to utter a word, he poured forth a torrent of reproaches, bitterly upbraiding her with having deceived him. He remembered afterwards that she used the words 'cruel' and 'unjust,' but he paid little heed to them at the time.

"In the midst of this stormy scene, Miss Mowbray's companion turned to her and said:—

"'Who is this fellow, Ethel?—will you allow me to pitch him out of doors?'

"If Captain Cronhelm retained any remnant of reason at that moment, it was swept away by those words. Mad with rage and jealousy, he seized the first object that came to his hand. It was a bottle, which stood on a table near him, and as he snatched it up to hurl at the man before him, Miss Mowbray sprang

"IT STRUCK HER FULL IN THE FACE!"

forward with a cry of terror. She was too late! The missile was thrown, and—oh, heavens!—it struck her full in the face! Her screams of agony rang through the house, for the bottle had contained sulphuric acid!

"The only thought in Captain Cronhelm's mind, when he saw what he had done, was to destroy himself. He sprang through the open window, and rushing towards the beach flung himself into the tide. The splash was heard by the occupants of a passing boat, who hurried to the spot, and tried to drag him out of the water. He fought against them like a maniac, he implored them to let him drown, and not until he was thoroughly exhausted did they succeed in getting him on board. They took him back to his ship, and for weeks he was laid down with brain fever.

"When he recovered consciousness, the vessel was on her way back to England. He lost his commission, and for a whole year lived like a hermit in a little seaside village. He told me he was often tempted to blot out the past by hurling himself over the cliffs. At last he made up his mind to go to sea again, and an old friend of his father's got him appointed to one of the Cape steamers."

"Did he ever hear of Miss Mowbray from the time he left Australia until they met on board the *Iris?*"

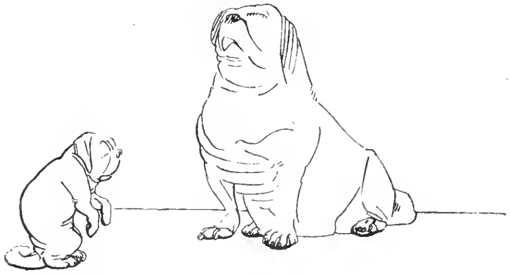
"I believe he did. It came round to him in some way that she had sailed for England after her father's death. He also learnt that the man whose presence led to the catastrophe was her cousin, who had only returned from an inland station that very morning. He was quite ignorant of the fact that Miss Mowbray had assumed her aunt's name, but whether or not he knew anything of the nature or extent of her injuries I am unable to say. However great his fault may have been," the doctor added, as he rose to go, "I am certain it preyed upon his mind all the years he was in the Cape service. That in itself was a heavy punishment, even if you do not regard his death as a part of the penalty."

Fables

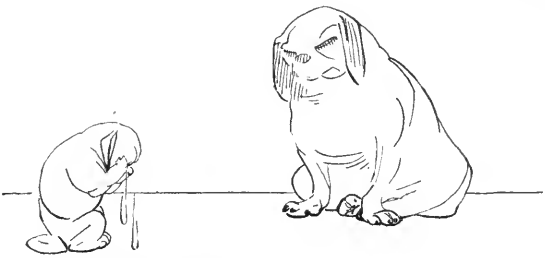
THE LITTLE DOG.

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd

1.—"WHAT SHALL I DO," SAID A VERY LITTLE DOG ONE DAY TO HIS MOTHER, "TO SHOW MY GRATITUDE TO OUR GOOD MASTER AND MAKE MYSELF OF SOME VALUE TO HIM?"



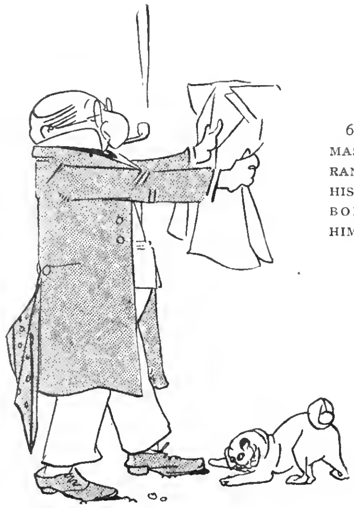
2.—"I CANNOT DRAW OR CARRY BURDENS LIKE THE HORSE; NOR GIVE HIM MILK LIKE THE COW; NOR LEND HIM MY COVERING FOR HIS CLOTHING LIKE THE SHEEP; NOR PRODUCE HIM EGGS LIKE THE POULTRY; NOR CATCH RATS AND MICE AS WELL AS THE CAT. I CANNOT DIVERT HIM WITH SINGING LIKE THE CANARIES AND LINNETS; NOR CAN I DEFEND HIM AGAINST ROBBERS LIKE OUR RELATION, TOWZER; I SHOULD NOT BE OF USE TO HIM EVEN IF I WERE DEAD, AS THE HOGS ARE. I AM A POOR, INSIGNIFICANT CREATURE, NOT WORTH THE COST OF KEEPING; AND I DON'T SEE THAT I CAN DO A SINGLE THING TO ENTITLE ME TO HIS REGARD."



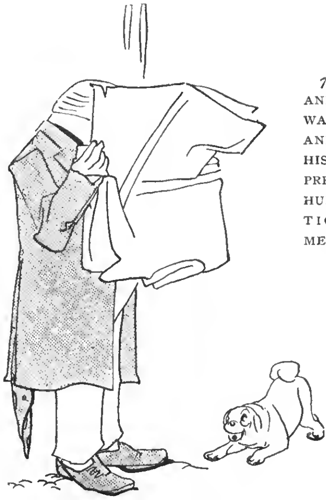
3.—SO SAYING, THE POOR LITTLE DOG HUNG DOWN HIS HEAD IN SILENT DESPONDENCY.

4.—"MY DEAR CHILD," REPLIED HIS MOTHER, "THOUGH YOUR ABILITIES ARE BUT SMALL, YET A HEARTY GOOD WILL IS SUFFICIENT TO SUPPLY ALL DEFECTS. DO BUT LOVE HIM DEARLY, AND PROVE YOUR LOVE BY ALL THE MEANS IN YOUR POWER, AND YOU WILL NOT FAIL TO PLEASE HIM.'

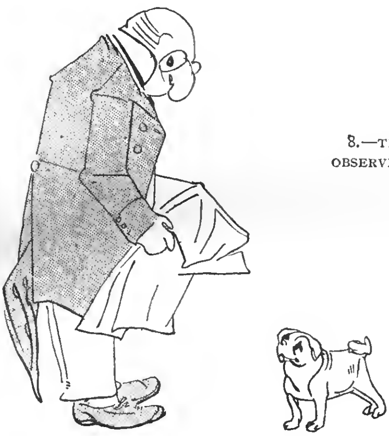
5.—THE LITTLE DOG WAS COMFORTED BY THIS ASSURANCE—



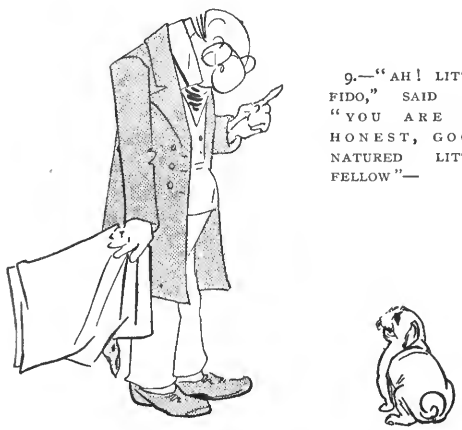
6.—AND, ON HIS MASTER'S APPROACH, RAN TO HIM, LICKED HIS FEET, GAMBOLLED BEFORE HIM—



7.—AND EVERY NOW AND THEN STOPPED, WAGGING HIS TAIL, AND LOOKING UP TO HIS MASTER WITH EXPRESSIONS OF MOST HUMBLE AND AFFECTIONATE ATTACHMENT.

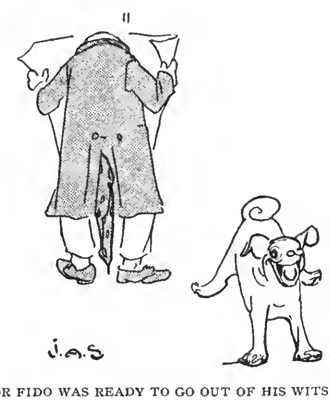


8.—THE MASTER OBSERVED HIM.

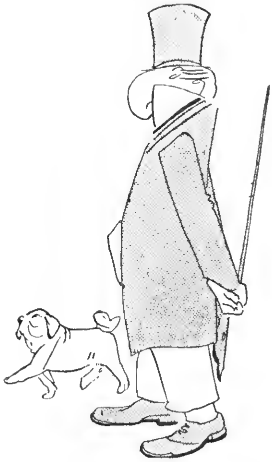


9.—"AH! LITTLE FIDO," SAID HE, "YOU ARE AN HONEST, GOOD-NATURED LITTLE FELLOW"—

10.—AND STOOPED DOWN TO PAT HIS HEAD.

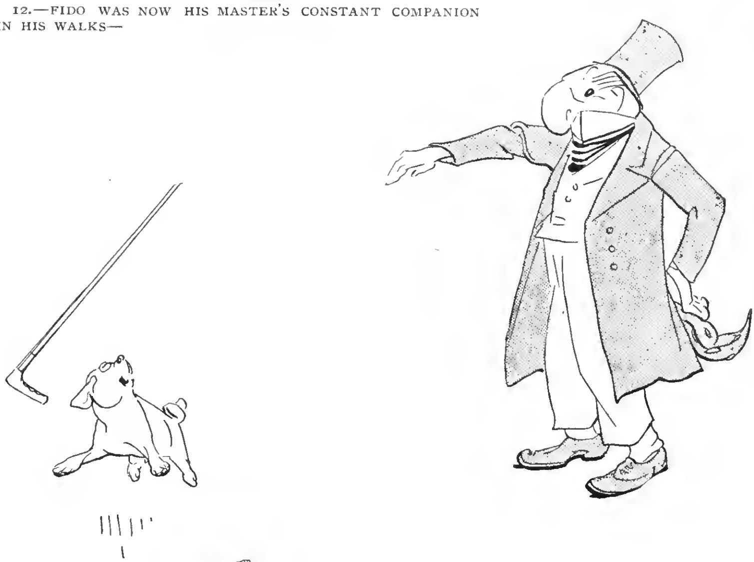


11.—POOR FIDO WAS READY TO GO OUT OF HIS WITS FOR JOY.



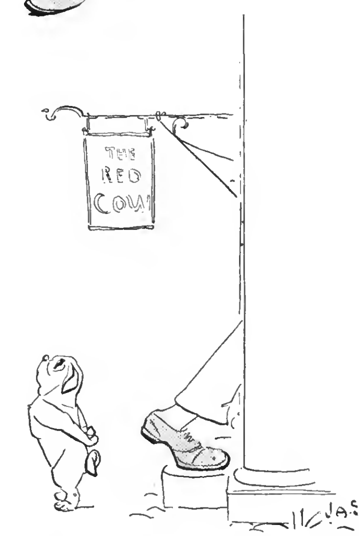
12.—FIDO WAS NOW HIS MASTER'S CONSTANT COMPANION IN HIS WALKS—

13.—PLAYING AND SKIPPING ROUND HIM—



14.—AND AMUSING HIM BY A THOUSAND SPORTIVE TRICKS.

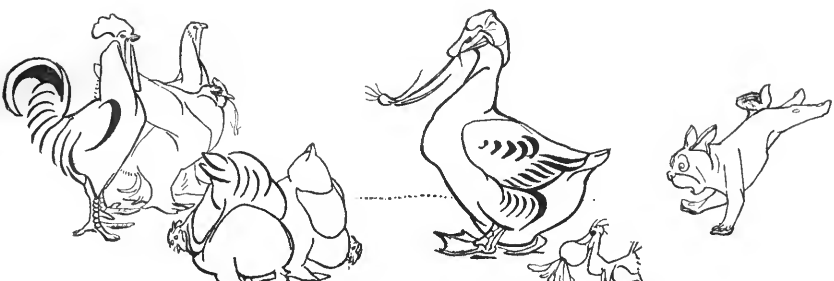
15.—HE TOOK CARE, HOWEVER, NOT TO BE TROUBLESOME BY LEAPING ON HIM WITH DIRTY PAWS—



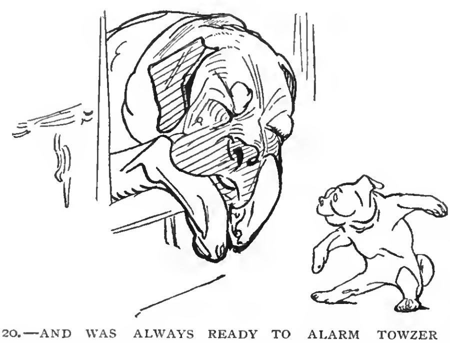
16.—NOR WOULD HE MAKE REFERENCE TO ANY VISIT HIS MASTER MIGHT MAKE BY THE WAY.

17.—FIDO NOW GROWN OLDER MADE HIMSELF USEFUL BY A NUMBER OF LITTLE SERVICES. HE WOULD BOLDLY DASH OUT AND DRIVE AWAY THE SPARROWS AS THEY WERE STEALING THE CHICKENS' MEAT—

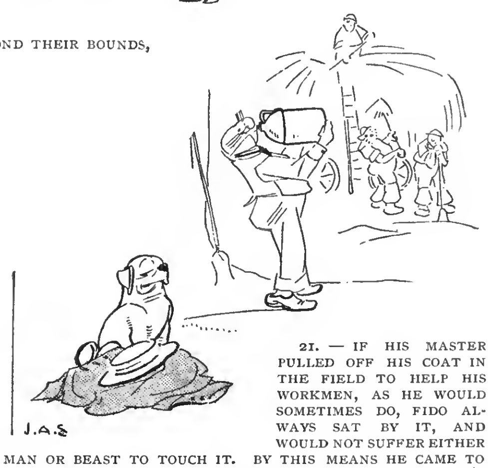
18.—AND PEREMPTORILY ORDER OUT ANY STRANGE PIGS THAT OFFERED TO COME INTO THE YARD.



19.—HE KEPT THE POULTRY AND GEESE FROM STRAYING BEYOND THEIR BOUNDS, AND PARTICULARLY FROM DOING MISCHIEF IN THE GARDEN.

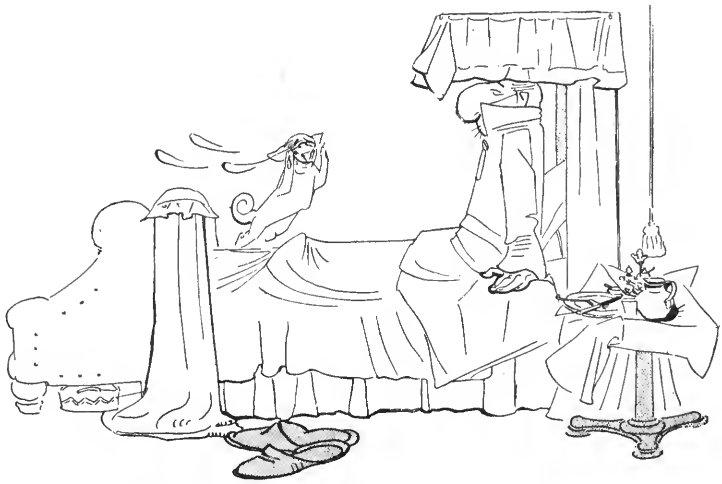


20.—AND WAS ALWAYS READY TO ALARM TOWZER IF THERE WAS ANY SUSPICIOUS NOISE ABOUT THE HOUSE, DAY OR NIGHT.



21. — IF HIS MASTER PULLED OFF HIS COAT IN THE FIELD TO HELP HIS WORKMEN, AS HE WOULD SOMETIMES DO, FIDO ALWAYS SAT BY IT, AND WOULD NOT SUFFER EITHER MAN OR BEAST TO TOUCH IT. BY THIS MEANS HE CAME TO BE CONSIDERED A VERY TRUSTY PROTECTOR OF HIS MASTER'S PROPERTY.

22.—HIS MASTER WAS CONFINED TO HIS BED WITH A DANGEROUS ILLNESS. FIDO PLANTED HIMSELF AT THE CHAMBER DOOR, AND WOULD NOT BE PERSUADED TO LEAVE IT EVEN TO TAKE FOOD—



23.—AND AS SOON AS HIS MASTER WAS SO FAR RECOVERED AS TO SIT UP, FIDO, BEING ADMITTED INTO THE ROOM, RAN UP TO HIM WITH SUCH MARKS OF EXCESSIVE JOY AND AFFECTION, AS WOULD HAVE MELTED ANY HEART TO BEHOLD.

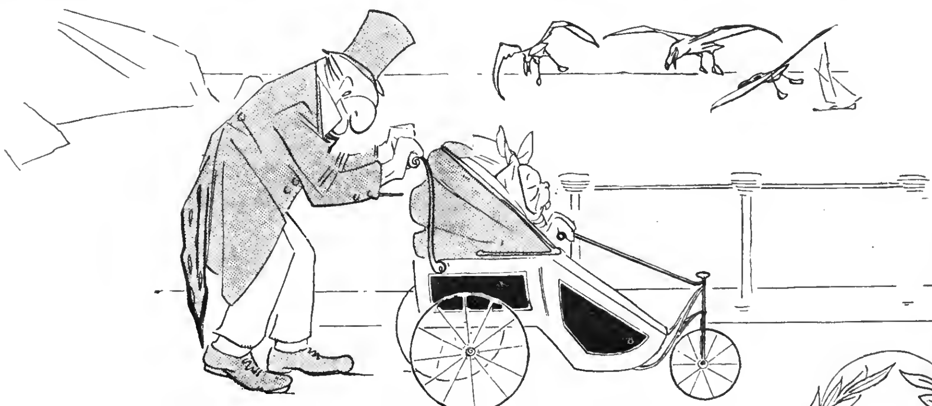
24.—THIS CIRCUMSTANCE WONDERFULLY ENDEARED HIM TO HIS MASTER.

25.—ONE HOT DAY, AFTER DINNER, HIS MASTER WAS SLEEPING IN THE SUMMER-HOUSE, WITH FIDO BY HIS SIDE. THE BUILDING WAS OLD AND CRAZY; AND THE DOG, WHO WAS FAITHFULLY WATCHING HIS MASTER, PERCEIVED THE WALLS SHAKE. HE COMPREHENDED THE DANGER—

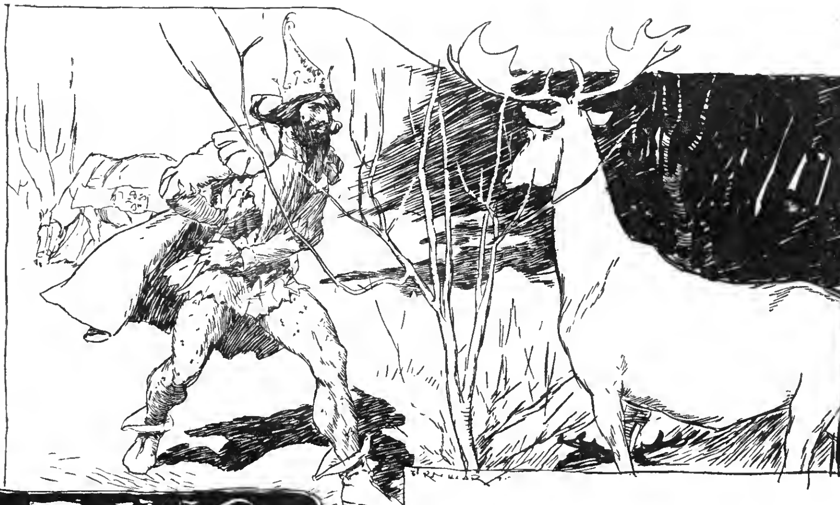
26.—AND BEGAN BARKING TO AWAKEN HIS MASTER; BUT THIS NOT SUFFICING TO THOROUGHLY AWAKEN HIM—

27.—HE PULLED HIM GENTLY BY THE LEG OF HIS TROUSERS. THE MASTER UPON THIS STARTED UP—

28.—AND HAD JUST TIME TO GET OUT OF THE DOOR BEFORE THE WHOLE BUILDING FELL DOWN. FIDO, WHO WAS BEHIND, GOT HURT BY SOME RUBBISH WHICH FELL UPON HIM.



29.—ON WHICH HIS MASTER TOOK CARE OF HIM WITH THE UTMOST TENDERNESS, AND EVER AFTERWARDS ACKNOWLEDGED HIS OBLIGATIONS TO THIS LITTLE ANIMAL AS THE PRESERVER OF HIS LIFE. THUS HIS LOVE AND FIDELITY HAD THEIR FULL REWARD.



RING-FALLA BRIDGE

A FAIRY TALE

BY K. E. SUTTER.

ONCE upon a time there lived a King who had two kingdoms to govern—his own always the perfection of law and order, while the other was given over to confusion and rebellion, which, strive as he would, got ever worse instead of better.

It had been the worry of his life ever since he began to reign—and as he had no son to help him, he was obliged to find a ruler for it among his Ministers, but not one of them, however clever, could manage to control its unruly inhabitants.

Sometimes, at long intervals, he even went to live there himself, on which occasions his troubles in regard to it multiplied so exceedingly, that he swore they were half demons, as the name of their kingdom, Nokkëland, proved, and for his part he wished they could find an evil spirit like themselves to govern them in his stead, as no mere mortal could. And then, as he could think of nothing else, he called a council of his most trusted chiefs, and conferred with them, but as they had all given their best consideration to the subject many times before, none of them could come to any more brilliant conclusion than formerly.

Therefore King Kaftan said he would hunt on the morrow to distract his mind, so a great party set forth at daybreak, and scoured the woods far and near, but no sport could they get; no four-footed beast could they find excepting rabbits, and they were everywhere.

Unwilling to return empty-handed, and hoping for better luck on the morrow, the King gave the order to camp in the wood. Some of the men were catching rabbits for supper, whilst others were making fires to cook them, when just as the last rim of the sinking sun disappeared below the horizon, a beautiful hart as white as snow, with antlers and hoofs of gold, suddenly appeared, and walked leisurely down the glade towards the sunset.

Instantly, with one accord, King, courtiers, huntsmen, and servants rushed off in hot pursuit, helter-skelter over each other, on foot, on horseback, armed or unarmed, just

as they found themselves when it first appeared. The King, who had not dismounted, was ahead of the others, and urged his steed with whip and spur; but poor Rolf was very weary, and do as he would, his master could get no nearer to his quarry.

Night was rapidly closing in when the King found himself far ahead of his attendants, and alone with a spent horse in a part of the forest where he had never been before, and miles from any human habitation.

More and more faltering grew Rolf's jaded pace, and in proportion as it slackened, slower went the hart. The King's pulses quivered with excitement. He leapt from the saddle, drew his dagger, and prepared to follow on foot; but, to his astonishment, the beast had turned and was coming slowly towards him, the moonlight turning his antlers to silver, and gleaming on his milk-white coat.

Half instinctively, the King had raised his dagger, when the hart stopped and spoke in courteous, but authoritative, tones.

"Stay thy hand, and know that I also am a King in my own country. I have much to say to thee, therefore follow me and fear nothing."

So King Kaftan followed, wondering, until the hart stopped before a great rock, overhung with a tangle of eglantine and honeysuckle—and pushing aside the fragrant curtain dexterously with his horns, disclosed what appeared to be the mouth of a cave. Entering this, closely followed by the King, they proceeded for some way in almost total darkness. Gradually it grew lighter and the path wider, when the King perceived, to his amazement, that the illumination proceeded from countless numbers of bats, ridden by small imps carrying lighted glow-worms.

Presently they came to a spacious garden, where all the trees were lighted by coloured lamps hanging among the branches, and the air was filled with music and perfume.

"AN ENAMELLED BOX."

Within the garden was a great pavilion of purple silk, most gorgeously emblazoned with scarlet and gold, and having a Royal banner floating from the roof.

Within was a table, covered with every variety of food and wine, lavishly decorated with flowers and gold plate, and laid for two. Here the hart entertained his Royal guest to supper, and after he was completely refreshed and rested, handed him an enamelled box, which, on being opened, disclosed a clay pipe, blackened with much use, a tinder, and a flint.

"Smoke, oh King!" said the host; "unfortunately I cannot join you; and now to explain why I have lured you from your own people to my enchanted land.

"I know your difficulties in Nokëland, because for one reason we are very near neighbours, though probably you are unaware of it. The people who inhabit that kingdom are descended from a water fiend, and the turbulent instincts inherited from him can never be quelled until the power of the Neck, who rules the river between your kingdom and theirs, is broken. Now, the Neck is my enemy as well as yours, and if you will ally yourself with me and follow my counsels, you will have peace, honour, and happiness for the rest of your life in all probability."

"I am ready," said the King, "only tell me what to do; the Klavs are the plague of my life, but from what you say success even then is by no means a certainty."

"Much depends on luck," said the hart, "and to neither your Majesty nor myself is it given to do much. You have three daughters, Solveig, Ulva, and little Kirsten; one of them must go over Ringfalla Bridge without stum-

bling and without speaking one word. This done, your troubles and my own are at an end."

Now, Ringfalla Bridge it was that spanned the river between King Kaftan's own territory and that of the Klavs, and what between the Klavs themselves and the Neck who inhabited the river, it had a very evil reputation indeed.

The King looked grave, and then he laughed rather grimly. "There won't be much difficulty about that," he said. "To cross it has been the desire of their hearts ever since they were babies; it is only my strict orders that keep them from it."

"She who undertakes it must go of her own free will, and if she accomplish it without stumbling and without speaking, the kingdom is saved." Those were the last words of the hart ere bidding the King good-night, and they were ringing in his ears when he awoke in the morning. But he was no longer lying on the silken cushions on which he had rested the night before. Pavilion, garden, and hart had vanished, the sun was high in the heavens, he was lying on a heap of moss and ferns in the wood, with Rolf standing over him and thrusting his soft nozzle into his face.

The King was greatly perplexed as to whether all the events of the preceding night had actually happened, or if he had only dreamt them, and was rather inclined to the latter belief. Mounting Rolf, and leaving that good steed to find his own way back to the camp, he pondered deeply over all the hart had told him, and resolved at least to try what he had suggested.

When at last they came to the camp it was nearly deserted, as most of the party had gone to hunt for the King, but after much blowing of horns, the company was collected, and, abandoning all further idea of sport, rode back to the capital.

There they found everything silent, except that the bells were mournfully tolling, and the flag over the palace hanging half-mast high. "What is this? Who is dead?" asked the King, but no one seemed inclined to explain.

At last the captain of the guard, who could not run away, was forced to salute and answer the King.

"Sire," he said, "your Majesty's daughter, the Princess Solveig, was drowned yesterday in trying to cross Ringfalla Bridge."

Greatly to the captain's surprise, however, the King inquired no further on the subject, but went straight up to the tower where the apartments of the three Princesses were situated.

There he found the two youngest overwhelmed with grief for their sister's loss, but overjoyed to see him and give an account of the catastrophe.

On the previous day, after seeing the King start at the head of a great cavalcade on his hunting expedition, the three Princesses cast about in their minds how they might amuse themselves, and finally agreed to go down and picnic by the river. Now, although the river itself was not absolutely forbidden, they were quite aware that the King disapproved of their going there, but they pacified their consciences by taking a strong escort, their old nurse, and a very large variety of hampers containing lunch.

Poor old Nurse Gerda was as much averse to the expedition as King Kaftan himself could have been, and told gruesome tales of the evil water spirit and his doings; but the Princesses only laughed, and enjoyed preparing their own lunch, and eating it afterwards, extremely. Then they wandered along the banks, gathering primroses and long grasses, all the while drawing nearer to the forbidden bridge; but it looked so inviting with its stone parapet and curious wooden pavement, and the water flowed so peacefully beneath the arches, that they there and then made up their minds to cross it, and drew lots to decide which should venture first. The lot fell to Solveig, the eldest, and she set out boldly, with six archers to guard her —three before and three behind, walking abreast—a last precaution insisted upon by Gerda, the nurse, who watched the proceeding in terror.

All went well till they had almost reached the middle, when she tripped, and in falling touched the parapet, which instantly gave way, and the Princess fell into the river. As she touched the water a great pair of hairy arms caught and drew her under, so that she was seen no more. "And," continued Ulva, who up till now had done most of the talking, "the wall closed up again, with no sign of a break, directly she disappeared, and though two of the guard jumped in after her, the Neck took no notice of them, and they swam ashore in the end quite safely."

"The bridge is enchanted," said the King, gloomily; and then he told them of his adventure with the white hart.

"Then," said Ulva, with great decision, "I will go: it is very simple. Solveig talked to Ulf, the archer, all the time, and was looking at the river when she stumbled. Now, I

"A GREAT PAIR OF HAIRY ARMS CAUGHT AND DREW HER UNDER."

know what is required of me: I will look at my feet and say nothing, not a word. Do, father, let me go." And she gave the King no peace till he consented; but she fared no better than her sister.

Boldly and silently she marched in the very centre of the fatal bridge, till suddenly she saw in front of her an enormous serpent with fiery eyes and forked tongue, with head up ready to spring. Poor Ulva's chief fear in life was a snake. She recoiled in terror, calling to warn the archers, who had seen nothing. And then the flooring gave way beneath her, and she too sank into the flood, a great pair of hairy hands clutching her as she fell.

Then there was great mourning throughout the land. The people clothed themselves in black, and the King reviled the hart and his own folly in acting on his advice, and refused to be comforted.

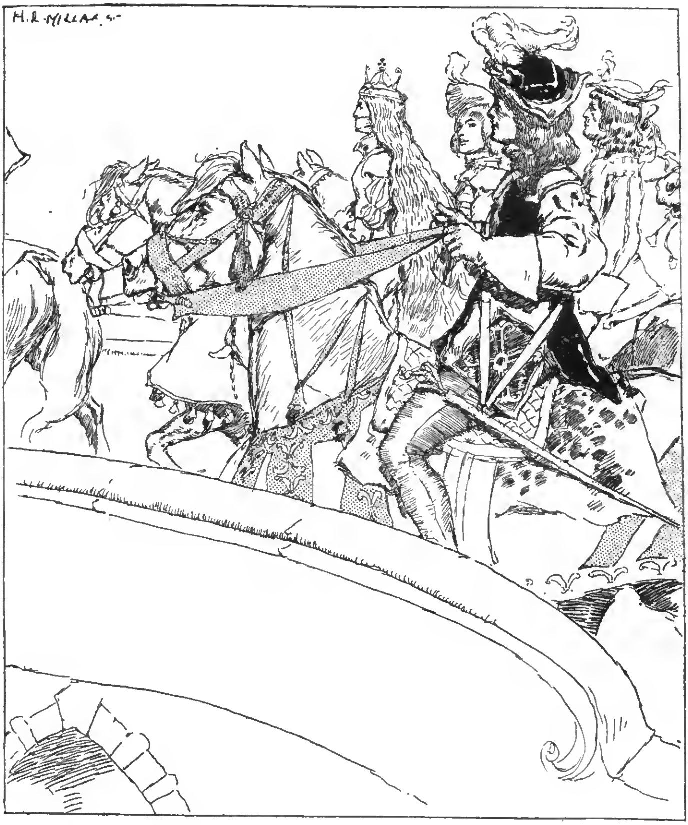
Then little Kirsten, the youngest sister, and the fairest maiden in the land, put her white arms about his neck and told him to be of good cheer, "for I will ride across," she said, "and if Freyja my mare stumble, it will be her fault, not mine, and I will neither speak nor scream, for they will tie a scarf over my lips so that I cannot. So, father, let me go, for it is I who will save the kingdom."

But the King swore a great oath, and vowed she should not, and for three days nothing could move him. Then the Princess prevailed, and the whole city came out to see her ride over Ringfalla Bridge.

This time neither guards nor soldiers attempted to cross—a dozen courtiers, richly apparelled and mounted, accompanied the youngest Princess, who, dressed in white, and all her pet jewels, with diamond fireflies glistening in the golden hair that floated to her little shoes, and her small, red mouth, bound fast with a silken scarf, rode gaily upon Freyja till she had crossed the middle of the bridge—when, once again, appeared a wonder on the verge of the forest—a great white hart, with horns and hoofs of burnished gold. And straightway all the courtiers were tearing after it helter-skelter in hot haste, entirely forgetful of the poor little Princess and everything else.

And Freyja that morning was very frisky; she minced along sideways on her golden shoes, coquetting with her own shadow, and making little, playful snaps at her bridle. So she, too, stumbled at last on the treacherous planks, throwing her mistress over the parapet into the swiftly-running stream; but this time no demon hands were stretched out to receive their prey—only a flash of white and gold ere the water closed over her head, and then all was still.

Meantime the white hart was giving the truant courtiers a lively time of it; he bounded, trotted, and doubled, keeping all the time close to the bridge, but eluding all their efforts to come near him. When, however, the maiden fell, a marvellous thing chanced—the beautiful beast vanished, and in his place stood the handsomest knight that had ever been seen in that or any other land. His armour was of gold, curiously inlaid with silver; on his helmet was a crown of



"THE YOUNGEST PRINCESS RODE GAILY UPON FREYJA."

emeralds, and his long purple mantle was lined with ermine, so there could be no doubt about his being a King.

Then all the courtiers doffed their plumed caps, and did obeisance to him; but the stranger, after acknowledging their homage, called aloud for "Asaph," and out of the wood, running as fast as he could, came a beautiful little page, clothed in green, and carrying a golden harp.

Then the strange knight crossed the bridge and saluted King Kaftan, who was standing on the bank, looking at the river like one dazed.

"Be of good cheer, Sir King," he cried; "the Princess Kirsten has broken the charm, and I am no longer the white hart, but the rightful King of your troublesome Klavs—me they obey and no other; and now, thanks for your courtesy." So saying, he took the harp from his little foot-page, and, seating himself on the bank, began to play.

Very softly at first, but so wondrous were the magic notes that all the assembled people listened silent and motionless, for never before had they heard the like. First the sound was like the distant echo of silver trumpets, when they welcome the hosts back from battle; and then coming, as it were, nearer, like the ripple of waves on a pebbly beach, and all the fishes swam up to listen, while out of the wood flocked bird and beast also. So wondrous was the strain.

And then little Kirsten came smiling out of the water and sat upon the harper's knee, and one arm he put about her to hold her fast, but still he kept on playing. And now the music waxed fierce and terrible, like the roll of thunder among the mountains, or the crash of armies when they meet in battle. And the waves grew black and angry, and lashed themselves into foam, for the Neck, the evil water spirit, was furious, but he could not fight against his master, and so at the last he also came forth, black and hideous, but subdued, leading the two Princesses Solveig and Ulva, who looked more beautiful than ever, and none the worse for their sojourn below the river.

So there were great rejoicings in both kingdoms, for the youngest Princess had broken the spell laid on Sir Sigurd by the Neck, who caught him in the forest alone without his harp, and condemned him to wander as a white hart until a Royal Princess should of her own free will cross Ringfalla Bridge without stumbling and without talking.

This little Kirsten did, and she had her reward, for she married Sigurd and reigned over the Klavs, who were turbulent no more, because their King and Queen had been born for the special purpose of ruling over them.

The Queer Side of Things.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF MIND.

It was the heydey of the pleistocene period. Mrs. Elephas Primigenius sat up and yawned. Then she washed the children in a pond, and untied the rushes with which she curled the hairs at the ends of their tails every night, and brushed down the little ones with a bunch of thorns. Then she went and kicked Mr. Primigenius as hard as she could.

"What a healthy sleeper George is, to be sure!" she said.

Snatching up one of the children with her trunk, she hurled it in the air, so that it descended with a resounding bump on its father's head: but Mr. P. only grunted and turned over in his sleep.

So Mrs. P. jumped as high as she could, and came down bang on her spouse. Yet the result was only a larger grunt.

"Gee-orge!" she screamed; "get up, will you? It's past breakfast time. Geee-horge!"

No use. Then she found a boulder weighing a ton or two, carried it to the top of the rock above Mr. P.'s head, and dropped it over. It descended on Mr. P.'s head with a shock that shook the surrounding cliffs: and Mr. P. opened his eyes, said "Eh, my dear?" and slowly sat up and yawned.

"What a dreadful nuisance you are to wake!" said Mrs. P., crossly. "With thousands of ants boring into your hide, and you asleep like an idiot right in that puddle—enough to lay you up with rheumatic fever, and there I shall be, a lone widow with these seven children to support, and it's a pity you can't be a little more considerate!"

Mr. P. sat chuckling in a way that frightened the ichthyosaurus, who lived next door, nearly into a fit.

"Ho! ho! Roo-matic fever!" roared Mr. P. "Roo-matic fever! I hain't delicate, my dear—don't you bother yourself about *me*. I'm a 'ealthy sleeper, Jane; that's what *I* am."

"You're a horrid rough lump; *that's* what you are!" said Mrs. P., thoroughly angry. "A rough, lumping, clumping, lumbering, pachydermatous mass of material, without any mind or sensibilities. It's a pity you don't cultivate some sensibilities by improving your mind a bit; *that's* what I think!"

And Mrs. P. stamped away to pull down a few trees for the children's breakfast.

Mr. Elephas Primigenius sat where he was.

"YOU'RE A HORRID ROUGH LUMP."

He appeared to be trying to think. He was moody, and not in his usual spirits.

"Horrid rough lump!" he murmured, and sat stroking his trunk with his paw. Presently he muttered: "'Pachydermatous mass,' eh? 'No sensibilities.' 'Improve my mind a bit.' Humph!" And when Mrs. P. returned he was still sitting there pondering.

"Whatever on earth *is* the matter, George?" said Mrs. P. "You're not in spirits this morning. Have you eaten anything that disagrees with you?"

"Disagrees with me!" said Mr. P., with deep derision. "Dis-a-grees with *me!*" Dj'yer ever know anything disagree with *me?* It'd have to be a toughish morsel, my dear!"

Yet he certainly was *not* in his wonted spirits. Instead of partaking of his usual breakfast of half an acre of forest and a few tons of grass, he strayed moodily by the river all the rest of the day, deeply pre-occupied about something; and towards evening he hastily masticated a few trees, and then sat gloomily with his back against a rock until the small hours of the morning; after which he fell into a troubled slumber, punctuated by grunts.

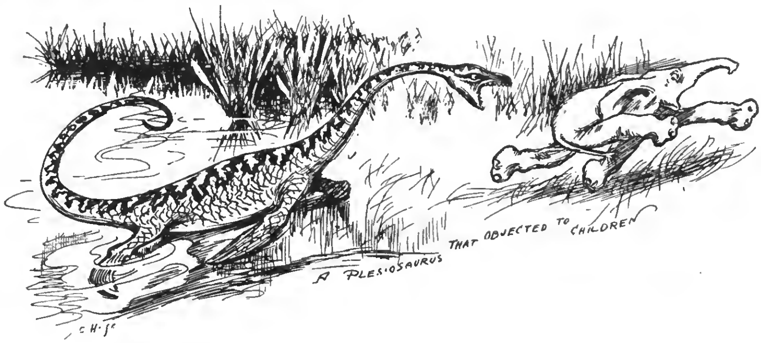
When he woke next morning he went straight off by the river; and Mrs. P. saw no more of him until, going in search of him, she found him minutely inspecting a small plant—sitting and watching it intently.

"Whatever on earth *are* you doing, George?" said Mrs. P., impatiently. "What's the matter with that little plant, that you're sitting glowering at it like that?"

"Tryin' to improve my mind, Jane," replied Mr. P. "It struck me you were about right in what you said yesterday morning; so I'm looking into things a bit to see 'ow they're done. I've been watching this plant grow—most interesting, my dear, although, o' course, it's rather slow work. But I feel it's doing me good, Jane; and that's a fact. There's a lot of wonderful things a-going on which never struck me before. What makes that plant grow? How does it do it? *Why* does it do it? Dear me! Most absorbin'."

"Poor George," said Mrs. P. to herself, "I really didn't mean it. I'm sure I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world; but perhaps it'll be good for him; he'll be all the better for something to occupy his mind all day while I'm looking after the children. I'm afraid I don't look after him so much since little James, and Maria, and Henrietta came," and she sighed, and went back to busy herself about a new bandage of grass for little James's foot, which had been bitten by a plesiosaurus that objected to children.

Mr. Primigenius seemed very much changed; every day he would bring home a lot of plants which he was studying, and litter the domestic turf with them. One day he



suddenly got up, selected two flints, laid one of them on a granite boulder, took the other with the end of his trunk, and sat patiently tapping it on the first. The little P.'s, who thought it must be some new game, gathered round and watched.

"What are you making, George?" asked Mrs. P.

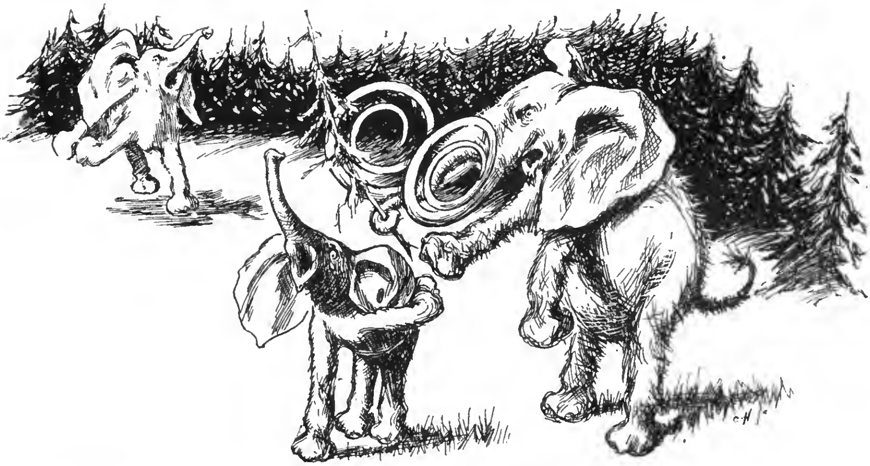
"A knife, my dear—a dissecting-knife, to cut up the specimens with," said Mr. P., and he chipped patiently until he had made a keen edge, while Mrs. P. meditated wonderingly on this change from his old impatient way of tearing and rending anything which offered any resistance to his efforts.

It was a few days after this that Mrs. P. heard dismal wails proceeding from one of the children, and, with a mother's anxiousness, ran hastily up, to find Mr. P. birching little James with a young pine-tree.

"Oh, George! What has he done?"

"Bin eatin' them plants!" roared Mr. P.

"Plants!" said Mrs. P., indignantly. "Of course. Don't you expect your lawful, innocent offspring to eat plants like their father did before 'em, you unnatural parent? Perhaps you look for 'em to go eating mud like the slimyosaurus and such-like low



BIRCHING LITTLE JAMES.

characters? They'd better let me catch 'em at it—that's all!"

"But, my love," said poor Mr. P., "they're my specimens he's bin eating, and all after me a-layin' them out so careful on the shelf! Tell you what: if I'm to improve my mind, I shall have to have a study to myself; and that's all about it!"

So Mrs. Primigenius went and stroked her husband gently with her paw, and led away little James, still howling; and then she helped her husband to build a wall of boulders round a space of green turf, at the foot of a rock conveniently formed in shelves for the specimens; and this was Mr. P.'s study; and the youngsters were warned not to set foot in it.

Time went on, and Mrs. P. began to get dissatisfied. She missed the society of her husband, once so cheering to her amid the cares of a family. She sat down by him on the study wall, and took his paw.

"Don't you think, George, dear, that—that you've improved your mind enough now?" she said, ruefully. "I never thought you would take what I said so seriously to heart; and I'm sure you're looked upon as quite a superior person now by the mastodon and hippopotamus-major, and megaceros hibernicus, and anoplotheriun, and all those. They're always talking about your learnedness; and, what's more, I'm not sure they're quite pleased about it. They seem to feel hurt; they say prehistoric mammalia were intended to be prehistoric mammalia and behave themselves as such with proper palæozoicism, and not go making superior, conceited, stuck-up philosophers of themselves. I heard the hippopotamus say as much to the whatdyecallit vulpiceps only yesterday."

Mr. P. shook his head. "I feel I ought to keep on," he said. "I think it's my mission. Every day I feel more and more how horribly ignorant I am."

"You're not looking so well as you used to," said Mrs. P., with a tear in her eye. "You're paler; and I believe you're thinner. You never trumpet now, like you used to when you were merry; and the children miss it; and I miss the walks we used to take together through the palæodendric glades. You never come and paddle in the lake now. I'm sorry I ever said that about improving your mind!" And she wept.

"I am convinced that study is the right thing—the proper pursuit even for a prehistoric mammal," said Mr. P., thoughtfully; and she could not but notice the remarkable improvement in his method of speech.

It was useless to attempt to stop the ball which she herself had set rolling; and bitter regret alone was left to her.

One evening, some years after this, he arose from his studies, and sank wearily down on a knoll outside.

"You're tired, George, dear!" said Mrs. P., passing her paw over his brow. "And I never saw you so pale!"

"Tired? Pale?" began Mr. P., in a voice of derision; but he paused; and when he went on it was in quite a different tone:—

"I do believe I *am* tired, Jane! Just fancy *my* getting tired. To tell the truth, I have a bit of a headache, and a sort of a pain in my chest."

"Ah, I thought so—indigestion!" said Mrs. P.

Mr. P. looked toward the children, who were trying to pull down a large bulkeyodendron thousandfeetium Jonesii to play with; and they came trooping to their father to beg him to pull it down for them; and Mr. P. rose wearily and plodded towards it.

Seven times he tried to pull down that tree, but without success.

"I'm—I'm afraid I'm not quite the elephant I used to be, Jane!" he said, sadly. "A few years ago I should have thought nothing of pulling down a tree bigger than that—and now——"

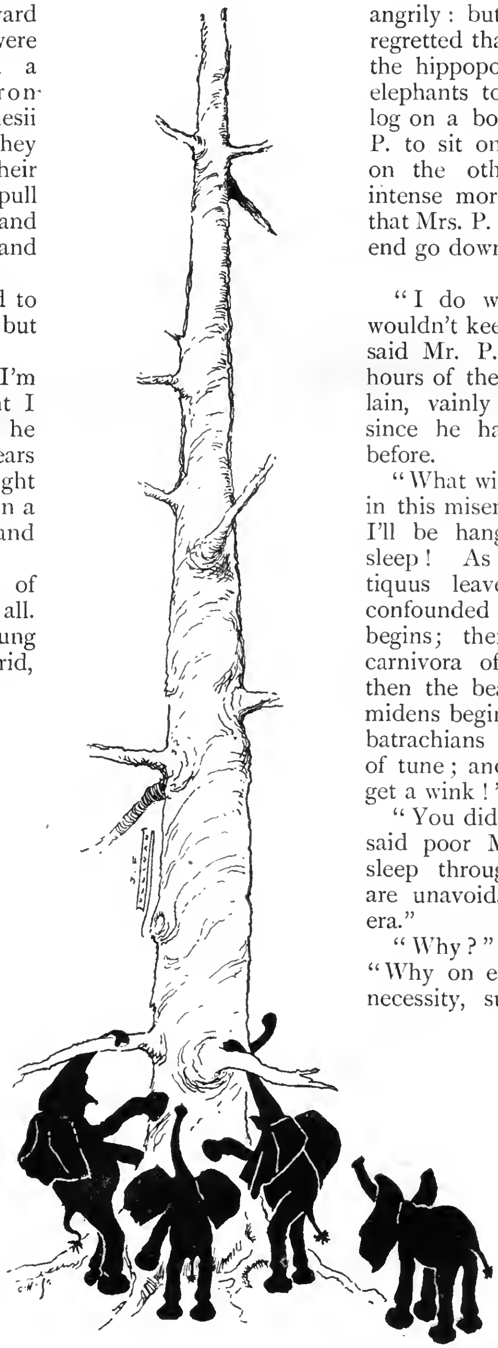
"Oh, you're out of sorts, George; that's all. Why, you're quite young yet, as I told that horrid, rowdy hippopotamus the other day when he had the impertinence to suggest that he could pull harder than you — quite young, and worth twenty of him!"

But in spite of the forced gaiety of Mrs. P.'s tone, a little sigh betrayed her inward anxiety; and she gazed furtively and sadly at her husband as he went slowly and wearily back to his seat on the knoll.

At that moment the hippopotamus strolled up.

"Hullo, Primey!" he shouted. "Why, you're looking off colour! Lost flesh too, old chappie — lost flesh. Why, I'll wager you don't weigh as much as me *now!*"

"Impertinence! He weighs as much as ten of you, so there!" said Mrs. P., angrily: but the moment after she regretted that she had said it; for the hippopotamus told the young elephants to balance a convenient log on a boulder, and invited Mr. P. to sit on one end while he sat on the other; and it was with intense mortification and misgiving that Mrs. P. saw the hippopotamus's end go down.



A BULKEYODENDRON THOUSANDFEETIUM JONESII.

"I do wish those pterodactyls wouldn't keep up such a shrieking!" said Mr. P. It was in the early hours of the morning; and he had lain, vainly trying to sleep ever since he had retired the evening before.

"What with one row and another in this miserable prehistoric forest, I'll be hanged if I can get any sleep! As soon as the bos antiquus leaves off bellowing, the confounded bubalus moschatus begins; then the palæontological carnivora of Cuvier take it up; then the beastly machairodus palmidens begins his yelling; and the batrachians begin whistling all out of tune; and—hang it all, *I* can't get a wink!"

"You didn't mind noises once!" said poor Mrs. P. "You could sleep through anything. Noises are unavoidable in the palæozoic era."

"Why?" said Mr. P., irritably. "Why on earth? Noise is not a necessity, surely? I *hate* noise. Why can't these fools of animals have a little consideration for their neighbours?"

"Well, dear; you know their other neighbours don't mind noise, and can sleep through it. Your nerves are really getting dreadfully acute. I wish you had never, never taken up this miserable improving of your mind. You'll be a confirmed invalid—mark my words, George."

He was growing daily more irritable, especially during his fits of indigestion, which

PTERODACTYLS.

were becoming more and more frequent: his appetite had fallen off dreadfully, and he had to be very careful about what he ate, being no longer able to digest anything but the tenderest shoots of a few plants. After a time he began to find that his sight was not so good as it had been; and he had to look about for some rock-crystal, and slowly and painfully grind down two pieces into convex form, and fix them on each side of his trunk in front of his eyes.

He slept worse and worse, until he found himself the victim of confirmed insomnia.

Poor Mrs. P. would hide herself behind a mountain and sob for hours after she had seen the other prehistoric fauna whispering in corners and pointing at her husband: she knew the malicious delight those uncultivated specimens found in the misfortunes of a fellow-creature.

Mr. P. was becoming alarmingly emaciated and bald, and his nerves were dreadful; he suffered acutely from neuralgia and jumps. He knew a great deal by this time, having, in addition to his earnest study of botany, devoted much time to mineralogy and zoology; the latter being a very favourite pursuit, as it gave him much pleasure in his present unamiable and irritable state of mind to catch the smaller vertebrata and subject them to vivisection with that flint-knife he had made.

Every day the ravages made by brain upon body became more noticeable: Elephas Primigenius was a physical wreck. The acutest form of melancholia set in, resulting from complete nervous exhaustion.

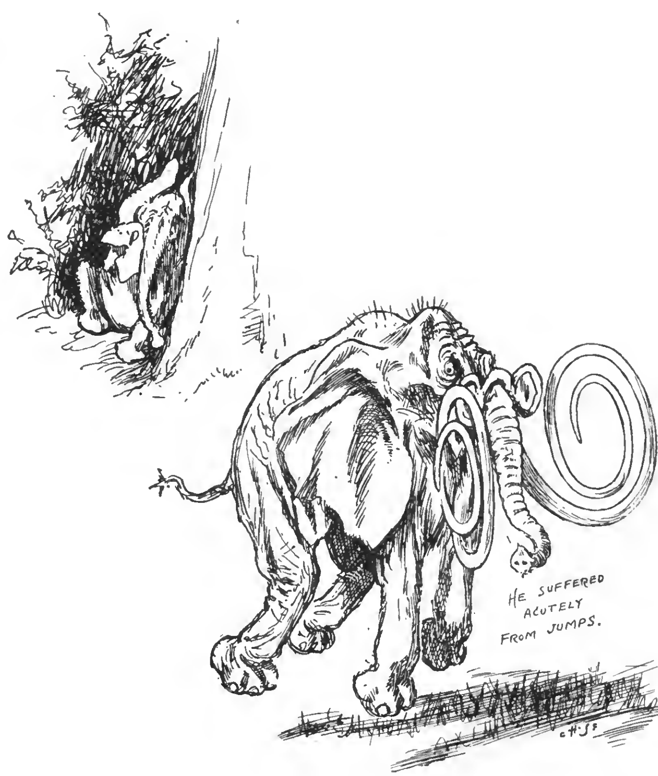
Mrs. P. sat with the little P.'s in the study—they were all sobbing as if their hearts would break. The hippopotamus-major looked in.

"Hullo!" he said, awkwardly. "I say, I *do* hope there's nothing serious, Mrs. P.? I'm a rough, thoughtless fellow, I know; but if there's any blessed thing I can do for you——"

"He's gone!" sobbed poor Mrs. P. "Wandered away! I've searched for him everywhere! Oh, I'm afraid—afraid that—oh, what *shall* I do?"

"Deary, deary!" blurted out the hippopotamus, hurriedly brushing his eyes with his paw. "It's all right, ma'am—do believe me, it's all right. I'm a rough fellow, I know—but——"

He hurried away, and searched tirelessly high and low; and at length he came upon the emaciated form of Mr. P. standing



HE SUFFERED ACUTELY FROM JUMPS.

gloomily in a shallow pond. In an instant the hippopotamus had dragged him out and was standing over him on the grass.

"P.!" he roared, stamping all his feet with indignation, "what were you doing?"

"Going to put an end to it—drown myself," said Mr. P., sullenly.

"P.!" said the hippopotamus, "you're a coward—a coward and a criminal! Be an

STANDING GLOOMILY IN A SHALLOW POND.

elephant, P.! Only to think of it, and her at home, poor soul, crying her eyes out! Just look here, P.—I've known her and you for many years, and I tell you I *won't* stand by and see any more of this tomfoolery. Now you just mind what I say—you go away home right now, and you smash up every blessed one of them blessed specimens o' yours, sharp—d'ye hear? And if I ever see you studying any blessed thing again, I'll give you such a lathering that—confound my eyes, if I don't break every bone in your body! Now hustle!"

Elephas Primigenius looked at him, and saw the strange, fixed determination in his eye, and the scorn and indignation in it; and rose, and gripped his rough paw.

"Hippy!" he said, in a new voice, "I never knew what a good fellow you were till this moment. You have changed me! You are right—I'll do it, every letter of it! You are right—a palæozoic specimen should *be* a palæozoic specimen and act as such, instead of inventing nerves. Don't speak, old chap!"

Elephas Primigenius was never the same fellow he had once been; but he picked up somewhat under careful treatment, and could get about.

He forbade his children to take to any form of study.

Hippopotamus-major called a meeting of the palæozoics, at which it was unanimously carried that "This meeting unreservedly condemns all cultivation of the mind, as tending to injure and undermine the physical health and well-being, and to introduce a most undesirable and disastrous innovation known as nerves: and it considers it the highest duty of the creatures of the palæozoic era to discourage and oppose all undertakings in the direction indicated, and to leave all such foolishness to races of inferior intelligence and wisdom."

So there were no more nerves nor debility until a creature called "man" arrived on the earth.

J. F. SULLIVAN.